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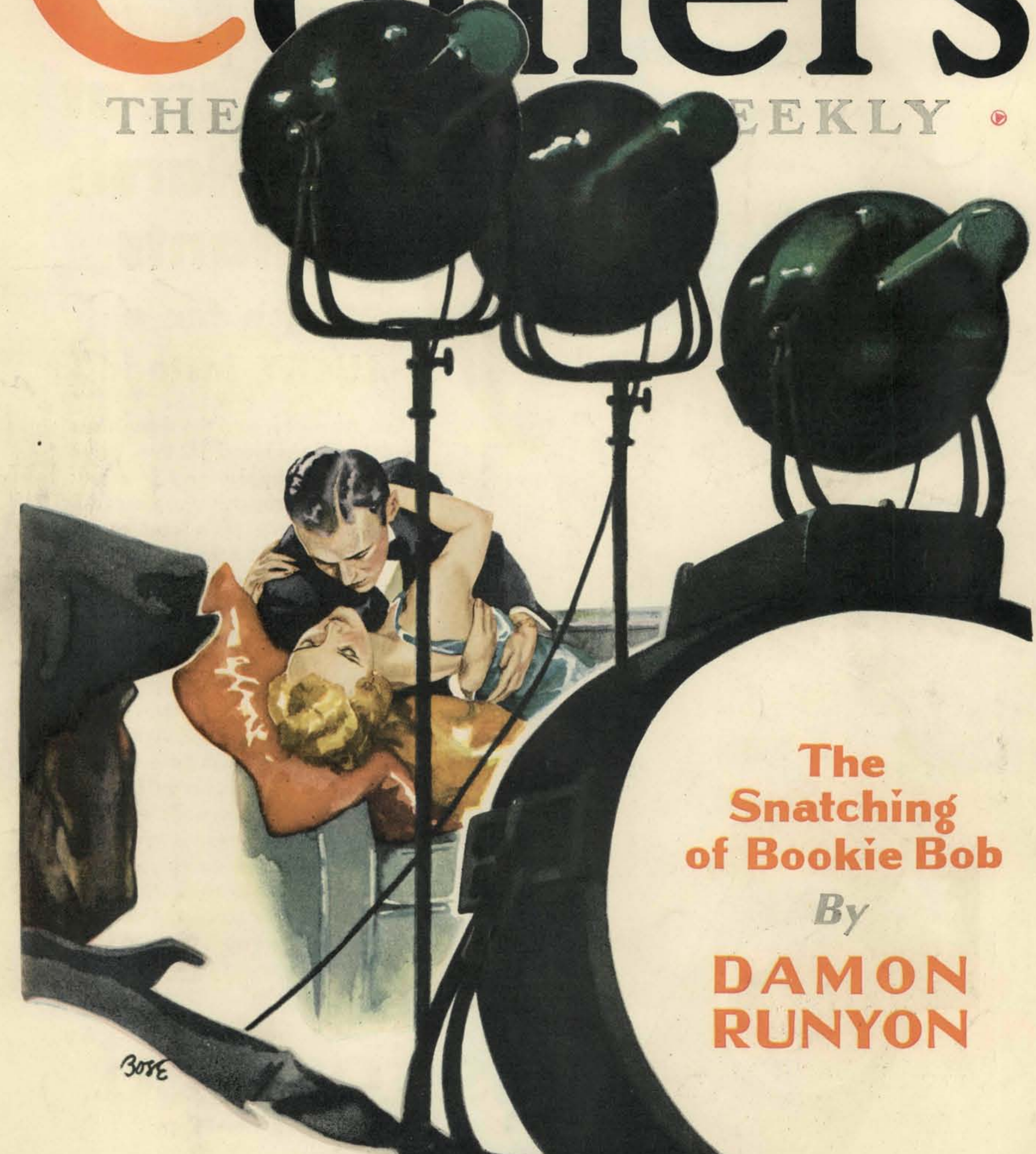


The Snatching of Bookie Bob

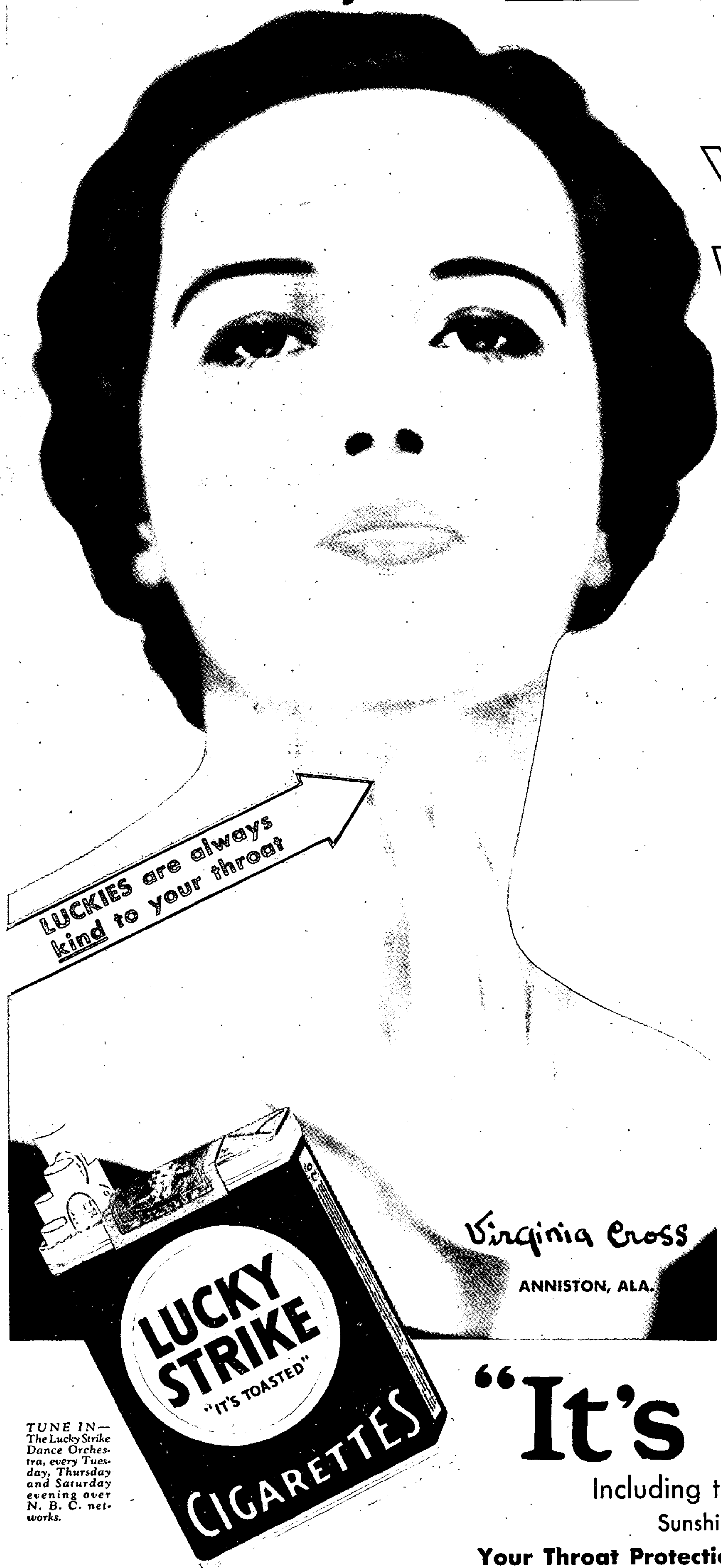
By

DAMON RUNYON

Business is what you Make it *A survey of successful stores* **By John T. Flynn**

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants



"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Eve started it and the daughters of Eve inherited it. Eve gave Adam the apple, and it seems that Adam must have passed it on. For every man and every woman has an Adam's Apple. It is your larynx—your voice box—containing your vocal chords—Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Be careful in your choice of cigarettes.

Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

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"It's toasted"

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Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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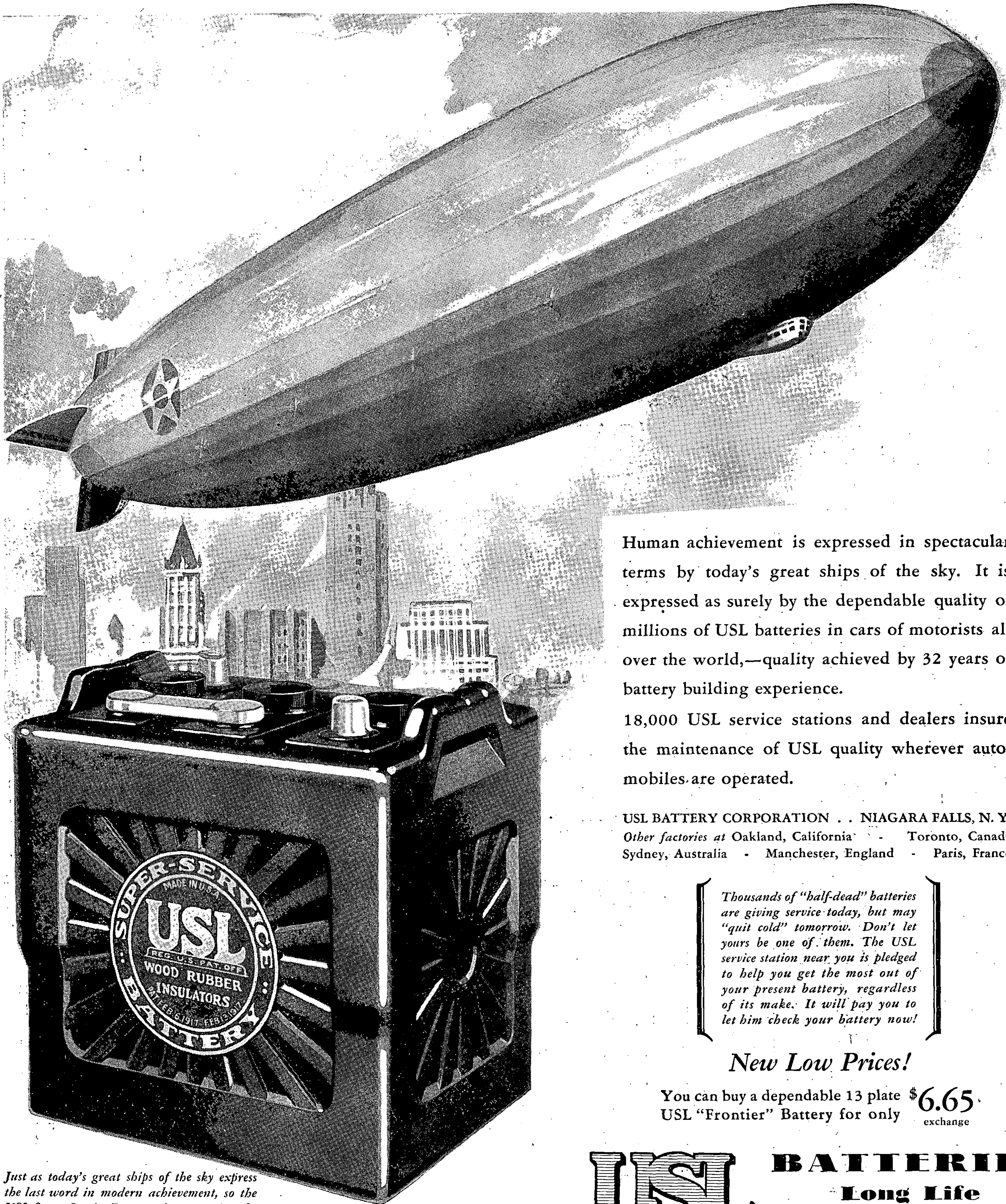

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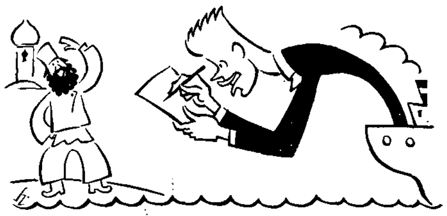
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

GENE TUNNEY wishes that the late Mr. Tex Rickard could have been with him in Moscow on May Day. Rickard, super-showman that he was, could not have produced a better show with more resounding ballyhoo than the unnamed genius who arranged that celebration. Mr. Tunney pays him tribute in an article devoted to his experiences and observations in Russia, an article which will show you still another side of this very unusual young man who was the world's heavyweight champion. He is a thoughtful person, alert and articulate, this Gene Tunney, with an equipment of knowledge that enables him to file every new fact under its proper heading.

His story is interesting because it deals not with the Five-Year Plan, about which you have heard too much, but with people and things. The bells of Moscow, the man who embalmed Lenin, workers in the factories and on the streets, the hoarse spielers of Red Square: "So This is Russia," by Gene Tunney and Walter Davenport.



WEIGHING the uncertainties of a musical career against the snug surety of her happy marriage to good old dependable Gil Mayhew, Paula couldn't make up her mind what she wanted. Paula was like that. So, when she decided to leave Gil in the lurch, nobody believed he would be able to do much except feel miserable about it, because, as you will see, there wasn't a gram of subtlety in Gil's makeup. But there was a surprise in store for everyone, including the villain, who wasn't much of a villain, anyway, and for Paula, who soon discovered what it was that she wanted, but who isn't quite sure even yet how it all came about. Good old Gil, we suspect, could throw a light on the matter, but Elmer Davis lets him make his wisely silent way right on through the felicitous ending of "Caged Songbird."

ROMANCE with a sterner note is "Gentleman Mike," by Paul Deresco Augsburg. It's the story of a Politeness Reporter—the fellow who goes about asking silly and annoying questions. If his victims are very polite they get a prize; if rude, a panning in the newspaper. A young man who spends his time that way can meet some very interesting persons (a newspaper man's life must be thrilling) and Tom Tolley was no exception. He met danger and greed and honor and love. Not all at once, of course, because even a reporter takes life's happenings one at a time.

AMERICA, in the noble decade just passed, contributed more to the knowledge of wine-making than the whole world in the previous thousand years. Frank J. Taylor, in "The Wine Ghost Walks," tells of this surprising research and talks bravely of other (and who shall say worse?) days.

MARION THORNTON, Grantland Rice, The Short Short Story, Milton C. Work, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Kathleen Norris and others complete the issue. A great cast. As if you didn't know.

THIS WEEK

September 26, 1931

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Page 10—John T. Flynn
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Page 12—Ernest Haycox
AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT: Shafter calls for a new deal.

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SURE THING! Never sell Romance short.

Page 16—Kathleen Norris
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Our facts-of-the-week club.

Page 28—Rube Goldberg
THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 42—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Grand Slams in the making.

Page 61—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
PRESS BOXING: Presidents and publicity.

Page 62—Editorial
BAYONET BUSINESS.

Any Week

SOME time ago this column raised the question of the definition of "a real Democrat." With magnificent courage, hundreds of our readers have tried to help us. But Mr. Henry S. Morgan, Atlanta, Georgia, gets special mention.

"A gentleman from Sand Mountain, Alabama," writes he, "told me that he believed the Democrats will win next year 'if the depression continues and I hope it does.' This gentleman is a merchant, too."

FROM Lester Warmkessel of Pittsburgh comes a hint to ladies with reticent swains. Finding a copy of this peerless periodical in the girl friend's possession he says, "After that I could have cheerfully married her if for no other reason than her good sense in choosing Collier's to read."

"ONCE," says Mr. W. G. Reese of Nogales, Arizona, "this country was a huddle of huts. Now we are a muddle of nuts."

IT WAS a warm evening in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Miss Ann Barth and a friend debated spiritedly notwithstanding the humidity. Presently when it was time to separate they found that they hadn't agreed whether E. Phillips Oppenheim was a man or a woman or what his nationality was. So, being invited, we rush to the rescue. Mr. Oppenheim is not only a man, but a gentleman. Also, he is English. How we love the easy ones.

"LOOK here," says Mr. Warren I. Knowles of San Diego, California, "you or somebody else will have to do something about that Wickersham Committee. It took them nine months to start reporting and now they can't stop. Every day I pick up my paper to find out that they have again informed Mr. Hoover of something of which everybody except the committee seems to have been fully aware. Next thing you know they'll discover what became of the money Mr. Hoover's Farm Board loaned our grape-growers and be foolish enough to make it public."

ALTHOUGH we don't like to admit it, we're actually getting older. We catch ourselves reading the obituary page in our newspaper and wondering what has become of boys and girls we knew. Only the other day we said: "What ever became of Jeff Davis, the King of the Hoboes?" He must have heard us. Two days later we got a note from Jeff in Cincinnati.

"I BESPEAK a Grover Cleveland for 1932," writes Charles F. Taylor, Jr., of Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Which leaves the rest of us nothing to do except find one.

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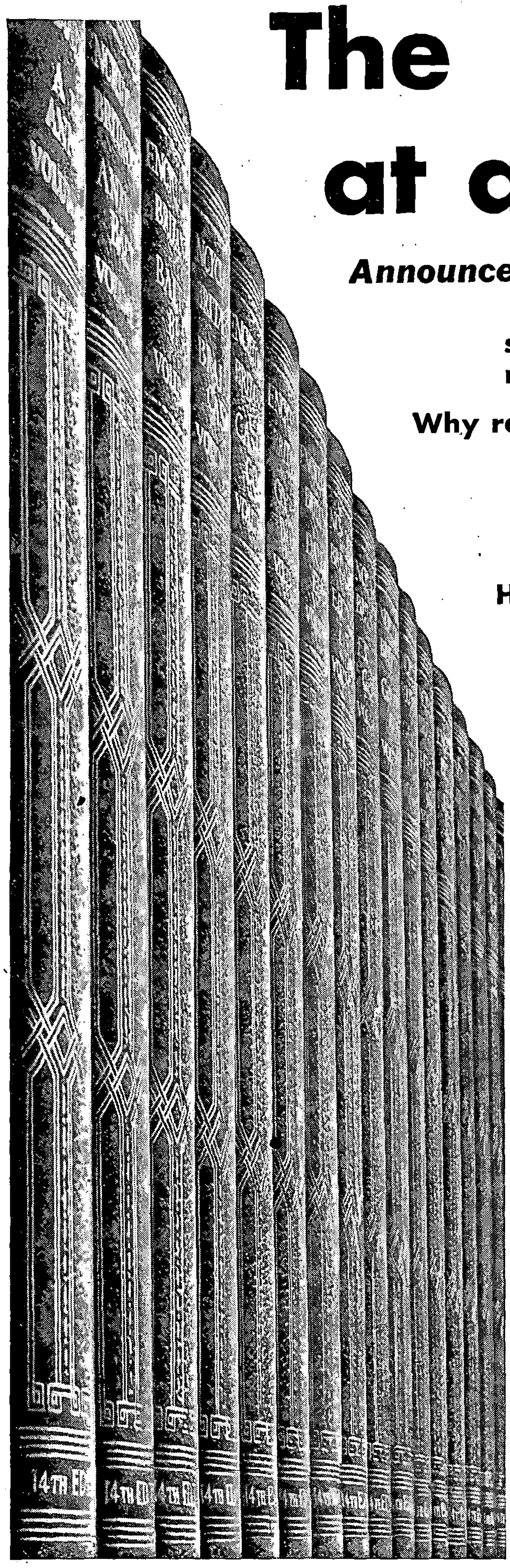
The NEW BRITANNICA at a NEW BIG SAVING



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An unprecedented reduction from the standard price of the New Britannica is now publicly announced.

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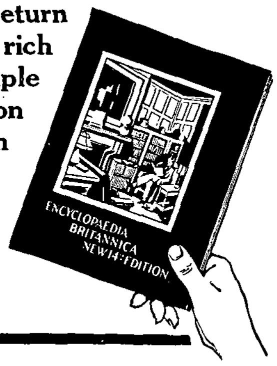
We believe that many thousands of keen, progressive and prudent people who have always wanted the Britannica will now buy it. We believe that this printing—large as it is—will be sold out in a comparatively short time, but we don't know whether business conditions will ever make it possible to duplicate this unusually low price again. *You can't afford to delay.*

What to do

Send at once for particulars. *Now is the time to get full details about the new low prices.* Fill out the corner blank below, send it to us, and receive by return mail a large 56-page booklet, free, rich with color plates, maps and sample pages. It contains a full description of the Britannica and how you can make it your most useful possession. *Send* for the large booklet today. No obligation.



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"The *Contour Sole* in Friendly Five Shoes

Particularly Interests Me."

Says P. D. HOUSTON,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

American Banks Group

"I have worn Friendly Five Shoes for sometime, but not until I recently inspected your factory and production methods did I realize just why they were so comfortable and held their shape as they do.

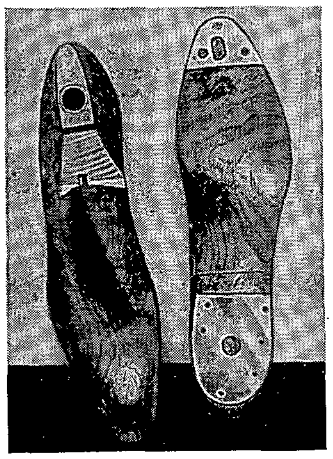
"One point that particularly interested me was the Contour Sole. I had always thought of the sole of a shoe as being flat, but I found that the sole of a Friendly Five Shoe is fashioned to fit the exact contour of the individual foot. I am sure this is one of the reasons why your claim of 'Barefoot comfort' is true.

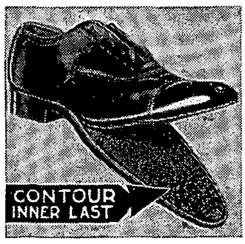
"I have previously paid $15 for my shoes until I began wearing Friendly Fives. Now I have eight pairs of shoes and all eight pairs are Friendly Fives."* P. D. HOUSTON

The Contour Sole Mr. Houston refers to is produced by three things: Scientifically measured Friendly Five last, the sole-forming machine, and the contour inner last. The sole of the last is an exact pattern of a *perfect* foot. The machine shown here is semi-automatic. The curved rollers exert 2000 pounds of pressure on the sole to form it to the wood last. When the shoe comes from this machine the inner and outer sole conform exactly to the contour of the last.

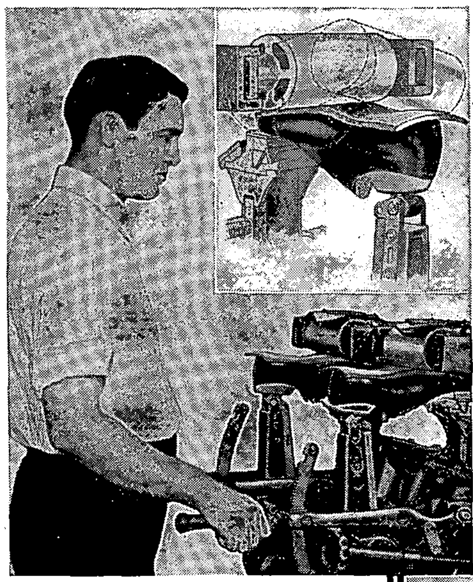
But no two feet are alike. So to insure "barefoot comfort" on *your* feet this special substance we call the "inner last" forms a layer between the inner and outer sole. After you have worn a pair of Friendly Fives two or three days, look inside and you will see the inner sole now conforms exactly to the contour of *your* foot.

Note the contour of the sole of this last. *Friendly Five lasts are scientifically* measured to insure a perfect fit. If the sole of your shoe is not perfectly fitted to every contour of the last you will experience discomfort.





Although Friendly Five lasts are the result of years of scientific research and represent the average foot, the fact remains that no two persons' feet are exactly alike. To insure each pair of Friendly Five Shoes exactly fitting the feet they are to protect, the Contour Inner Last is used. This mixture fills the space between the inner and outer sole and *takes the shape of your feet.* The contour sole is another reason why Friendly Five Shoes need no breaking in but give barefoot comfort from the first hour they are worn.

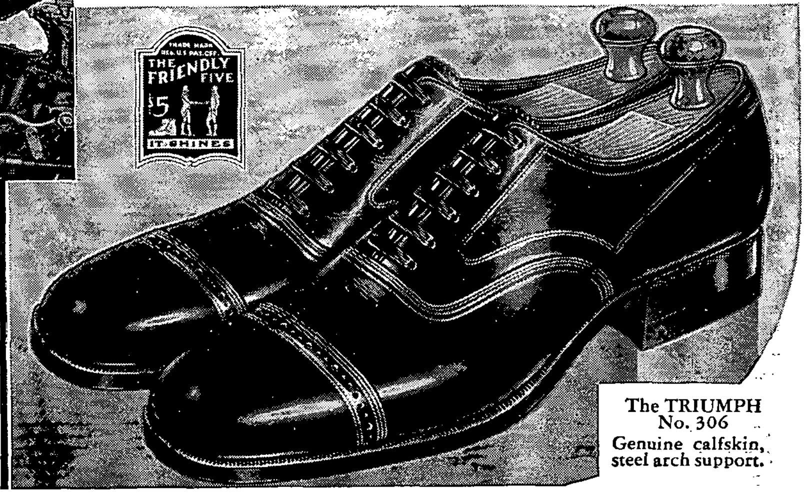


After the shoe has been placed onto the last it is rolled by this semi-automatic machine. The rollers take the positions as shown by the dotted lines during the operation. 2000 pounds of pressure are brought against the sole on this machine which permanently forms the inner and outer sole, *so that the soles take the* exact shape of the last.

Friendly Five Shoes are sold by 5,243 dealers in 48 states and 18 foreign countries. There is a dealer near you. If you are not acquainted with him, write the factory and name of nearest dealer will be sent immediately.

JARMAN SHOE CO., *Manufacturers,* Nashville, Tenn.

* The statements of Mr. Houston in this advertisement are entirely voluntary and, of course, not paid for.



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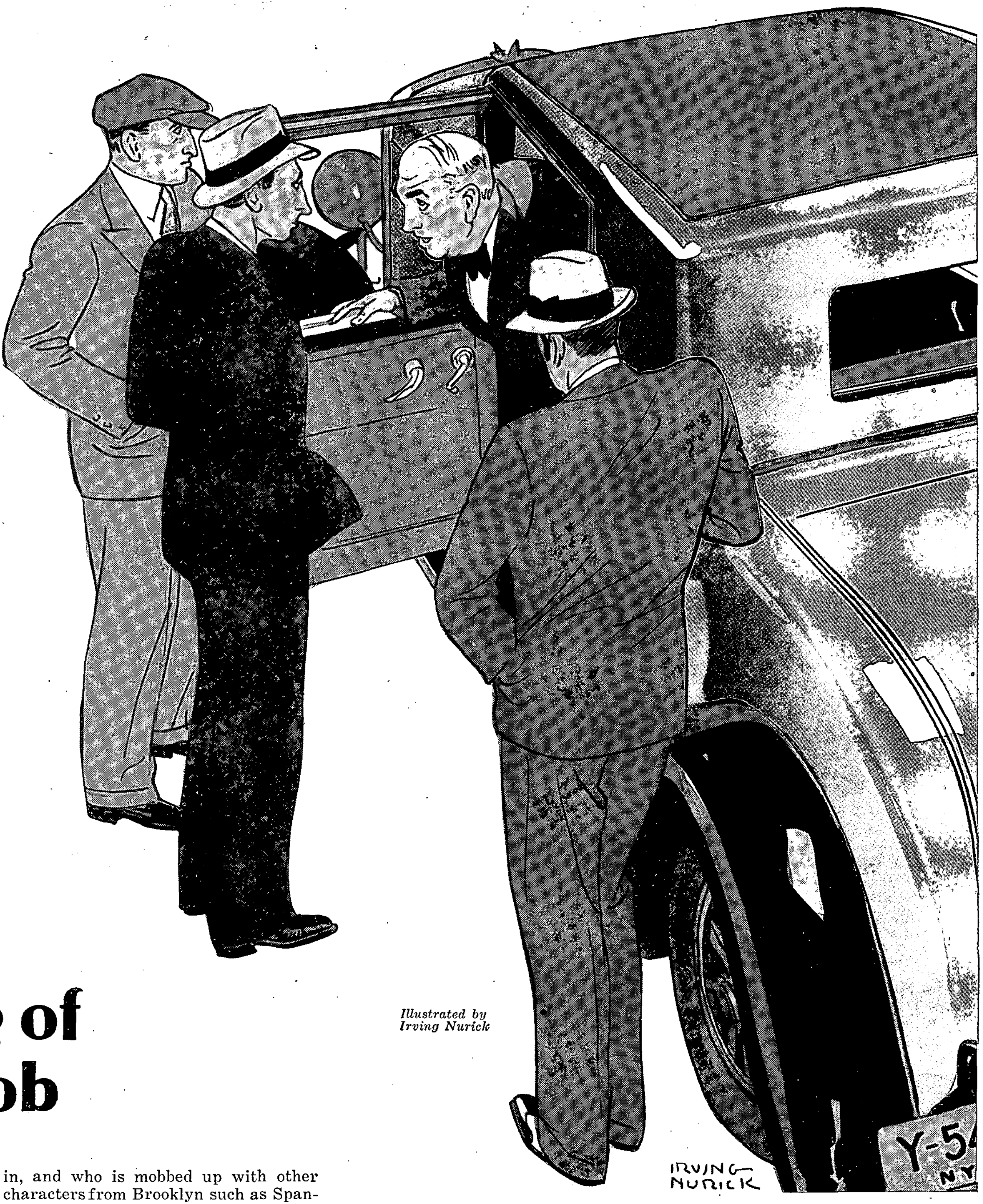
Collier's The National Weekly for September 26, 1931

By
Damon Runyon

Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore are hard characters in every respect, but it wouldn't be nice to call them kidnappers

The Snatching of Bookie Bob



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Of course Bookie Bob is alone, as he seldom lets anybody ride with him because of the wear and tear on his car cushions

NOW it comes on the spring of 1931, after a long hard winter, and times are very tough indeed, what with the stock market going all to pieces, and banks busting right and left, and the law getting very nasty about this and that, and one thing and another, and many citizens of this town are compelled to do the best they can.

There is very little scratch anywhere and along Broadway many citizens are wearing their last year's clothes and have practically nothing to bet on the races or anything else, and it is a condition that will touch anybody's heart.

So I am not surprised to hear rumors that the snatching of certain parties is going on in spots, because while snatching is by no means a high-class business, and is even considered somewhat illegal, it is something to tide over the hard times.

Furthermore, I am not surprised to hear that this snatching is being done by a character by the name of Harry the Horse, who comes from Brooklyn, and who is a character who does not care much what sort of business he is in, and who is mobbed up with other characters from Brooklyn such as Spanish John and Little Isadore, who do not care what sort of business they are in, either.

In fact, Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore are very hard characters in every respect, and there is considerable indignation expressed around and about when they move over from Brooklyn into Manhattan and start snatching, because the citizens of Manhattan feel that if there is any snatching done in their territory, they are entitled to do it themselves.

BUT Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore pay no attention whatever to local sentiment and go on the snatch on a pretty fair scale, and by and by I am hearing rumors of some very nice scores. These scores are not extra large scores, to be sure, but they are enough to keep the wolf from the door, and in fact from three different doors, and before long Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore are around the race tracks betting on the horses, because if there is one thing they are all very fond of, it is betting on the horses.

Now many citizens have the wrong idea entirely of the snatching business. Many citizens think that all there is to snatching is to round up the party who is to be snatched and then just snatch him, putting him away somewhere until his family or friends dig up enough scratch to pay whatever price the snatchers are asking. Very few citizens understand that the snatching business must be well organized and very systematic.

In the first place, if you are going to do any snatching, you cannot snatch just anybody. You must know who you are snatching, because naturally it is no good snatching somebody who does not have any scratch to settle with. And you cannot tell by the way a party looks or how he lives in this town if he has any scratch, because many a party who is around in automobiles, and wearing good clothes, and chucking quite a swell is nothing but the phonus bollonus and does not have any real scratch whatever.

SO OF course such a party is no good for snatching, and of course guys who are on the snatch cannot go around inquiring into bank accounts, or asking how much this and that party has in a safe-deposit vault, because such questions are apt to make citizens wonder why, and it is very dangerous to get citizens to wondering why about anything. So the only way guys who are on the snatch can find out about parties worth snatching is to make a connection with some guy who can put the finger on the right party.

The finger guy must know the party he fingers has plenty of ready scratch to begin with, and he must also know that this party is such a party as is not apt to make too much disturbance about being snatched, such as telling the gendarmes. The party may be a legitimate party, such as a business guy, but he will have reasons why he does not wish it to get out that he is snatched, and the finger must know these reasons. Maybe the party is not leading the right sort of life, such as running around with blondes when he has an ever-loving wife and seven children in Mamaroneck, but does not care to have his habits known, as is apt to happen if he is snatched, especially if he is snatched when he is with a blonde.

And sometimes the party is such a party as does not care to have matches run up and down the bottom of his feet, which often happens to parties who are snatched and who do not seem to wish to settle their bill promptly, because many parties are very ticklish on the bottom of the feet, especially if the matches are lit. On the other hand, maybe the party is not a legitimate guy, such as a party who is running a crap game or a swell speakeasy, or who has some other dodge he does not care to have come out, and who also does not care about having his feet tickled.

Such a party is very good indeed for the snatching business, because he is pretty apt to settle without any argument. And after a party settles one snatching, it will be considered very unethical for anybody else to snatch him again very soon, so he is not likely to make any fuss about the matter. The finger guy gets a commission of twenty-five per cent of the settlement, and one and all are satisfied and much fresh scratch comes into circulation, which is very good for the merchants. And while the party who is snatched may know who snatches him, one thing he never knows is who puts the finger on him, this being considered a trade secret.

I AM talking to Waldo Winchester, the newspaper scribe, one night and something about the snatching business comes up, and Waldo Winchester is trying to tell me that it is one of the oldest dodges in the world, only Waldo calls it kidnapping, which is a title that will be very repulsive to guys who are on the snatch nowadays. Waldo Winchester claims that hundreds of years ago guys are around snatching parties, male and female, and holding them for ransom, and furthermore Waldo Winchester says they even snatch very little children and Waldo states that it is all a very, very wicked proposition.

Well, I can see where Waldo is right about it being wicked to snatch dolls and little children, but of course no guys who are on the snatch nowadays will ever think of such a thing, because who is going to settle for a doll in these times when you can scarcely even give them away? As for little children, they are apt to be a great nuisance, because their mammas are sure to go running around hollering bloody murder about them, and furthermore little children are very dangerous, indeed, what with being apt to break out with measles and mumps and one thing and another any minute and give it to everybody in the neighborhood.

Well, anyway, knowing that Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore are now on the snatch, I am by no means pleased to see them come along one Tuesday evening when I am standing at the corner of Fiftieth and Broadway, although of course I give them a very jolly hello, and say I hope and trust they are feeling nicely.

They stand there talking to me a few minutes, and I am very glad indeed that Johnny Brannigan, the strong-arm cop, does not happen along and see us, because it will give Johnny a very bad impression of me to see me in such company, even though I am not responsible for the company. But naturally I cannot haul off and walk away from this company at once, because Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore may get the idea that I am playing the chill for them, and will feel hurt.

"Well," I say to Harry the Horse, "how are things going, Harry?"

"THEY are going no good," Harry says. "We do not beat a race in four days. In fact," he says, "we go overboard today. We are washed out. We owe every bookmaker at the track that will trust us, and now we are out trying to raise some scratch to pay off. A guy must pay his bookmaker, no matter what."

Well, of course this is very true, indeed, because if a guy does not pay his bookmaker it will lower his business standing quite some, as the bookmaker is sure to go around putting the blast on him, so I am pleased to hear Harry the Horse mention such honorable principles.

Now I do not know Bookie Bob personally, but of course I know who Bookie Bob is, and so does everybody else in this town that ever goes to a race track, because Bookie Bob is the biggest bookmaker around and about, and has plenty of scratch. Furthermore, it is the opinion of one and all that Bookie Bob will die with this scratch, because he is considered a very close guy with his scratch. In fact, Bookie Bob is considered closer than a dead heat.

He is a short fat guy with a bald head, and his head is always shaking a little from side to side, which some say is a touch of palsy, but which most citizens believe comes of Bookie Bob shaking his head "No" to guys asking for credit in betting on the races. He has an ever-loving wife, who is a very quiet little old doll with gray hair and a very sad look in her eyes, but nobody can blame her for this when they figure that she lives with Bookie Bob for many years.

I often see Bookie Bob and his ever-loving wife eating in different joints along in the Forties, because they seem to have no home except a hotel, and many a time I hear Bookie Bob giving her a going-over about something or other, and generally it is about the price of something she orders to eat, so I judge Bookie Bob is as tough with his ever-loving wife about scratch as he is with everybody else. In fact, I hear him bawling her out one night because she has on a new hat which she says costs her six bucks, and Bookie Bob wishes to know if she is trying to ruin him with her extravagances.

But of course I am not criticizing Bookie Bob for squawking about the hat, because for all I know six bucks may be too much for a doll to pay for a hat, at that. And furthermore, maybe Bookie Bob has the right idea about keeping down his ever-loving wife's appetite, because I know many a guy in this town who is practically ruined by dolls eating too much on him.

"Well," I say to Harry the Horse, "if Bookie Bob is one of the bookmakers you owe, I am greatly surprised to see that you seem to have both eyes in your head, because I never before hear of Bookie Bob letting anybody owe him without giving him at least one of their eyes for security. In fact," I say, "Bookie Bob is such a guy as will not give you the right time if he has two watches."

"NO," Harry the Horse says, "we do not owe Bookie Bob. But," he says, "he will be owing us before long. We are going to put the snatch on Bookie Bob."

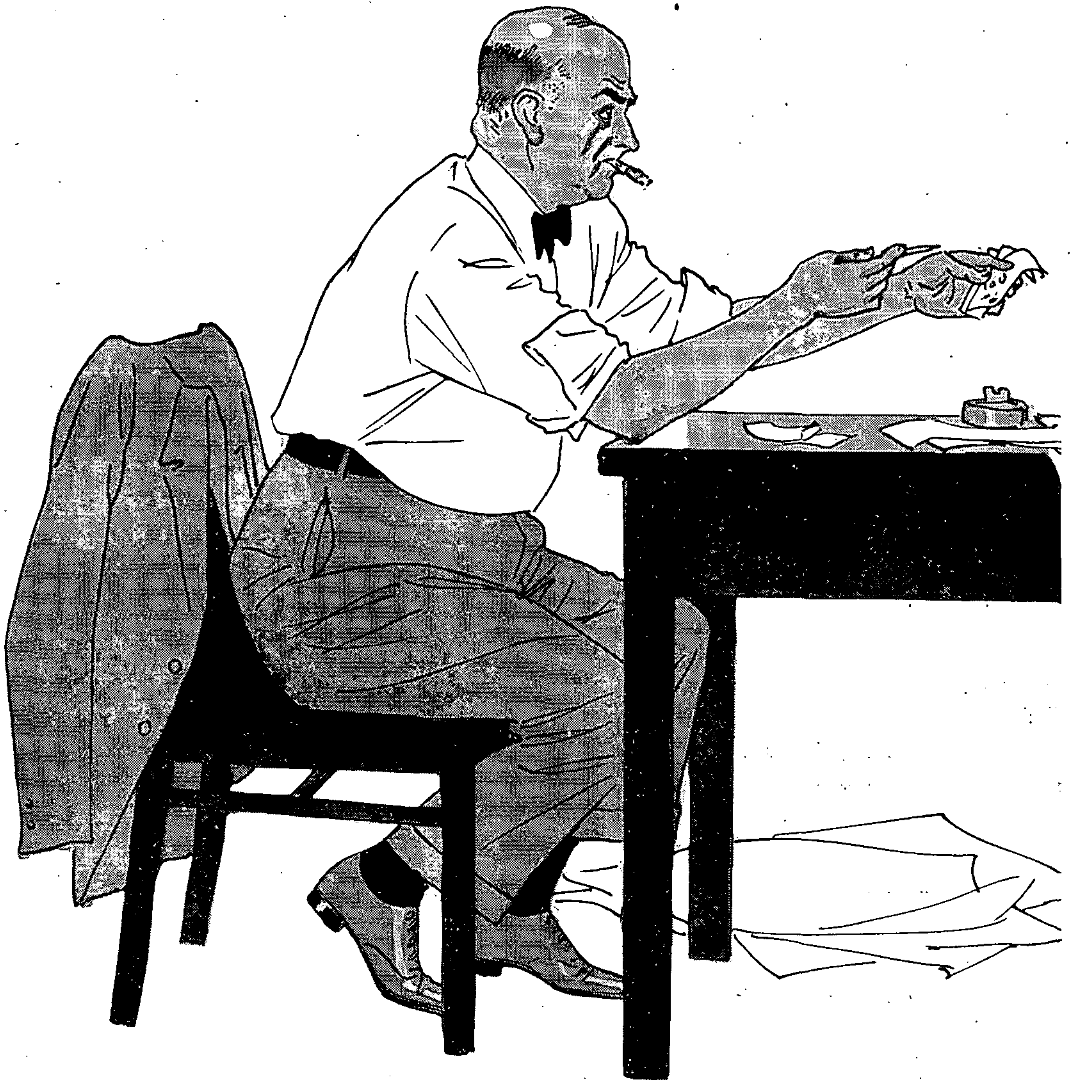
Well, this is most disquieting news to me, not because I care if they snatch Bookie Bob or not, but because somebody may see me talking to them who will remember about it when Bookie Bob is snatched. But of course it will not be good policy for me to show Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore that I am nervous, so I only speak as follows:

"Harry," I say, "every man knows his own business best, and I judge you know what you are doing. But," I say, "you are snatching a hard guy when you snatch Bookie Bob. A very hard guy, indeed. In fact," I say, "I hear the softest thing about him is his front teeth, so it may be very difficult for you to get him to settle after you snatch him."

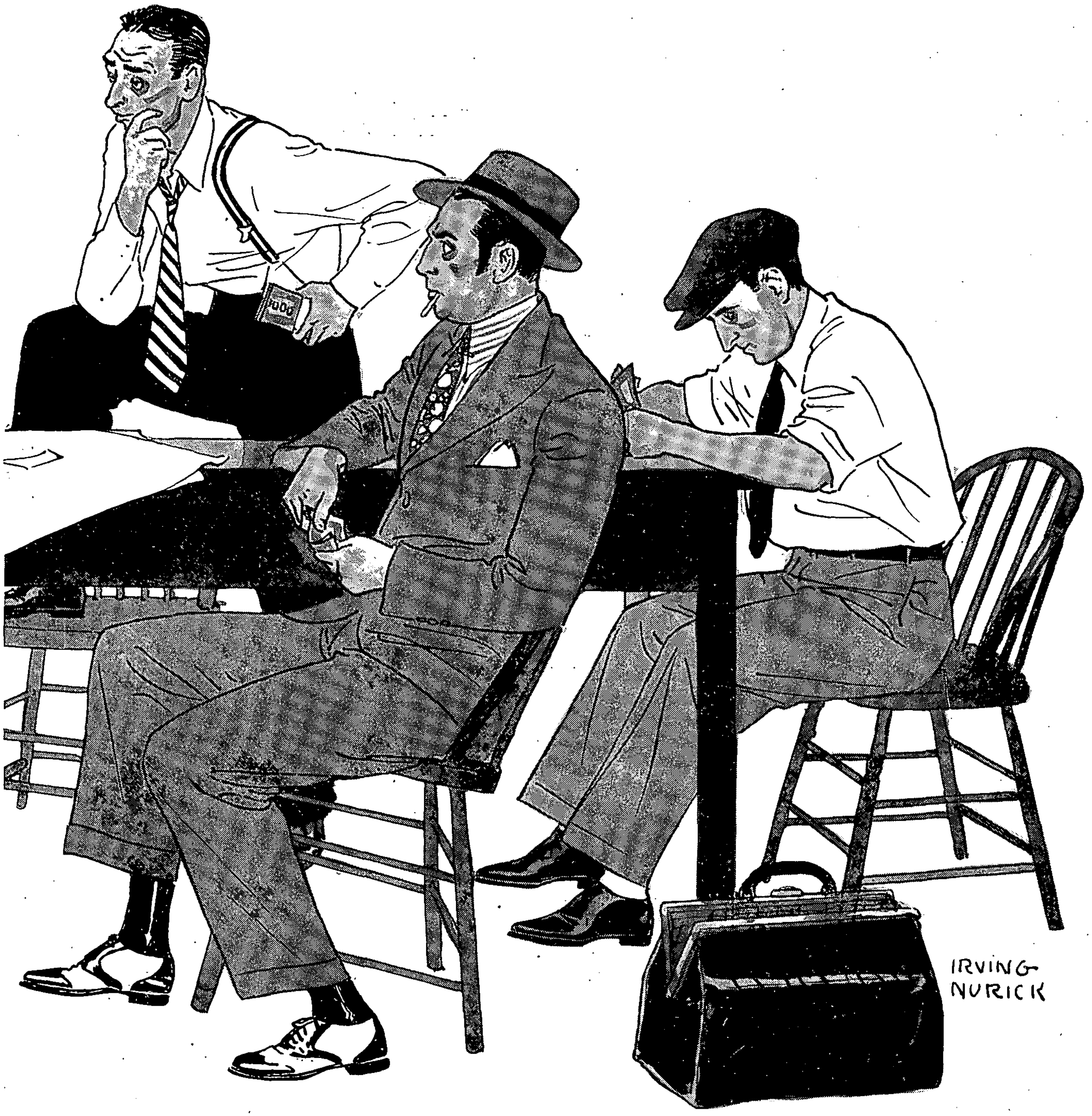
"No," Harry the Horse says, "we will have no trouble about it. Our finger gives us Bookie Bob's hole card, and it is a most surprising thing, indeed. But," Harry the Horse says, "you come upon many surprising things in human nature when you are on the snatch. Bookie Bob's hole card is his ever-loving wife's opinion of him.

"You see," Harry the Horse says, "Bookie Bob has been putting himself away with his ever-loving wife for years as a very important guy in this town, with much power and influence, although of course Bookie Bob knows very well he stands about as good as a broken leg. In fact," Harry the Horse says, "Bookie Bob figures that his ever-loving wife is the only one in the world who looks up to him as a big guy, and he will sacrifice even his scratch, or anyway some of it, rather than let her know that guys have such little respect for him as to put the snatch on him. It is what you call psychology," Harry the Horse says.

Well, this does not make good sense to me, and I am thinking to myself that the psychology that Harry the Horse really figures to work out nice on Bookie Bob is tickling his feet with matches, but I am not anxious to stand



Then I tell Bookie Bob he is free to go on about his business, but he looks at me as if he is very much surprised



there arguing about it, and pretty soon I bid them all good evening, very polite, and take the wind and I do not see Harry the Horse or Spanish John or Little Isadore again for a month.

In the meantime, I hear gossip here and there that Bookie Bob is missing for several days, and when he finally shows up again he gives it out that he is very sick during his absence, but I can put two and two together as well as anybody in this town and I figure that Bookie Bob is snatched by Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore, and the chances are it costs him plenty.

So I am looking for Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore to be around the race track with plenty of scratch and betting them higher than a cat's back, but they never show up, and what is more I hear they leave Manhattan and are back in Brooklyn working every day handling beer. Naturally this is very surprising to me, because the way things are running beer is a tough dodge just now, and there is very little profit in same, and I figure that with the scratch they must make off Bookie Bob, Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore have a right to be taking things easy.

Now one night I am in Good Time Charley Bernstein's little speak in Forty-eighth Street, speaking of this and that with Charley, when in comes Harry the Horse, looking very weary and by no means prosperous. Naturally I gave him a large hello, and by and by we get to gabbing together and I ask him whatever becomes of the Bookie Bob matter, and Harry the Horse tells me as follows:

Yes [Harry the Horse says], we snatch Bookie Bob all right. In fact, we snatch him the very next night after we are talking to you, or on a Wednesday night. Our finger tells us Bookie Bob is going to a wake over in his old neighborhood on Tenth Avenue, near Thirty-eighth Street, and this is where we pick him up.

HE IS leaving the place in his car along about midnight, and of course Bookie Bob is alone as he seldom lets anybody ride with him because of the wear and tear on his car cushions, and Little Isadore swings our flivver in front of him and makes him stop. Naturally Bookie Bob is greatly surprised when I poke my head into his car and tell him I wish the pleasure of his company for a short time, and at first he is inclined to argue the matter, saying I must make a mistake, but I put the old convincer on him by letting him peek down the snozzle of my John Roscoe.

We lock his car and throw the keys away, and then we take Bookie Bob in our car and go to a certain spot on Eighth Avenue where we have a nice little apartment all ready. When we get there I tell Bookie Bob that he can call up anybody he wishes and state that the snatch is on him and that it will require twenty-five G's, cash money, to take it off, but of course I also tell Bookie Bob that he is not to mention where he is or something may happen to him.

Well, I will say one thing for Bookie Bob, although everybody is always weighing in the sacks on him and saying he is no good—he takes it like a gentleman, and very calm and businesslike.

Furthermore, he does not seem alarmed, as many citizens are when they find themselves in such a situation. He recognizes the justice of our claim at once, saying as follows:

"I will telephone my partner, Sam Salt," he says. "He is the only one I can think of who is apt to have such a sum as twenty-five G's cash money. But," he says, "if you gentlemen will pardon the question, because this is a new experience to me, how do I know everything will be okay for me after you get the scratch?"

"Why," I say to Bookie Bob, somewhat indignant, "it is well known to one and all in this town that my word is my bond. There are two things I am bound to do," I say, "and one is to keep my word in such a situation as this, and the other is to pay anything I owe a bookmaker, no matter what, for these are obligations of honor with me."

"Well," Bookie Bob says, "of course I do not know you gentlemen, and, in fact, I do not remember ever seeing any of you, although your face is somewhat familiar, but if you pay your bookmaker you are an honest guy, and one in a million. In fact," Bookie Bob says, "if I have all the scratch that is owing me around this town, I will not be telephoning anybody for such a sum as twenty-five G's. I will have such a sum in my pants pocket for change."

Now Bookie Bob calls a certain number and talks to somebody there but he does not get Sam Salt, and he seems much disappointed when he hangs up the receiver again.

"THIS is a very tough break for me," he says. "Sam Salt goes to Atlantic City an hour ago on very important business and will not be back until tomorrow evening, and they do not know where he is to stay in Atlantic City. And," Bookie Bob says, "I cannot think of anybody else to call up to get this scratch, especially anybody I will care to have know I am in this situation."

"Why not call your ever-loving wife?" I say. "Maybe she can dig up this kind of scratch."

"Say," Bookie Bob says, "you do not suppose I am chump enough to give my ever-loving wife twenty-five G's, or even let her know where she can get her dukes on twenty-five G's belonging to me, do you? I give my ever-loving wife ten bucks per week for spending money," Bookie Bob says, "and this is enough scratch for any doll, especially when you figure I pay for her meals."

Well, there seems to be nothing we can do except wait until Sam Salt gets back, but we let Bookie Bob call his ever-loving wife, as Bookie Bob says he does not wish to have her worrying about his absence, and tells her a big lie about having to go to Jersey City to sit up with a sick Brother Elk.

Well, it is now nearly four o'clock in the morning, so we put Bookie Bob in a room with Little Isadore to sleep, although, personally, I consider making a guy sleep with Little Isadore very cruel treatment, and Spanish John and I take turns keeping awake and watching out that Bookie Bob does not take the air on us before paying us off. To tell the truth, Little Isadore and Spanish John are somewhat disappointed that Bookie Bob agrees to settle so promptly, because they are looking forward to tickling his feet with great relish.

NOW Bookie Bob turns out to be very good company when he wakes up the next morning, because he knows a lot of race-track stories and plenty of scandal, and he keeps us much interested at breakfast. He talks along with us as if he knows us all his life, and he seems very nonchalant indeed, but the chances are he will not be so nonchalant if I tell him about Spanish John's thought.

Well, about noon Spanish John goes out of the apartment and comes back with a racing sheet, because he knows Little Isadore and I will be wishing to know what is running in different spots although we do not have anything to bet on these races, or any way of betting on them, because we are overboard with every bookmaker we know.

Now Bookie Bob is also much interested in the matter of what is running, especially at Belmont, and he is bending over the table with me and Spanish John and Little Isadore, looking at the sheet, when Spanish John speaks as follows:

"My goodness," Spanish John says, "a spot such as this fifth-race with Questionnaire at 4 to 5 is like finding money in the street. I only wish I have a few bobs to bet on him at such a price," Spanish John says.

"Why," Bookie Bob says, very polite, "if you gentlemen wish to bet on these races I will gladly book to you. It is a good way to pass away the time while

(Continued on page 57)

Collier's invites you to tell about Better Business

There are merchants everywhere in America for whom 1931 will be a year of better business and bigger profits. They have used ingenuity, modern methods and elbow grease to make it so.

Mr. Flynn has just returned from an extended tour during which he visited, at Collier's request, successful merchants in many lines of business located in every section of the country.

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If your business has increased this year write us a letter about it. Every business man and woman in the country will be interested in what you say. Write on only one side of the paper and hold yourself down to 500 words or, if possible, less. Literary style won't count, but your facts will. Letters will be judged by the measure of success achieved and the merchandising resourcefulness displayed.

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Business is what you make it

By John T. Flynn

I GOT to the store of Mr. Curtis Peets to question him about the reasons for his success in business almost in a dead heat with the marshal who visited him to lock the door and tack on the outside an involved and legally verbose proclamation to the effect, as Mr. Peets picturesquely translated it, that he "had gone and done it." Mr. Peets was a bankrupt.

I found him wrapping up a few personal belongings exempt from the bankruptcy law, preparatory to walking out of his emporium forever. But he was not in the least cast down. In fact he was as merry a bankrupt as one could wish to meet upon a summer morning. Later in the day, as Mr. Peets' guest and under happier circumstances, in spite of eighty-five years of the noble experiment in Maine, we fell to discussing the business depression in general and Mr. Peets' personal depression in particular. I was a little surprised and greatly interested to learn that he attributed his disaster to science. Which is my reason for introducing him into this narrative of more successful men.

"I didn't need to go into bankruptcy," he assured me. "I could have run along for another six months and then this thing woulda blowed over. But my wholesaler, he thought I ought to have a scientific cost accountant go over my business. Said I oughta shift over to more scientific merchandisin'. So I got a cost accountant from Augusta to run over my store. The report he gave me showed that my store had almost every disease known to store doctorin'. He said there weren't practically no way for the business to keep off the bone yard.

"Well, I was just like old man Greevy in this town. He'd been sick for forty years and gettin' along fine. Then he went to a doctor down to Augusta for something and the doctor looked him all over, found almost everything the matter with him and told him he couldn't live more than a few months. The moment he found that out he come home here, went to bed, tucked himself in comfortable and passed out. If he hadn't gone to that specialist in Augusta, he'd been alive today. And if I hadn't had that scientific cost accountant in here, I'd probably be in business for years to come. That's what science can do for a goin' business."

Later I talked to Mr. Peets' wholesaler in Boston. Said the wholesaler: "He's right. At least he's right about still being in business. As a matter of fact this man went into business just after 1922. He started failing the day he opened his store. It took him nine years to finish the job. Slowly he ate up his small capital without knowing it.

"Then he began to eat up some of the capital of other people—wholesalers he bought from and didn't pay.

"I have known men to keep that up for ten or twenty years. Their actual bankruptcy is concealed under the confusion in which they operate their business. Of course a day comes when the fact becomes so obvious that even the merchant himself sees it. He blames it on the Democrats if they are in power. Now Mr. Peets probably blames it on Mr. Hoover when he's not blaming it on science. But if you want to hear the other side of Mr. Curtis Peets' story, see Mr. Robert Braun or Mr. Leo Weiner in Portland or Mr. Frank Peck in Lewiston."

There's a Brighter Side

I did, and what they had to say about it we shall hear presently. I had left New York to go in search of prosperity—or rather prosperities. It seemed a rather inauspicious moment for that. U. S. Steel was operating at 39 per cent of its capacity, said the Agony Column, the new name for the daily financial review. "Drab," said the Times, of business.

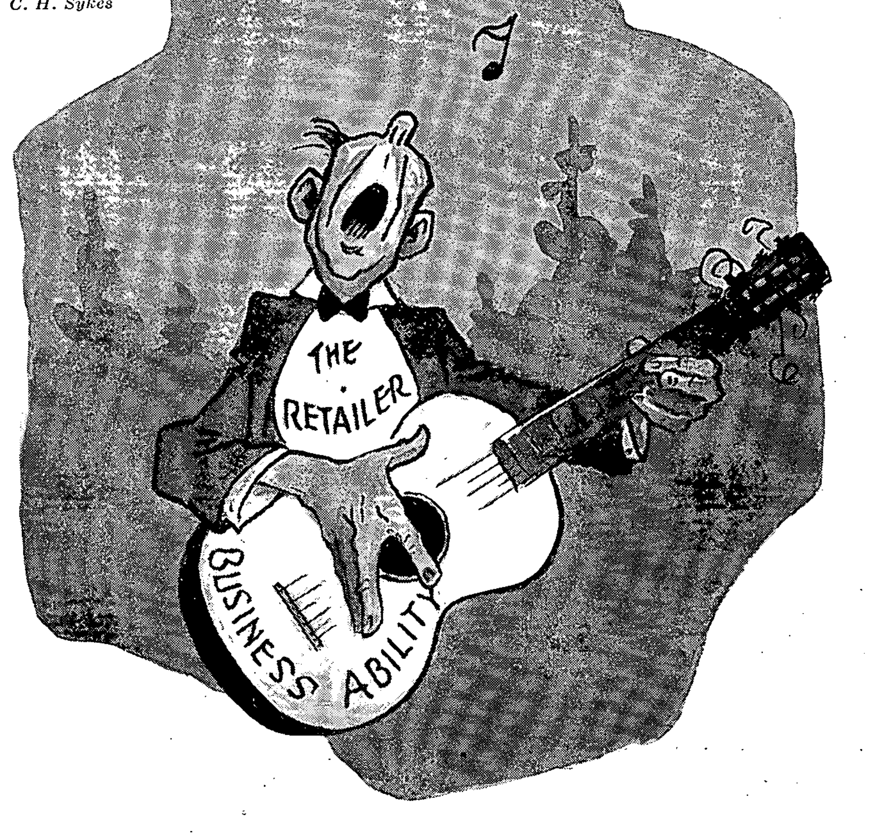
But after all there were some prosperities. Out of 97 lines of business reporting the day I left New York three were a good deal better than last year, 67 more or less worse and 27 about the same—three prosperities, 67 depressions and 27 "normalcies." And even before I came up with my friend Curtis Peets I ran into a real prosperity—at almost the first point I touched, where they had been having a depression for half a century—the old shipbuilding industry of the Maine coast.

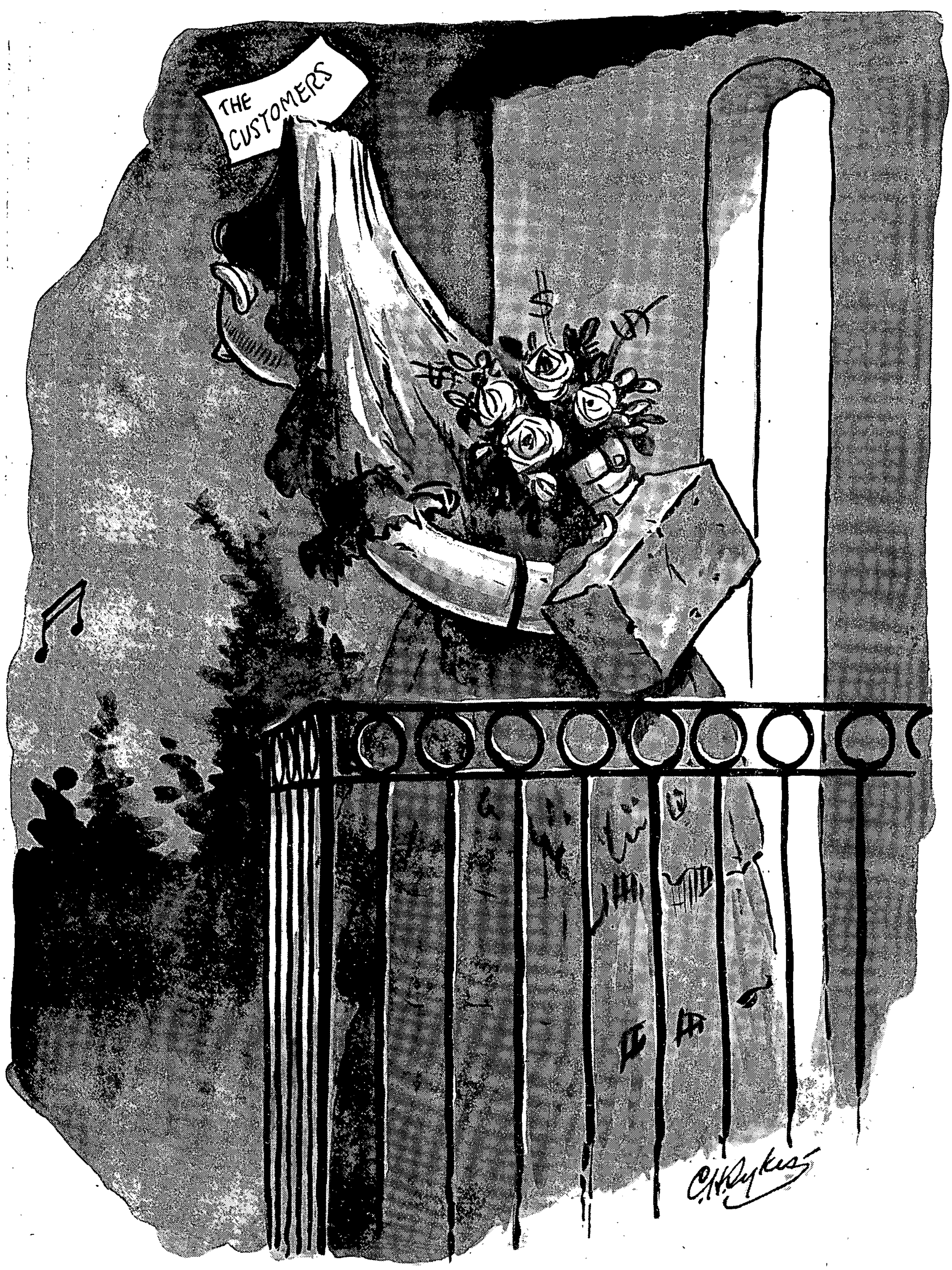
There, where gloom had reigned since the old clipper ships faded from the seas, a new boat-building industry had suddenly sprung to life—the building of steam and motor yachts for millionaires and lesser barons. I found something like prosperity in the midst of the corn belt, in Cedar Rapids, and again in Oklahoma in the newly opened oil fields. I found an ice-cream company in Pennsylvania that had been paying fifteen per cent dividends every two months, all through the depression.

What I wanted to find, however, were merchants who, when asked "How's business?" would answer "Fine"—and mean it. And of course I wanted to find out why it was fine with them and what made it so. As a shopper who passes a good deal of your hard-earned money across their counters you have probably felt a lot of curiosity about what goes on behind them. Well, I went out to have a look behind those counters and the cash registers. I was in search of the secret of why one man moves from his side street into the bankruptcy court and another moves from the same side street to Main Street—which is supposed to be the merchants' paradise.

Well, I found prosperous merchants—many of them—men who did better business in 1930 than they did in 1929 and who are doing a better business now in 1931 than they did in 1930. But I found some other things besides. I found, for instance, that that fair and finicky lady, Mrs. Consumer, is sitting on top of the

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes





In times of depression the rewards of resourcefulness are emphasized while mistakes become costlier than ever

world. She's buying dresses for $4.75 that cost $8 a year ago, stockings that used to cost $1.65 for a dollar, and that beautiful big overstuffed chair that she longed for at $125 is now crying for her to buy it at $75. A wave of slashed prices is sweeping over the country like grasshopper hordes over Nebraska.

Tons of red paint have been consumed marking out old prices and putting in the new ones. We will swim out of the big sea of red ink to safety through a river of red paint.

Madam can go into the stock market and help herself to assets for nothing. If she has the money, she can buy the whole United States Steel Corporation for less than the sum at which that company's railroad subsidiaries are valued. She can buy the Mellons' Gulf Oil Company for about $300,000,000, which would be quite a bargain, since that is less than the company spent on improvements in 1929. Always provided, of course, that the sensible people who own these stocks would be foolish enough to sell at present prices. This, however, is all by the way.

Depression Comes to Lewiston

But to get back to Mr. Curtis Peets, or rather to get farther away from him. The little city of Lewiston, Maine, lies on the Androscoggin River, one of those swift-rushing Maine streams which have been tossing and tumbling in play over and down rocks until the power industry caught up with them and put them to work.

In Lewiston this Androscoggin River, with the assistance of some eight or nine thousand men and women, makes textiles, blankets and shoes. Being a textile-mill town, Lewiston was one of the first stopping-off places of the depression. Obviously when the people in Lewiston stop going to the mills they also stop visiting the stores. Hence if you will meander around Lewiston and ask merchants here and there how they find things they will answer with the famous merchants' theme cry—"Rotten." Of course it is rotten with many of them. But there are merchants who always make a poor mouth. However, I soon found myself chatting with Mr. Frank Peck.

Mr. Peck is a young man, or at least looks to be. He presides over the destinies of the finest store in Lewiston. The Peck store sold more merchandise last year than it did in the great bull-market year of 1929. So far this year it has sold more than last year. More people have come into the store and gone out with purchases. And Peck is not wailing about profitless prosperity either. Why?

Well, first of all, the man has applied his brains to every operation of his business. Aside from this, however, he attributes his showing to two things. First of all, when the depression arrived on our shores and was officially proclaimed to be here by the President, Peck looked it straight in the face, unlike Mr. Curtis Peets, who tried to hide from it.

A Home-Made Boom

The depression meant men out of work in Lewiston—everywhere. It meant decreased buying power. It meant people would start fingering their dollars. It meant prices would come down—the prices he would have to pay for things. He could go through his store, reinventory his stock and find heavy losses everywhere. But they were there and he couldn't help it. He could shut his eyes and go on trying to sell at the old prices. Or he could take his losses.

He decided to take them—to take them immediately. He marked his merchandise down to the new levels without delay. And when that merchandise was gone he could buy new merchandise at new prices, sell it lower than the old retail prices, *but make a profit on it.* That seems simple. But it takes a little courage. And, simple as it seems, it is precisely the thing which such legions of merchants failed to do. They waited for things to blow over. But they didn't blow over. And it was the merchants like Mr. Peck—the few who know merchandising—who *took their losses quickly*—who have fared well. The others have had to "take a bath," as the trade puts it—that is, take their losses in the end, but too late.

But Peck did more than this. He had been looking his situation over for some time. He was practically the only independent in Lewiston. The other stores were in the hands of the chains. Peck decided his salvation lay in being as little like his standardized competitors as possible. He must make his place not just a big country store, but a really metropolitan department store in which the style element could be emphasized. That meant ripping out all the old interior—rebuilding the whole place. And here was a depression coming. Well, didn't the President call upon business men to go forward, not to stop?

The Rewards of Courage

So in the face of it all he proceeded to make over his store completely—an ambitious plan of expansion and improvement just as everybody else was drawing into his shell. This required not merely courage but a certain audacity. It is the simple truth to say that this store is hardly to be equaled by any I have seen in towns three times its size. It could be moved from Lewiston and set down in a great city without blushing. The result has been that Peck's business has grown, more people have flocked to his store, more merchandise has been sold, he has more patrons now than when the trouble began and he has had profits through it all.

Every business man is a gambler. He can't help it. Every gambler must know how to take losses. "Take your losses and take 'em quick," is a Wall Street axiom. Taking losses fearlessly almost seems to have been the key to the successful negotiation of the present

(Continued on page 48)

An Evening's Entertainment

Watch out for the man who won't go ahead until he's sure. He is apt to get there

By Ernest Haycox

HE CAME out of the south—this Slim Shafter—out of a pale, empurpling twilight that obscured dune and horizon of the farther wastelands. There was a forty-mile dust wake behind him, while to the northward all the black creases and silhouettes of the Outlaw Range beckoned with a foreboding welcome. But he checked in at the street-end of Dry Gulch—that lusting little town so significantly placed between desert and hills—and looked forward, eyes half lidded.

The dark strip between the shabby building rows glowed from thrusting lamp lanes, one beam and another reluctantly tingeing the deepening night. Men idled in front of a saloon, cigarette tips burned lividly out of angles where the shadows pooled thickest. These things he noted with a practiced care, understanding that as quiet as his entry was the warning gongs would even now be rousing the wanted gentry. Dry Gulch took no man on faith and its watchfulness was of the unblinking sort. Breen would know immediately. Still, Slim Shafter had come from afar and with a purpose; so after perceptible hesitation, he rode abreast of the saloon, dismounted and walked through to the bar.

"High one with sideboards on it," said he with a drawl that plucked the strings of melody.

He was of the land unmistakably, a tall and thin-flanked western rider. Mica dust sparkled on his cheeks, his lips were a little compressed from heat and long travel. Around his eyes were small, fine sprays of sun wrinkles. Bland humor moved gently in those eyes which were somewhere between azure and cobalt; and when he punched back the brim of his hat a strip of fire-red mane lightened all his ruddy features.

"I'LL be with you awhile," he added in the same gently musical key. "So put another gallon of lager on ice. Strike up the band, hold your election and let's have a parade. I'm here for a drink."

The barkeep sent a schooner spinning across the mahogany, flicked an invisible spot with his towel. Hard curiosity crept across his moon-round face. "Come far?"

"I got a tired horse," answered Shafter, drinking the beer with a smacking satisfaction.

"In a hurry?" pressed the barkeep.

"Now that you mention it, I did seem to be."

The barkeep conveyed an impression of sly wisdom. "A lot of boys come here thataway—some hurried and watchin' the back trail."

The man's talk echoed into a strangely receptive silence and Shafter, raising his glance to the long mirror behind the bar, discovered the scattered loungers behind him fixed in attitudes of attention. A card game had come to pause, dealer holding a deck in one poised fist. Dark visages stared. Unconsciously he wrote a sign on the mahogany, forefinger tracing it with a little slopped beer—B/B. The hint of humor faded from his eyes and when he lifted them again to the barkeep they were level, inscrutable. "Don't get me wrong. I rode forty miles for a drink. That's all."

But the added weight of his words caused the brimming suspicion in the room to spill over the edges. Again watching the reflections in the glass, he saw a fellow take two loose, waltzing strides and slide through the doors. The dealer at the card table laid down the deck and folded both arms across his chest.

"Is that all?" grunted the barkeep ironically. "Wouldn't it be funny if it was?"

"Funnier if it wasn't," opined Slim Shafter.

"Not for you," retorted the barkeep. "No, sir, not for you."

THE saloon doors again swung. A man came in, aiming straight for Shafter—a cadaverous man with his head listed a little to one side and his mouth pursed. The coat he wore flopped at each stride to reveal the silvered surface of a star, and instantly the barkeep's shoulders swelled as he placed both hands on the mahogany, palms flat. That ancient sign of neutrality in time of trouble did something to Shafter. His lip corners vanished beneath an added pressure.

"Sorry," said the man with the star, "but yuh'll have to come along and meet the judge."

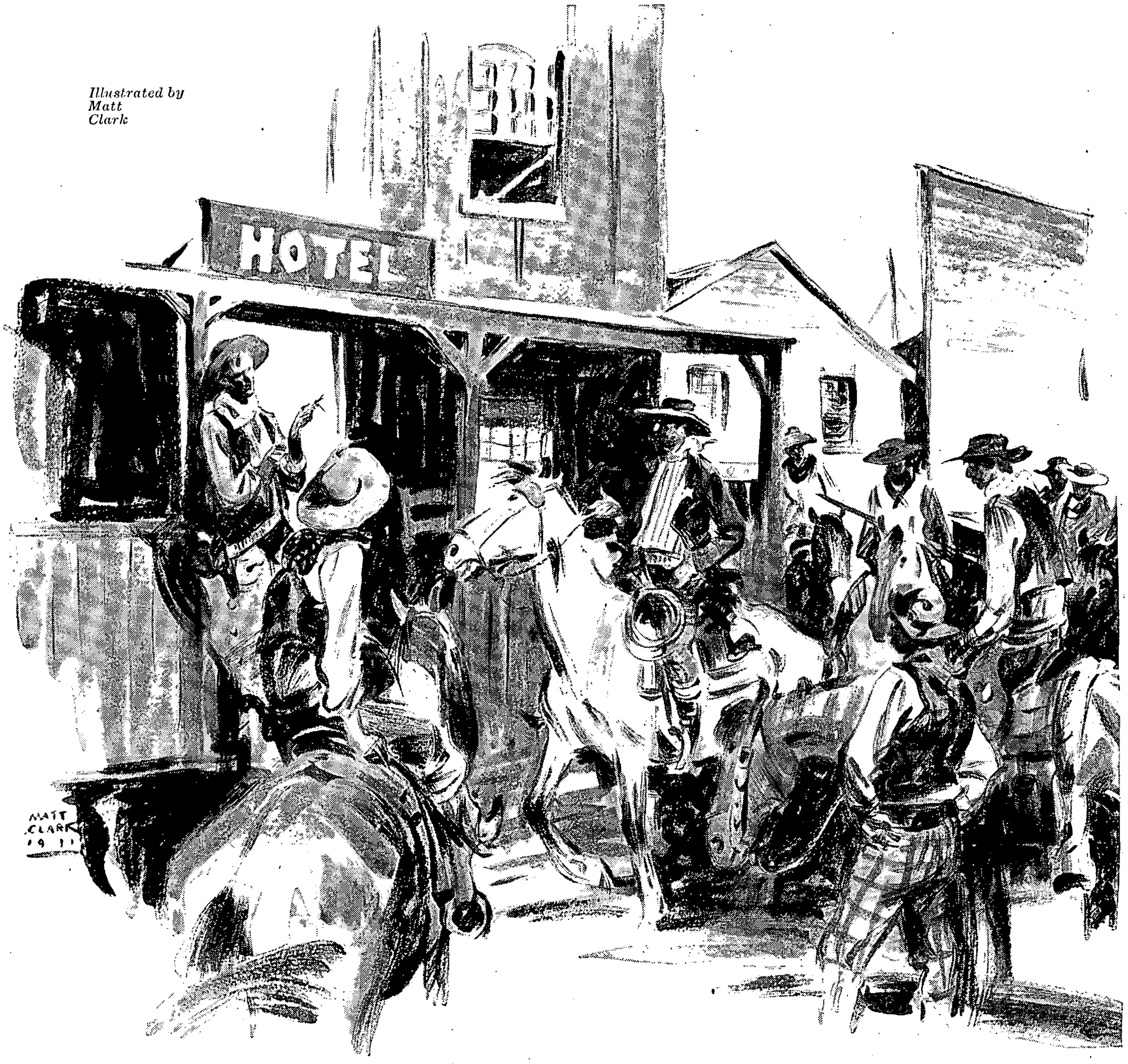
"He's interested in me?" asked Shafter, words tuneless now.

"Where yuh hitched yore horse," explained the official, sadly patient, "is a real plain sign that says no hitchin'."

"My error," muttered Shafter. "Or is it, now?" The etched lines of weariness faded from his cheeks and as he stood there, turning the beer glass around and around, he seemed to be listening to the inner debate of his mind. After twenty-six years he thought he knew most of the dodges of cattle land. He thought he knew this dodge, too, but there was some sign of strain about the barkeep and a rigid quiet in the saloon that warned him not to be too sure. An impulse flipped over in his head.

"All right, Mister Marshal," said he. "If the town needs money I'll contribute."

He pushed the schooner aside, resolved on temperance for another hour, and walked from the saloon. The marshal swung abreast of him. When he passed his horse Shafter saw a fellow standing by the rack in the posture of a guard and for one instant his face appeared dimly, recognizably, through the obscurity. Shafter never paused, but a cool stream flowed along his nerves and when he turned into Dry Gulch's jail



Illustrated by Matt Clark

office he was more than half prepared.

There were two men confronting him, but on one of these—a cripple with a spuriously patriarchal countenance—he bestowed only a single glance. The other dominated his attention at once. He had never met Breen, yet there could be no mistake about that great-bodied individual who stood at the far corner of the office, one arm hooked around the corner of a gun rack, massive muscles in a kind of repose. Breen was enormous of wrist, shoulder and neck. Ringlets of black hair lay sweat-plastered to a dark forehead. He was a scowling man, a man of pendulous lips and an unforgiving, surly stare. Bread crumbs clung to his vest and his free arm held a sandwich. Without preliminary notice he broke into growling talk.

"When a man reaches Dry Gulch, he comes to see me first. Even before he gets a drink."

"I don't get that," said Shafter. His eyes were weighing what he saw. Breen was a notorious figure, the master of the wild ones, the king of this town and the lonely hills behind. It was his boast no officer had ever taken a man from Dry Gulch, and never would. Thus affording sanctuary for the sharps and the thieves and the killers, he ruled them. But he wore no hardware and the club-like arms seemed too clumsy for a quick draw. Shafter speculated on the bulge beneath Breen's coat at the belt line. Revolver tucked inside that belt, no doubt.

"You come off the desert in a mighty dusty condition," said Breen, cold and thoughtful. "You're in a hurry. That means you're on the slope. Well, men on the slope come to see me first. Even before they get a drink. And they don't tell no fancy tales about just bein' here for a sociable evenin' only."

"Slight error there," countered Shafter. "I'm runnin' away from nothin'."

Breen brushed that impatiently aside. "When an outlaw comes here he's got to work with me. I protect him and he pays for it. Young fella, you don't go rammin' these hills unless you make your peace with me."

"You're still wrong," said Shafter, casually insistent.

Silence fell, morose and burdened. The marshal and the cripple were frozen to their places, a flare of deepening suspicion on their cheeks. Breen burst out with a torrential oath.

"You lie! Look, now! If you ain't on the slope they's only one possible answer—you're totin' a star and fool enough to think you want somebody in this town! For your own good that hadn't better be the answer."

"It ain't," drawled Shafter. "I rode forty miles for a drink. What the hell! If you don't want company here, why not put a fence around this junk heap?"

Two deep bloodhound wrinkles descended Breen's jowls. He nodded at the cripple who said dryly: "Ten dollars, mister, for hitchin' in the wrong place."

Shafter reached slowly for his money, laid a creased bill on the table. "I'm willin' to pay for my night's entertainment," said he. Then the cobalt of his eyes shifted to a powdery coloration as they fell on an open inner door and halted there. "I won't be intrudin', Breen, when you've got company."

BREEN pushed himself erect. "What company?"

Shafter squared himself toward that inner door, infinitely more alert and reserved than he had been. A man appeared out of a dismal back room, cigarette drooping at a mouth corner. His hat was off and pale yellow hair bushed up from a small skull. Even as he stood in his tracks the rest of his body was in movement—restless, fiddling, exercised by an uncontrolled spirit. He had a woman's slenderness, a willowy and bending frame. A smile flashed across mobile, inexpressibly cynical features, but above that smile was a calculating, catlike glance.

"You could smell a man ten miles off, Shafter," said he. One small, supple hand rose to whip the cigarette from his mouth. "How'd you know I was here?"

"A man of yours is watchin' my horse, Hardesty."

Breen turned irritably. "Shafter's his name, uh? Friend of yours, Gan?"

Gan Hardesty laughed, a metallic noise that beat against the walls and flattened out. "Ask Shafter if we're friends."

"Not in this world," grunted Shafter, dark and rigid.

"Nor in the next," added Hardesty. "But you got him wrong, Breen. He ain't runnin' from a posse. Hell, he's virtuous. He's the B Slash B foreman."

"Shafter?" grunted Breen. "Oh, that Shafter. Your old man was Bill Shafter that ran a spread on the Spearhead until he got killed last year?"

"Killed?" said Hardesty. "Now that's harsh to put it so. Who knows if he was killed? What do you think, Slim?"

"I never was quite sure," answered Shafter quietly.

Breen measured these two so casually, yet so fixedly, confronting each other with a sly, animal shrewdness. "Well," he snapped, "if he ain't runnin', he's after somebody. I'll damn' soon find out."

"You after somebody, Slim?" queried Gan Hardesty, oddly inflecting the words. He threw back his head until the unmistakable yellow of his eyeballs began to shine against the lamplight. The smile narrowed, grew rigid and insolent. Abruptly the marshal shifted from behind Shafter and walked to another corner.

"You heard my story," said Shafter and turned out of the jail office with an unhurried deliberation. The move was provocative, dangerous, and he half expected a summons to stand fast. Nerves bathed in a recurring fluid coolness, he heard Breen's lowering rumble:

"I'll take care of him, Gan."

Hardesty's reply was raggedly angry. "Damn you, Breen, I don't need a wet nurse! Keep out of my affairs! If he's maneuverin' for me, I'll accommodate him. We been hostile since we was kids. I'll handle this, you understand. He can't be dumb about that Spearhead business forever."

Shafter moved beyond the radius of their talk. Dry Gulch's street was suddenly crowded with men. A knot of them stood by the saloon, another group collected and congealed under the flare of a store porch. Shafter backed into a wall and studied the scene with an arriving comprehension. There were too many gunslingers in town tonight for casual purpose and those fellows by the store were Hardesty's riders. The feeling of impending trouble gripped Shafter. Looking along the racks, he found his horse missing.

"But I'm plumb sure now," he muttered. All the holiday spirit was out of him. After a long year's waiting and listening and exploring, he was certain Hardesty had fired the shot. Here was the inevitable showdown—here, surrounded and practically a prisoner. Drifting along the building wall, he stepped inside the mouth of a stable and halted again while a black anger began to swell and throb through his veins. Back of Gan Hardesty's yellow glance and taunting challenge was a sure knowledge of the deed. That flax-haired killer—

A FIGURE shifted from the deeper gloom of the stable, crossed a small beam of light and addressed him with a faint, sighing pleasure:

"Slim—I saw yuh come in. Boy, what you doin' here?"

"Shoofly?" grunted Shafter, surprised.

"Ahuh. I ain't seen yuh a long while, Slim. Not since yore daddy was killed and the ranch busted up."

"A fine place to discover an old Shafter hand, Shoofly."

The man turned apologetically defensive. "I drifted in and got me a job as roustabout here, Slim. You got to consider there ain't many places an old man can find bed and board. Yore daddy was mighty kind to me, thataway, while he lived and the ranch was runnin'. But yore in a bad place, boy."

"I came for a drink."

"Get it while yuh can," muttered the roustabout. "They took yore horse away. You'll have a hell of a time gettin' clear. They's trouble afoot and the boys think yuh belong to Sheriff Lord's posse."

"What's up?"

Half a dozen men idled by the stable and the roustabout sank back into darkness. When they had passed he came forward again, half whispering: "I dunno much. There's word out that the sheriff's on trail with a wallopin' bunch of riders. Somethin's happened acrost the desert to make the county mighty mad." His voice sank lower. "Figger it for yoreself. Gan Hardesty came in this afternoon with his bunch, all lookin' like they'd been poundin' it hard. Gan's here now."

"I saw him," said Shafter, emotionlessly.

Shoofly spoke with muted energy. "Damn his soul! You know and I know it was him that killed yore dad!"

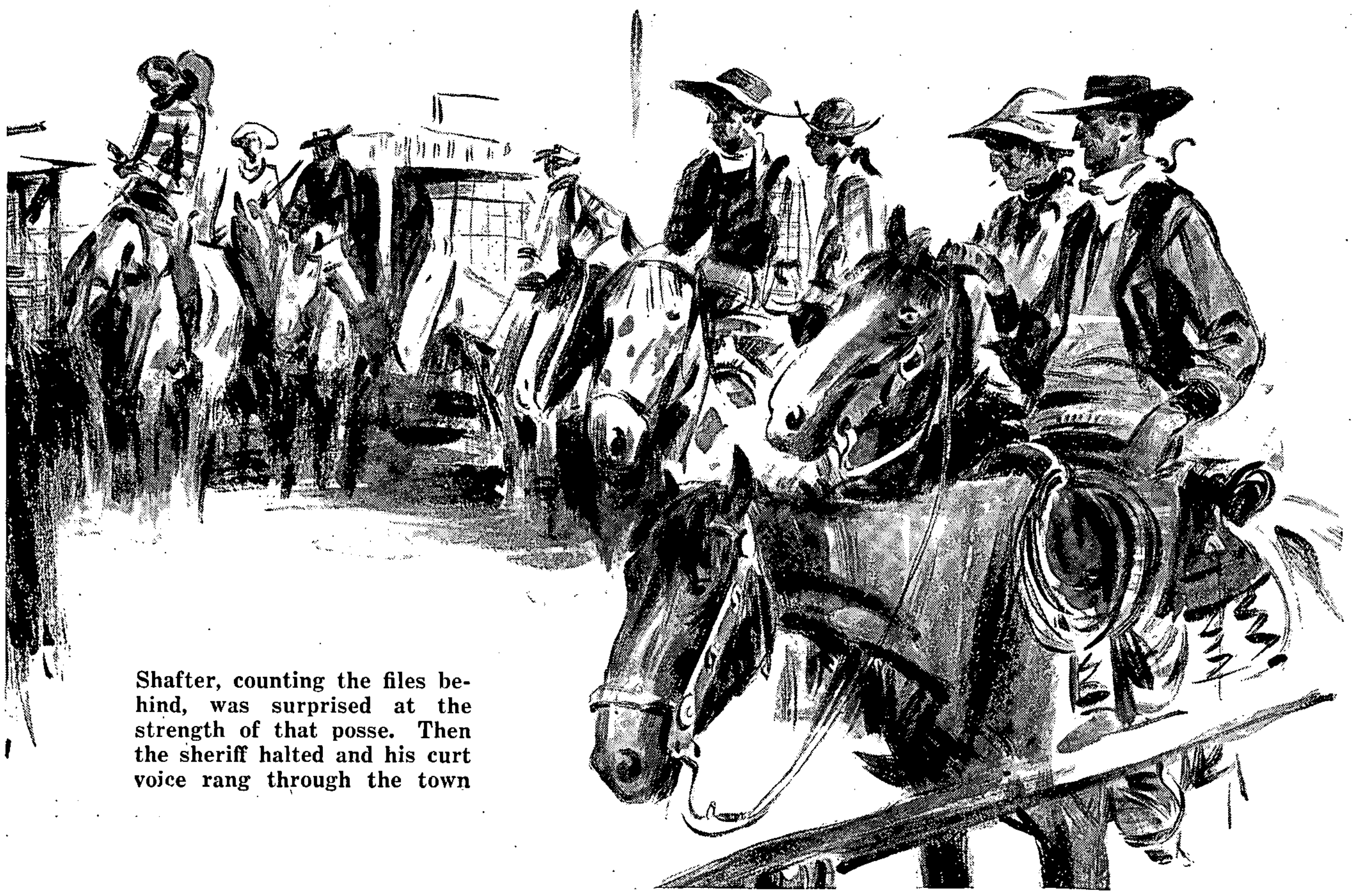
"I been a year figuring that out," said Shafter, still without inflection. The eddying and drifting of men grew more decisive. Parties halted at either end of the street. Along the second-story window line he saw torsos fixed in stationary positions. The roustabout expelled a gust of air.

"They got yore dad—they'll get you. For they think yore packin' a star. No man ever did that in Dry Gulch yet. As for Hardesty—he'll brace yuh if the others don't. Just to get the last Shafter off his trail."

SHAFTER'S slim frame made a rearing, rigid silhouette as he stood there watching. Dry Gulch was coiling to strike at Lord's posse when it came in for Gan Hardesty, whose latest outrage must have been enormous so to arouse an attack on this stronghold. Hardesty, as always, had fallen back to the shelter of Breen's fortress. But—and his alert sense fed in fuel to strengthen this belief—there was another current of treachery crawling down the street this night. Breen's men and Hardesty's men were not mixing. Even as the two outlaw chiefs united to face a common threat, the acid of jealousy ate into them. Arrogance against arrogance. Lust of power against overweening ambition. Among the lawless it was always that way.

Breen walked from the jail office, big frame rolling, unhurried, across the lamp lanes. He seemed indestructible

(*Continued on page 28*)

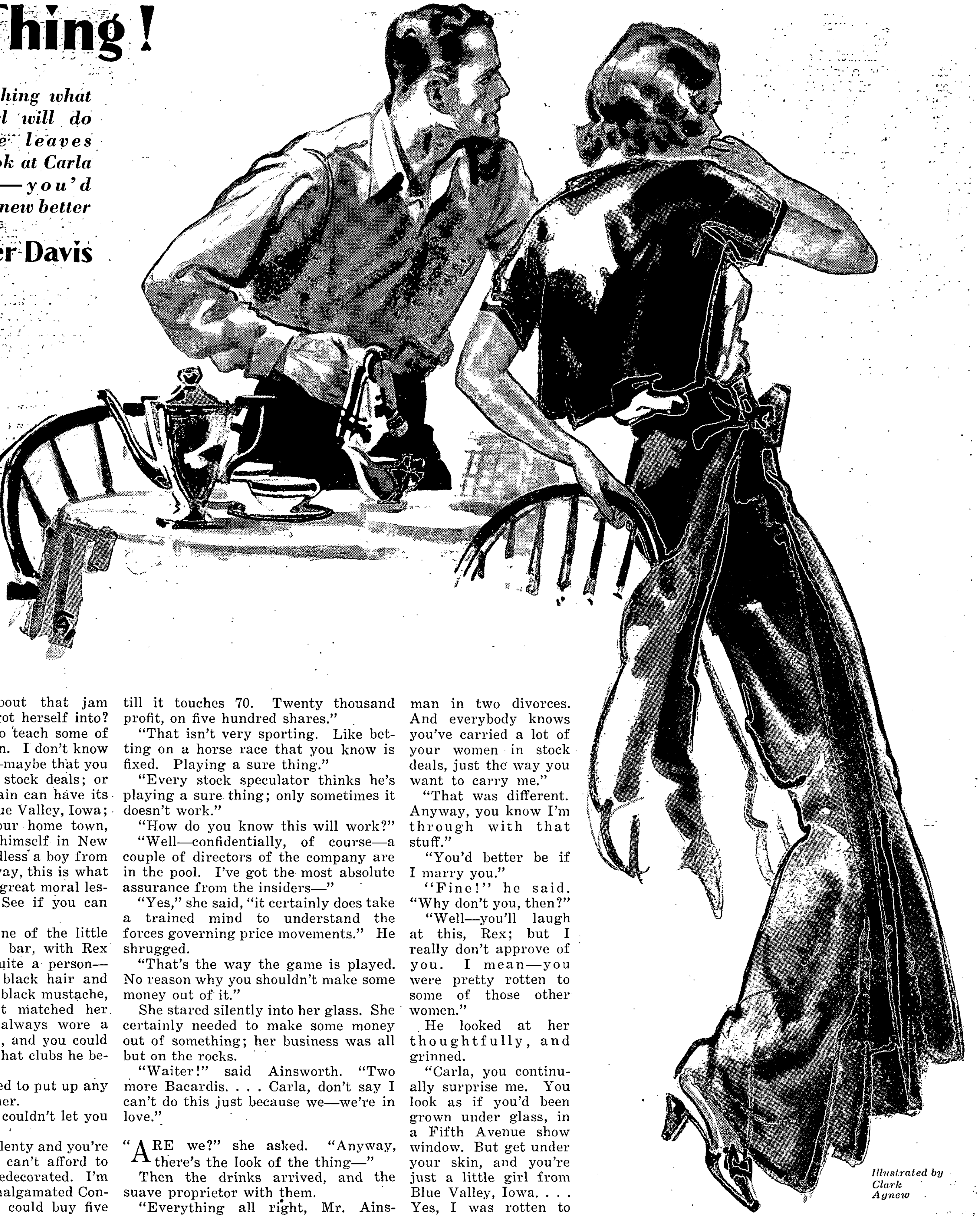


Shafter, counting the files behind, was surprised at the strength of that posse. Then the sheriff halted and his curt voice rang through the town

Sure Thing!

It's astonishing what a nice girl will do when she leaves home. Look at Carla Furness—you'd think she knew better

By Elmer Davis



Illustrated by Clark Agnew

DID you hear about that jam Carla Furness got herself into? Well, it ought to teach some of you girls a lesson. I don't know just what the lesson is—maybe that you shouldn't mix love and stock deals; or that a revolution in Spain can have its echoes as far west as Blue Valley, Iowa; or that a boy from your home town, whatever he makes of himself in New York, is still and regardless a boy from your home town. Anyway, this is what happened and there's a great moral lesson in it somewhere. See if you can figure it out. . . .

She was sitting in one of the little booths across from the bar, with Rex Ainsworth. He was quite a person—forty-odd, with sparse black hair and bright black eyes and a black mustache, and a complexion that matched her tinted fingernails; he always wore a flower in his buttonhole, and you could tell by looking at him what clubs he belonged to.

"But you wouldn't need to put up any money," he was telling her.

"Somebody would. I couldn't let you guarantee my account."

"Why not? I've got plenty and you're broke, now that people can't afford to have their apartments redecorated. I'm buying five thousand Amalgamated Consolidated for myself; I could buy five hundred for you—"

"But suppose it goes down!" she said.

"It won't go down."

"Everything does. I bought some Steel last winter when it touched a new low. That new low is an old high, now."

"The trouble with you, Carla, is that you play the market the way you play roulette—just toss your money on the board and pray. It takes a trained mind to understand the forces governing price movements. But Amal Con won't go down," he said. "Most of it's held by a few big fellows who won't let go of it, so this pool will have an easy time pushing it up. It closed today at 28½ and they won't pull out the plug till it touches 70. Twenty thousand profit, on five hundred shares."

"That isn't very sporting. Like betting on a horse race that you know is fixed. Playing a sure thing."

"Every stock speculator thinks he's playing a sure thing; only sometimes it doesn't work."

"How do you know this will work?"

"Well—confidentially, of course—a couple of directors of the company are in the pool. I've got the most absolute assurance from the insiders—"

"Yes," she said, "it certainly does take a trained mind to understand the forces governing price movements." He shrugged.

"That's the way the game is played. No reason why you shouldn't make some money out of it."

She stared silently into her glass. She certainly needed to make some money out of something; her business was all but on the rocks.

"Waiter!" said Ainsworth. "Two more Bacardis. . . . Carla, don't say I can't do this just because we—we're in love."

"ARE we?" she asked. "Anyway, there's the look of the thing—"

Then the drinks arrived, and the suave proprietor with them.

"Everything all right, Mr. Ainsworth?"

"Everything's fine, Louis—even the weather. You don't have any better spring weather than this in Italy. I know—I've been there."

"Louis isn't Italian, he's Spanish," said Carla. Louis frowned.

"Spanish? No! I am Catalan—from Barcelona. They call it Spain now; but some day you will see a free Catalonia—"

A waiter beckoned him from the door, so they heard no more about free Catalonia. Over his glass, Ainsworth looked at Carla.

"To resume," he said. "What's wrong with the look of the thing?"

"You've got a reputation—the odd man in two divorces. And everybody knows you've carried a lot of your women in stock deals, just the way you want to carry me."

"That was different. Anyway, you know I'm through with that stuff."

"You'd better be if I marry you."

"Fine!" he said. "Why don't you, then?"

"Well—you'll laugh at this, Rex; but I really don't approve of you. I mean—you were pretty rotten to some of those other women."

He looked at her thoughtfully, and grinned.

"Carla, you continually surprise me. You look as if you'd been grown under glass, in a Fifth Avenue show window. But get under your skin, and you're just a little girl from Blue Valley, Iowa. . . . Yes, I was rotten to some of those women. I'm sorry—but that's all over. I couldn't be rotten to you. And I take it you must see something in me—"

"The same thing the other women saw, I guess. Not your trained mind . . . anyhow, if you carried me in this deal everybody'd think—"

"Nobody'd need to know about it, except the broker."

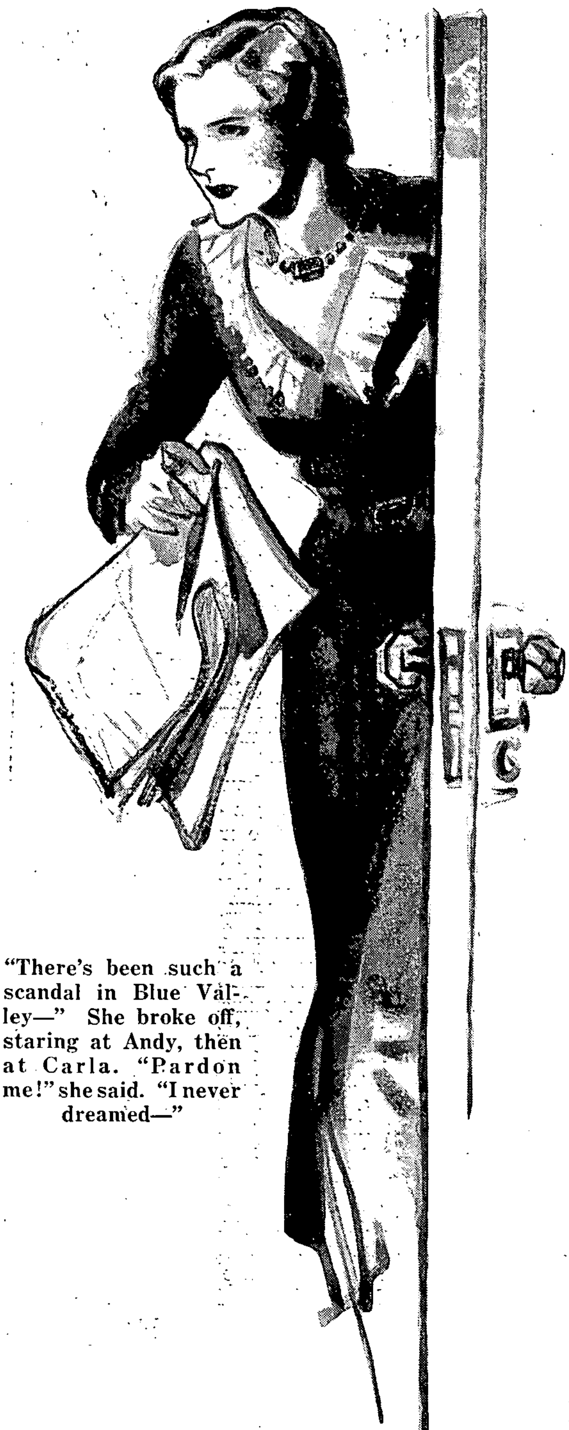
"BUT he and his wife know me. Even if I married you twenty times afterward, they'd always believe—"

"Darling, you're priceless. Why not marry me now and let me give you the stock for a wedding present?"

"I couldn't marry you while business is so bad. People'd think I'd given up trying to make the grade and taken you for your money. . . . People in Blue Valley, I mean."

"What would they know about it? I can't flatter myself that this reputation of mine has reached Blue Valley."

"There are Blue Valley people in New York. Ben and Edith Fowler live two floors above me; they always bring the Weekly Register down for me to read, after they're through with it. They know I've had to let my maid go, and they've read about you in the papers—I don't suppose a native New Yorker



"There's been such a scandal in Blue Valley—" She broke off, staring at Andy, then at Carla. "Pardon me!" she said. "I never dreamed—"

can understand it," she sighed. "But we people who came in from the small towns—we watch our old friends and wonder if they're really getting over or just throwing a front. . . . And here's another thing you won't understand," she said. "You inherited money; but we didn't have much at home and I was taught to take money seriously. If you carried this stock for me I'd feel as if you had a mortgage on me. And if Amal Con went down—"

"How quaint you are! Anyway, it won't go down." He glanced about; the other tables were filling up. "Twenty past six," he said. "Why not stay here for dinner? You haven't got a date, have you?"

"Afraid I have. Andrew Bush is coming in."

"Andrew—? Oh, yes; your high-school classmate from Blue Valley. I've met him. Isn't he the one that works for the telephone company?"

"He used to when he first came to town. But he's one of the Younger Critics now. You must have seen his stuff in the reviews."

"That's another business that is not so good any more—being a Younger Critic." Suddenly his eyes were suspicious. "Carla! You said this fellow was coming in. You don't mean you're going to cook dinner for him, in that hole-in-the-wall kitchenette?"

"Yes. What of it?" But she had reddened.

"You hate to cook. You won't do it for me. But this fellow—"

"Please, Rex! . . . I'll have to tell you exactly how it is," she said. "If he dreamed I'd told anybody, he'd never forgive me—"

"And would that make such a lot of difference?"

"Now, Rex, Andy's nothing but—but a boy from back home."

"Fine. But does he know it?"

"OF COURSE he knows it. He isn't interested in me, or in women at all—only ideas. He's writing a book—a very constructive book about the future of America. He writes enough reviews in spare moments to make about twelve dollars a week, and he's learned to live on that—in New York! Can you imagine it? He's got a furnished room somewhere in a slum—he won't tell anybody where it is—and he doesn't eat anything but crackers and milk and bananas—"

"Except when an old high-school classmate broils a steak for him."

"But he doesn't know I'm going to! He wouldn't come if he did—he's terribly proud. But he needs some real food once in a while; so when he called up I asked him to stop in for a cocktail, and I thought I'd say I was too tired to go out and was just cooking a little something for myself, and wouldn't he sit down and help me eat it. See?"

"I see," said Ainsworth, none too happily. "Well—You'll let me drive you home, won't you? Through the park?"

Their taxi was walled with glass, but she didn't mind that as they drove through the park with his arms around her. Most of the passengers in other taxis were similarly engaged, and had no attention to waste on anybody else. When he kissed her, she reflected dreamily that even if he'd been rotten to other women he was sorry for it, and he'd never be rotten to her. But when he wasn't kissing her a streak of Blue Valley small-mindedness suggested that probably every one of those other women had thought the same, in her day.

The taxi left the park, turned eastward down a cross street.

"Rex darling, let me go. I don't want my neighbors to see you kissing me." (She was thankful that her apartment house was a remodeled walk-up, with no doorman, no hallboys.) "Please, Rex!"

But he didn't let her go till the taxi stopped. She got out and waved goodby to him, noticing thankfully that no one was near. She didn't see the tall, rough-hewn young man whom the taxi had passed back at the corner. He didn't look much like a Younger Critic; he looked like one who had followed the plow, back in Iowa. He walked past her door, and around the block; he had walked around the block four times before he finally persuaded himself that it was none of his business if a girl who had gone to high school with him back home chose to let a rotter like Ainsworth kiss her in a glass-walled taxi in broad daylight.

And meanwhile Carla was squeezing limes for the cocktail, and putting the steak on to broil. In a smart speakeasy she had looked like something grown under glass in a Fifth Avenue window; busy in her kitchenette, swathed in a big white apron, she could have posed for a picture of any woman getting dinner for any man and wondering why he was late. At last the bell rang; she flew to the door—

"Hello, Andy!" She gave him both hands. "How's everything?"

He wondered how she dared look so simple and domestic and hospitable, when she'd just been flaunting her amours before any passer-by; he supposed he really ought to turn his back on her and walk out. But no man could have turned his back on the aroma of that steak; especially not a man who had been living on bananas for four days.

"EVERYTHING'S so-so," he said hoarsely. "How are you?"

So they had a cocktail; and she explained that she was too tired to go out to dinner so she'd got a little something in, and wouldn't he sit down and take potluck with her. He knew that steak was no potluck; he had no right to let a woman feed him. But after all, they were high-school classmates. So he stayed, and took potluck with her.

"How's the book coming?" she asked him after dinner. He frowned.

"Not so well as I'd like."

"Why don't you bring up some more chapters for me to read?"

"You didn't think much of what I showed you. . . . And you were right."

"But, Andy, it wasn't so bad. It just didn't seem like—like you."

"Maybe that's just as well. . . . Darn the book. Let's talk about something else." Anxiously, she wondered why he was so blue.

"How about asking Ben and Edith down to play bridge?" she proposed.

"I don't feel like seeing people tonight. . . . Let's do the dishes. You know your conscience won't let you leave them over till morning."

Wiping china and glass and silver, he felt better; working with her seemed as natural as breathing. But when they took off their aprons and went back to the living-room, he had to remember that she'd been letting Rex Ainsworth kiss her in plain sight of everybody—

"Want a highball?" she asked. "Or a rickey?"

"No, thanks. Can't tell what two drinks might do to me; this was the first I'd had for a month." (She knew he couldn't afford them.)

"Andy, I know you're working too hard and not taking care of yourself—"

HE SHRUGGED away her solicitude. "I'm all right. How are things with you?"

She wanted to tell him that things with her were rather terrible; that she wasn't making any money and was in love—if that was the word for it—with a man she didn't approve of. But—

"Oh, I'm fine," she said lightly. "I'm even thinking of buying some stocks, now that everything's so low."

"Glad you can afford it. What did you mean to buy?"

"Well, I hear that Amalgamated Consolidated is selling for a good deal less than it's worth—"

"What's Amalgamated Consolidated? An investment trust?"

"I—I don't know," she had to confess. He stared at her.

"What? You'd put your money into a company when you don't even know what it does?"

"But I've been told this is good, by a man who knows."

"Ainsworth? . . . It's bad enough for you to play around with a man like that. But to let him tell you what to do with your money—"

"I'll play around with anybody I like! And Rex knows stocks—"

"That's good. I'm glad he's not a total blank."

"He's just as much of an intellectual as you are! He—he has a trained mind; and he reads everything; and he knows Mencken—"

"Mencken!" said Andy scornfully. "Longfellow, too, no doubt?"

"Oh, you make me sick! You don't really believe that anybody over twenty-five knows anything; it's just a pose. . . . It wouldn't hurt you if you had a trained mind. Then you wouldn't have given up your job with the telephone company where you were doing so well and started to write this dreadful book I've had to try to be polite about—"

"So that's what you think of the book, is it? . . . At least I'm glad you had the taste to pick out this—this intellectual giant when you decided to let yourself be made love to in a wide-open taxi—"

"Andy!" she gasped. "Did you see—I mean, as if it was any of your business— Anyway, didn't you ever kiss a girl in a taxi? . . . No, I suppose not. All you care about is ideas."

"Never mind what I've done. And I don't care what you do," he yelled frantically, "so long as you know what you're about! But when you mix up love and business you put yourself in Ainsworth's hands—"

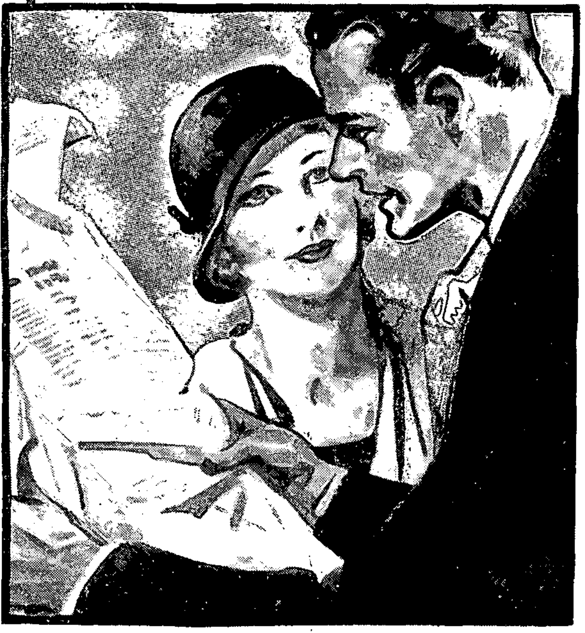
"I SUPPOSE you think he's trying to—to ruin me. It may interest you to know that he wants to marry me."

"Worse and worse!" he groaned. "That would be ruin!"

"Well, what do you expect me to do? Live like the Statue of Liberty stuck off somewhere on a pedestal? Maybe you can stand that sort of thing, with your ideas to keep you company; but—" She broke off. "We might at least stop shrieking at each other," she said. "I'd hate to have the Fowlers hear us up the airshaft, and write home about it."

That dread possibility reduced him to

(Continued on page 58)



"Look, Andy—look!" He took the paper from her and stared at the front-page story

Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris
Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

FANCYING herself in love with a boy she knows only slightly—Peter McCann, son of Judge McCann, a prominent New York jurist—Sheila Carscadden meets him secretly. Then the truth comes out: Peter is engaged to another girl—Gertrude Keane—and intends to marry her. . . . The interview at an end, a series of startling events begins. Gangsters kidnap them, take them far out into the country, where, after spending two nights as prisoners in a mysterious old farmhouse, they are released.

Back in New York, they report their adventure to the police and hasten to their homes: Peter's an imposing mansion, Sheila's (where she lives with her mother, her brother Joe, and her sister Angela) a simple flat. Another shock awaits them. "Ken," one of their abductors, had promised to notify Sheila's family by wire of her safety. He had done so thus: "Peter and I married in Boston, Sheila." And the newspapers, having learned of the "marriage," have shouted the news to the world!

A pretty pickle! Sheila is *not* Peter McCann's wife; nor, having noted his weakness, his utter selfishness, in the face of peril, does she care to marry him. But marry him she must, according to the verdict of both families, who meet in solemn conclave to discuss the matter. "But," protests Sheila, "I don't love him—I won't marry him!"

Surprised, Judge McCann and Mrs. Carscadden remonstrate with the tearful girl, who finds sympathetic understanding from only one person present—Frank McCann, Peter's older brother. Listening to him—calm, self-reliant, wise—she finds herself strangely strengthened, inspired. . . . Peter, Sheila gathers as the conference goes on, is *willing* to marry her, will sacrifice himself to save her good name! With the realization comes a daring resolve. Head high, she walks out of the room, leaves the house, goes to an employment agency. A job—in an Atlantic City hotel—is offered her. She takes the job, and a new name: Mary Moore. Then, hastening home, she packs a shabby suitcase—and, her heart full of bitterness, dreading the experience before her, slips silently down to the street.

IX

I DON'T know," Joe said unhappily. "I sorter thought Sheila'd want to marry him, and *he* wouldn't want to marry her. I'm all mixed up!"

"Me heart went out to her, the little bould-faced colleen," Mrs. Carscadden said fondly. "They were all agin her, an' she faced them down an' outwitted the lot of them!"

"But, Ma, you didn't take her part then!"

"I blame meself that I didn't, then," Mrs. Carscadden said, walking on.

"You have to hand it to her for this," Joe said. "His having money didn't matter two cents to her! She didn't want him, and that was all there was to it."

"It spakes well for her, it does so," said her mother.

"I thought it did!"

"There's few ger'rls wouldn't jump at a lad that has all he has."

"I'll tell the world there are!"

"But you'd not get Sheila to inthrigue for 'um, just because he was a rich man's son."

"I'll swear I felt sorry for her!" Joe said suddenly, as they entered the dark, odorous doorway of home. "She seemed so alone, poor kid, there in that big room, with every one of us riding her."

"They had me so twisted about, Joe," Mrs. Carscadden said confidentially, arresting him on the long stairs, "I didn't know what they were after. Did they want her to marry 'um, or didn't they?"

"I think they thought Peter had got her into something, and the only decent thing for him to do was stand by her."

"But you don't think so, Joe?" his mother asked seriously.

"No." He hesitated. "Of course, at first I thought she and Peter were just stringing us," he confessed, "and then all of a sudden while we were there it came over me that she was telling the truth."

"I hope she's not mad at us," Mrs. Carscadden murmured fearfully at the door.

"Sheila? Oh, she never stays mad!" he said comfortably.

"I'll make her a batch of muffins for supper; she likes them!" the woman decided. "It scalds me that she told me yesterda', Joe," she added, "that she'd been cookin' a pot-roast, an' I never said annything to her about it!"

"You certainly rode her!" Joe said, stooping to grope for the doorknob in the dark.

"Not anny more than the rest of you," the mother protested uncomfortably. "Look how Lizzie done!"

"Yes, but Sheila only minded it from you, Ma."

"Oh, Joe," Mrs. Carscadden said, pathetically, "don't say that, dear'r!"

"Why, you know darned well how Sheila feels when she thinks you're off her, Ma. It's locked; she's not home!" Joe said blankly, of the door.

"Joe, she must be home!"

"She's not. She couldn't lock herself in, could she?" Joe asked, producing the key from its usual hiding-place on the top of the door jamb.

"Oh, God forgive us, Joe, where would she be!"

"Maybe she went to Marg'ret's."

"She'd not do that, Joe. She was droppin' with the fatigue that was on her!"

"She'll be back," Joe said, anxiously.

His mother made no answer. Joe heard her whispering prayers as they went into the dark, empty rooms together.

SHEILA wore an alpaca uniform that had belonged to some girl who had basely deserted the Pendergast Hotel the season before, and a white organdie apron and butterfly cap. She slept in a long loft room above the garage where there were six beds. At one end of the room was a washroom with a shower and two tin basins, and above the basins was hung a card of printed rules for all the chambermaids and waitresses at the hotel. They must wear fresh uniforms daily, bathe daily, wear hair-nets and manicure at least once daily.

"Does anyone?" Sheila asked Nelly, the girl who had showed her where things were and what she must do.

Nelly merely laughed disagreeably. Never in the world had there ever been contempt more stinging, biting, complete than that Nelly felt for everything connected with the Pendergast Hotel. Nelly's favorite comment upon Sheila's innocence and ignorance was a scornful smile, and Sheila came to the point when she could anticipate the smile, and avoid it.

Sheila only asked questions the first day. After that she was too tired to be interested in anything. Her feet burned, her ankles ached, and she told Nelly that her spine was like a rope with red-hot knots in it.

DAYS merged themselves into nights, and nights into days. Sheila was not conscious of their beginnings or endings. These were lost in a haze of exhausted sleep. The dining-room opened at seven, and on alternate days she was supposed to be downstairs, filling salt cellars, cutting butter squares, stacking plates, folding napkins, an hour earlier than that. On alternate days she could sleep until almost seven.

She set tables, reset tables, brushed crumbs, filled glasses. She went out with penciled orders, filled trays, staggered in with loaded platters, staggered out with trays of empty soup plates. The guests at the Pendergast were paying for everything anyway; they wanted everything. They wanted the fruit cocktail, the soup, the fish, the entrée and the roast, the limp leaves of romaine lettuce with the sparse dressing shrinking away from them, the ices, the cake, the cheese and crackers, the coffee—and often they wanted a second helping of mince pie or fricasseed chicken. They always wanted the melting lump of orange ice that came in the middle of the meal, and the raisins and pickles and celery hearts and jumbo olives that embellished it. They always wanted to talk a great deal about it.

"Tell me, is the corned beef really good?" they asked Sheila; and, "What was it you told me yesterday you thought I might like?"

And if ever anything was overlooked they started all over again.

"You didn't bring his fish. You'd better take all this back, and keep it hot, and bring his fish. No, darling, you want your fish. We'll wait; we have nothing to do," they said.

Sheila learned not to overlook anything. There was a disagreeable, pimply young man of nineteen in the pantry, who checked the trays and made all the trouble he could about doubled orders. He had authority, and anyone who wanted to work in the Pendergast dining-room had to take orders from Mr. Benny.

"Tear it up, and go out and get their entire order written over!" he said scornfully to Sheila on the first terrible day.

"I only have to add the two extra to it," Sheila said. "They came in late, and the mother said they'd have what the rest have."

"Tear it up and go out and get the entire order over," said Mr. Benny, unruffled.

"I've *got* their order! All I have to do is add two more to it."

Mr. Benny tore up the order himself and smiled at Sheila.

"Now you go back and get the whole order," he said, "and next time don't lose your head about it!"

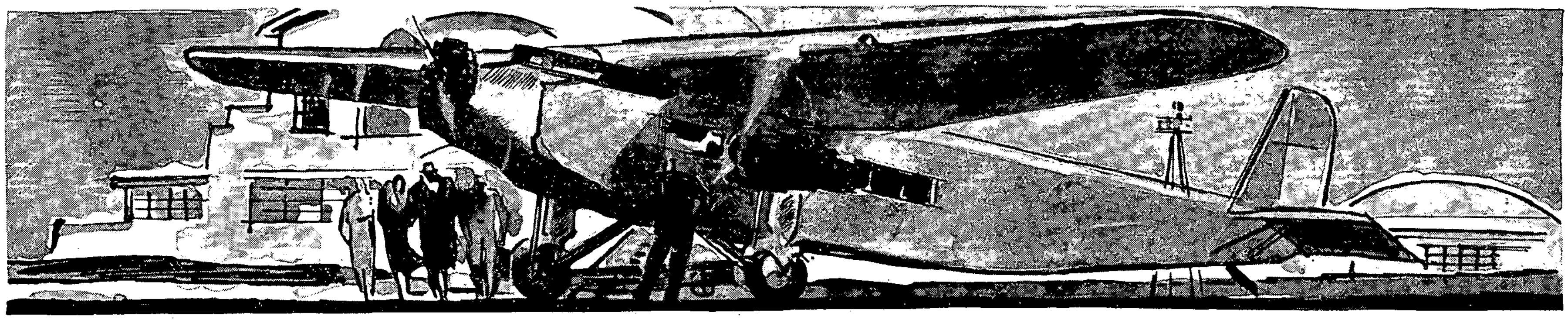
"I didn't lose my head. The two boys came in late—"

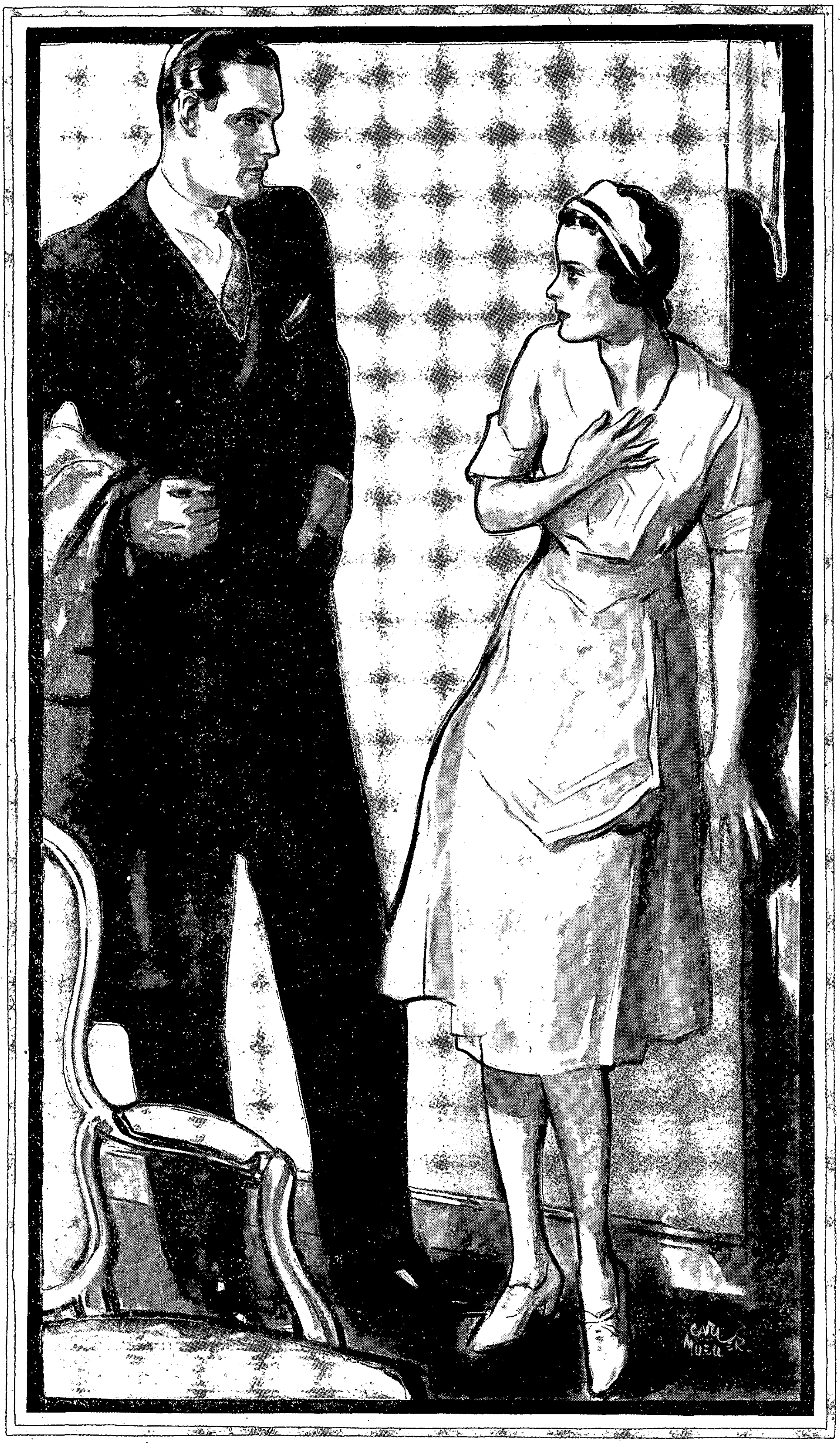
"That'll be about enough," said Mr. Benny, lighting a cigarette and glancing up over the match at Sheila. "I tell you to go get the order again, and not to lose your head about it!"

The dining-room hours were presumably from seven to ten, from twelve-thirty to two, and from six to nine. This was the official statement. But in fact they were from almost any early hour until after ten o'clock at night. At half-past six in the morning, at six even, fishers were rattling the dining-room doors, and nurses with fretful and wakeful babies were clamoring for admittance, and at half-past nine at night tremendously good-natured and apologetic persons were arriving for dinner. This was all very well for Miss Watts, the gracious and capable and spectacled head waitress, who got the big tips, but it told heavily on Sheila and the other girls. They had to take on extra tables, to hunt about for tablecloths and napkins not originally provided, to apologize for food that had been used up, and to make additional trips for substitutes.

THEY worked in an enormous pantry served from the kitchen below by dumb-waiters. The order slips, with Mr. Benny's O. K. on them, went down on the empty elevators; each tray had a slip on it when it came up. Sometimes, when a big party required more than one tray a bus boy was summoned to assist. But the girls were not allowed to ask for help; Mr. Benny decided that, and if he did not like a girl he would smile a teasing smile and observe that she could make two trips of it, just as well. The girls, except perhaps for the favorite of the moment, detested him; when they were especially tired or nervous he could make things hard for them, and they wasted needed energy in despising him.

They ran to and fro breathlessly; their collars wilted, their little butterfly





"Sheila—it's all right," Frank said quickly. "Nobody knows but me!"

aprons wilted; the girls themselves wilted. Sheila never had had much color, but she developed a pallor that was new. Her film of copper hair stuck to her wet forehead, her clothes adhered to her soaked body. She flung aside crumpled tablecloths and napkins, piled dirty plates, checked penciled orders feverishly. She talked so little and worked so hard that Miss Watts soon singled her out for special impositions.

"Mary, there's a party just down from New York; I'm sorry. You'll have to start the order anyway—I took it."

"At twenty-two minutes of ten, mindja," Nelly might say pityingly. Sheila would eye the slip.

"Four mock turtle, three suprême of grapefruit, seven oyster cocktail, four bouillon, two cream of lettuce—"

THE salads and desserts did not come from downstairs. They were made in a special room off the pantry, and the girls went in and selected them themselves. It was icy cold in this room; it was very hot in the big dining-room; the pantry was drafty. Everyone was sniffling, and the girls' noses were always wet and pink.

When Nelly, in the beginning, had told her that in the quiet hours, say between eleven and twelve each morning, and three and five each afternoon, she would be free to come up to the dormitory loft and lie down, Sheila had secretly laughed. Lie down—with Atlantic City's winter boardwalk, and the glorious ocean at her very door—not she!

But by the third day she had discovered that these intervals of rest were all too short. She was not rested by an hour or two, flat and exhausted, on her back; she could not even begin resting in so short a time. She ached all over, her nerves throbbed and quivered, her head was dizzy with confused thoughts, her breath was short and her mouth dry.

"It's a great life!" she said to Nelly.

"It's a great life if you have an infected corn, let me tell you," Nelly said. "Sometimes I wonder why I ever left home. My mother run a boarding-house; lots of the railroad fellers come over for meals. But my stepfather done it, reely. He was ten years older than Mamma, and what he put over on her you wouldn't believe. He knew I was onto him!"

Much of the talk Sheila heard nowadays was coarse, but most of the girls were good girls.

ONCE she heard her own name. Four of the six girls in the rather small room were lying on their beds one winter afternoon when one of them said suddenly:

"That Carscadden girl we were talking about is supposed to be staying with friends. They were married all right. The McCanns have scads of money, and they hushed the whole thing up."

Sheila lay perfectly still, her very heart stopped. But when a girl idly spoke again, it was on a different topic.

She had left a note for her mother on that dreadful last afternoon of packing and tears and flight. "Dear Ma, I am safe and well; I will be good. Sheila," she had written. And every few days since she had seized some opportunity to send further reassurance. Once she had gone into Philadelphia for an hour or two and mailed a post-card picture of a church from there. On this she had written, "I am praying for you. Pray for Sheila."

Almost every night she cried herself to sleep, longing for her mother. But no matter how hard the work in the dining-room was and no matter how lonely and homesick her free hours, she would not give in.

(*Continued on page 55*)

The Old Bank Book

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Beatrice Blackmar

RICHARD might have got this money for her, thought Janet, choked with haste and irritation as she turned the corner and saw by the portly bank clock that it was two minutes before closing time. The dust which seemed characteristic of the slovenly old square bit into her eyes and she lowered them to watch with pleasure her finely cut brown pumps marching so elegantly with her. She was glad that her days of squdgy shoes were over.

Richard knew that she hated this bank. It was in such a horrid district, so inconvenient since they had moved uptown, swarming now as always with interminable lines of Russian garment workers. But of course he wouldn't get the money for her—he was too angry.

"But, Richard," she had begged once more at breakfast, "if Mary Lee wants me with her in Paris enough to pay my expenses—"

"I won't have my wife sponging off her rich friends—"

"Very well, then, I'll take the money out of the savings account—"

"There's $1,200 there—$1,000 has to go to Jenkins on the mortgage."

"It's always something—Jenkins will wait—"

"Yes," icily.

"Well, you never care whether I have any fun any more—I'll have to get it myself."

"If you feel that way, go ahead." Richard had pushed aside his coffee, risen, and left the house without another word.

MONEY was a hateful subject between them, anyhow. With insurance, and decent clothes, and the children's doctor bills, and payments on the old farmhouse in the country, every conversation between them some way got back to the word—money. So they didn't discuss things much any more. Sometimes, it seemed for weeks, only words as dry as hay passed between them. An impalpable wall of dry, empty words between them. He didn't try to pierce it. Why should she?

Her slips were made out. Eight hundred dollars from the savings account, four hundred to be kept in cash, four hundred deposited in the checking account for her to draw upon. Even as she wrote "Eight hundred and no/100" she realized guiltily that that wouldn't be enough. Mary Lee would have to pay little things—tips—taxis—lunches.

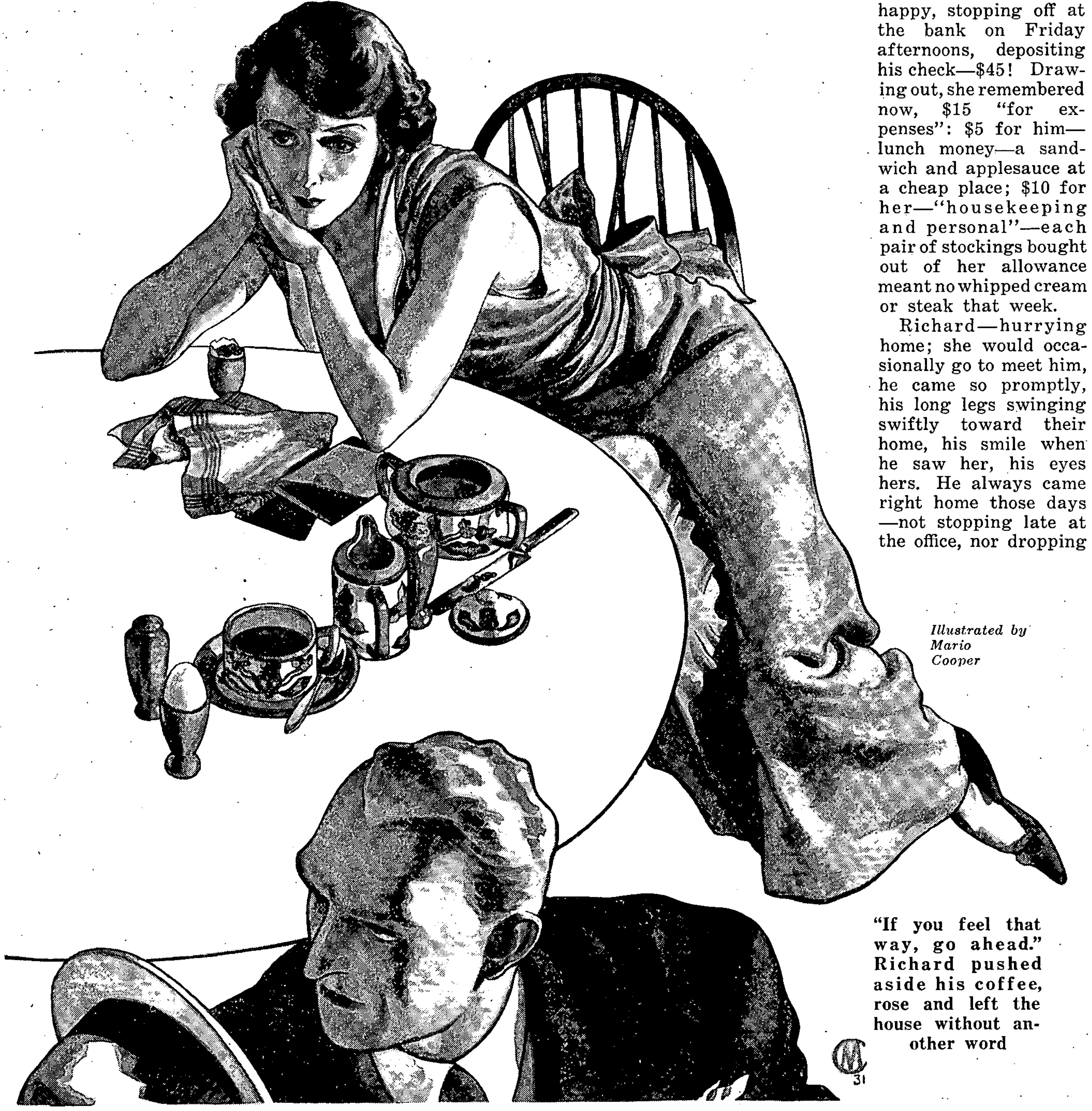
Placing the slips in both books to save a fraction of a second, she took her position impatiently at the end of the long line. The book for the checking account was old and worn—this would be the last deposit—only one space was left.

Idly she riffled the pages—to the account of Richard B. and Janet Mason Jordan 10/10/25—how odd—this was the very book with which they had started their joint checking account, six years before, when they were married.

The first deposit, $200—next, $45; 10/16/25, $45; 10/23/25, $45; 10/30/25, $45; a neat row of prim identical notations at weekly intervals. Through the veil of six years Janet looked back as curiously as she would have looked at the life of another person.

Was it possible that in those days $45 had stretched through a whole week—Richard, thin-faced, a little worried, very happy, stopping off at the bank on Friday afternoons, depositing his check—$45! Drawing out, she remembered now, $15 "for expenses": $5 for him—lunch money—a sandwich and applesauce at a cheap place; $10 for her—"housekeeping and personal"—each pair of stockings bought out of her allowance meant no whipped cream or steak that week.

Richard—hurrying home; she would occasionally go to meet him, he came so promptly, his long legs swinging swiftly toward their home, his smile when he saw her, his eyes hers. He always came right home those days—not stopping late at the office, nor dropping in at the club—he didn't have a club on $45 a week. They had nothing—nothing but each other. . . .



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"If you feel that way, go ahead." Richard pushed aside his coffee, rose and left the house without another word

Janet automatically stepped up in line.

Out of the column of $45 entries one of $75 stared at her. What? Of course. She remembered the very bonus—Richard coming home proud, elated. They thought first that it would allow them a little celebration—one they had often planned—but a ruthlessly realistic pencil clearly showed that that bonus must go into the capacious maw of the rent.

"12/10/25, $90." Ninety dollars and in the middle of the week. Ninety dollars—how could she have forgotten—Aunt Maud's Civil War coverlet—Richard had no decent overcoat—the woman in the Madison Avenue shop had been very nice—she hadn't cared a lot about the coverlet, after all. The coat cost $70—there had been enough left to buy her those Colonial pumps with square buckles—they lasted a year—they were pretty shapeless at the end.

THEY had married with nothing at all—no sheets, no silver, no blankets, no dozens of anything. Four pretty handmade nighties which she washed herself so they would last. Two hundred dollars and their parents' blessing. Christmas came out of the ten-cent store. But it had been a little sad. Christmas should brim over, a little.

"1/5/26, $55." A raise—still they couldn't quite manage the celebration. Richard's hat was terrible. He needed shirts. Later perhaps—

"4/25/27, $190." A legacy? What could it have been? April—April? She had had the grippe and didn't recover well. The doctor said ten days at Atlantic City—ridiculous! Richard was preoccupied, nervous, cross. Then he burst in happily one day and told her—$190 in Yellow Taxicab—she could go. He had gambled the rent money on a friend's tip and a friend's account, on the thinnest of margins. She was terrified. He swore never to do it again.

How hot the summer had been. Central Park was almost like a cool dark forest after nine o'clock, and at night from their roof they felt a breeze from the river, and could see the lights of the Metropolitan tower flash red with the hours.

It was that fall that Richard got the advertising job. Deposits jumped to $90. On the strength of such riches they planned a baby. . . . More and more money came pouring in. Where did it all come from—where had it all gone—the more it came and went, the farther it seemed to push Richard away from her. Where was he now?

JANET stepped out of line. She tore up her slips. Neatly, evenly, she wrote another check for $15. When it was cashed she entered the phone booth.

"Hello — hello — Richard? Listen, honey, there's something I very much want to do tonight."

Her heart seemed swollen, she felt breathless for fear Richard would still be angry, wouldn't understand—

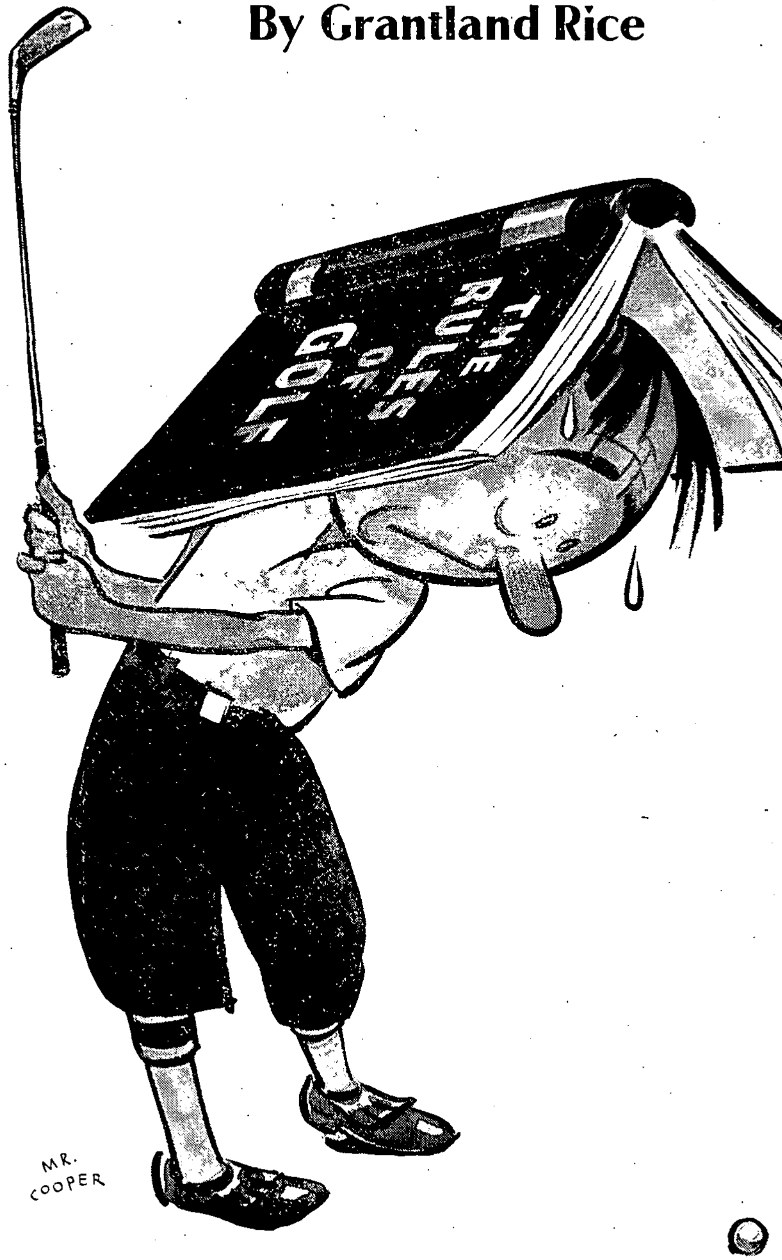
"Let's have dinner at the Brinton, just you and I, in our best clothes, and afterward ride up Fifth Avenue in a hansom cab as we used to plan. . . . I'm so glad you will, darling. No, I'm not going to Europe. . . . Hurry home!"

She came stumbling out of the booth smiling, her eyes wet. It would be as they had dreamed. All the way up Fifth Avenue Richard would hold her hand. In Central Park he would kiss her.

They Rule the Game

By Grantland Rice

Those golf rules that darken the lives of so many of our fellow citizens have sound reasons behind them. Mr. Rice here risks assassination by telling what they are



Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

MR. A has just sliced his drive into a cluster of young and virile bushes. In trying to play his next stroke Mr. A steps heavily upon one of the bushes and pushes to one side another bush back of the ball.

"Hey there!" calls out Mr. B, his opponent. "Just what do you think you are doing? You can't bend those bushes!"

Whereupon Mr. A gets out a small rule book and turns to Rule 15, which reads—"Before striking at a ball in play, a player shall not move, bend nor break anything fixed or growing, except so far as is necessary to enable him fairly to take his stance in addressing the ball, or in making his backward or forward swing."

"See there," says Mr. B, the aggrieved party, "it says you can't move or bend anything fixed or growing."

"Read on," counters Mr. A, "to where it says *except* to take your stance or make your backward or forward swing. I can't stand on top of a bush and I can't swing a club through one. So I have a right to bend or move 'em, if they are in the way."

Mr. A is wrong, for the rule was not intended to let you move anything fixed or growing in order to have a clear shot at the ball. It happens to be a badly worded rule. The exceptions aren't really exceptions at all because they don't permit you to improve your shot at the ball. Rule 15 probably causes more arguments than any other in the code. And there are about ten thousand of these arguments every week over one thing or another among three million players who can't understand why one game has to have so many rules and regulations.

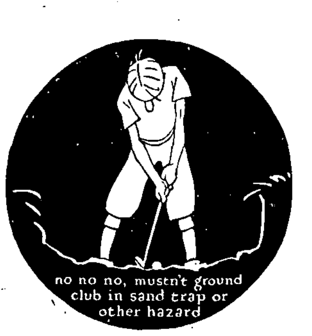
Although A and B have given the rules a casual inspection they have either forgotten most of them or else thought most of them were useless or foolish.

The Great Fundamental

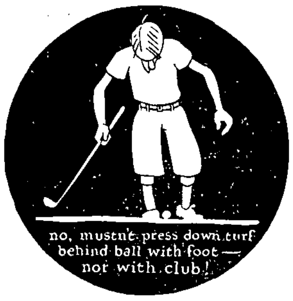
Now the rules of golf are not something artificial plastered on the game. They are part of the game itself and there is a reason for every rule.

"Why," writes A, for example, "can't I brush the line of my putt? Why was that rule ever put in the book?"

Because, long ago, it was discovered that certain sharp workers while brushing the line of a putt were also placing small, green-headed pins between the cup and their opponent's ball, thereby deflecting the ball from a true line. That is the reason this rule was made. Most of the golf rules were made to prevent some form of skullduggery or cheating.


no no no, mustn't ground club in sand trap or other hazard

The original code of golf rules was adopted in 1754, when the game was all match play. Of the thirteen original rules, seven remain in the present code. The fundamental principle of golf is to play the ball as it lies and most of the rules merely provide amplifications of this lone fundamental. They arise from three sources:


no, mustn't press down turf behind ball with foot — nor with club!

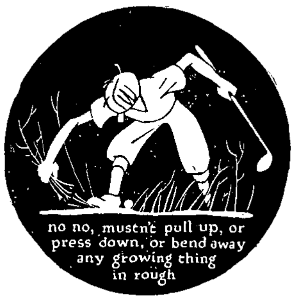
1. Practices which would give you an advantage over an opponent (grounding club in bunker, brushing line of putt, moving anything fixed or growing, etc.).
2. Playing conditions (ball in water hazard, lost ball, out of bounds, unplayable lie, outside agencies, etc.).
3. The introduction of medal play.

How many know that in the old days at match play when you suffered a penalty, instead of adding a stroke to your score, your opponent was allowed to deduct a stroke from his?

The average golf course has about 125 acres of land and water, rough and woods, bushes and fences. A lot of things can happen to a ball flying helter-skelter over this large and varied area.

In the amateur championship at Pebble Beach, Cyril Tolley's second shot to the 18th green careened into a tall pine tree and stuck there in a cluster of cones. Two strokes were thus added to his qualifying medal play. Tolley would have been allowed to climb the tree and play the ball where it lay. But California pines are not bushes and Tolley is not built for tree-climbing.

In one tournament Bobby Jones played a ball that bounded into an old shoe. He had to play the ball, so he took out a niblick and planted both ball and shoe on the putting green. Another well-known golfer played a ball that rolled into a small milk can. He played four strokes before the ball came out.


no no, mustn't pull up, or press down, or bend away any growing thing in rough

More than thirty years ago the late Walter J. Travis, a stickler for rules, was having a hard match with a young opponent who had the sympathy of the gallery. Travis was one up at the seventeenth hole where the young golfer had a putt for a half. In addressing the ball it turned over and as the stricken young golfer looked at Travis the veteran called the stroke, which was according to the code. The crowd was all against him and several newspapers next day scored the Old Man for his so-called lack of sportsmanship. Yet he would have been far more at fault if he had allowed the stroke to go uncalled in those earlier days when the game was just getting a foothold here.

Taking an advantage of an opponent is always an infraction of a rule. If you sole your club in a bunker you improve your lie and so take a distinct advantage. The rule on bunker play was made extremely strict to prevent any method of beating the penalty, and for this reason you can't touch anything in a bunker, sand or leaf, stick or stone. You play the ball there as you find it.

"I can't understand," one golfer writes, "why you can't clean mud from the ball on a putting green. You are supposed to have a round ball to putt with, not a lopsided hunk of mud."

In extreme cases, after heavy rains when the ball may bury below the surface, a local rule permitting this is allowed in championships. I recall one championship after a heavy rain when a ruling was made that the ball could be cleaned on the green. Before the day was over there had been several sharp arguments among the players about opponents replacing the ball nearer the cup, or replacing it on a smoother surface of the green. This would happen quite often if the rule permitting the ball to be lifted and cleaned were allowed and this is one of the reasons why the fundamental principle of the game is to "play the ball where it lies." It may seem unfair to have a muddy ball to putt with, but when cleaning is allowed it leads to more complications than one might believe could happen. It is at least a step in dangerous direction.

A Square Deal All Round

At Worcester in 1925 both Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones called strokes upon themselves when the ball oscillated and moved so slightly it was hard to tell whether it had turned over or left its original position. Yet neither hesitated a fraction of a second. This may seem a severe penalty for a ball that moves less than half an inch, but a rule is a rule.

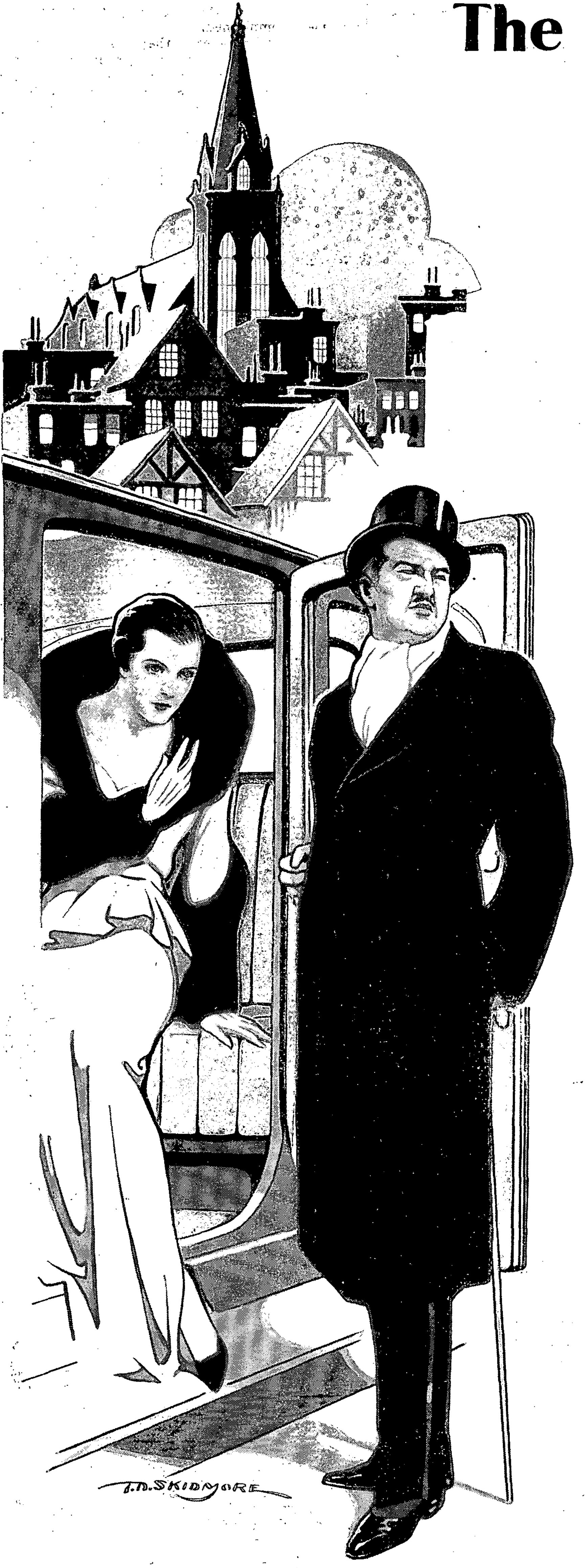
Roger Wethered, in the British Open of 1921 at St. Andrews, apparently had the championship won. But on one hole he walked forward to get the correct line and while walking backward to hold the line, accidentally touched his ball with his foot. That slight mistake cost him the title as he tied with Jock Hutchison and then lost in the playoff.

If leading golfers with big titles at stake can call penalties upon themselves and play the game to the limit, there is no valid reason why the average golfer should not follow suit.

Each rule of golf has a reason. Many of them go back two hundred years or more. They have an ancient background that means far more than any individual penalty that in a few instances may be hard luck. Hard luck for the individual, here and there, is nothing compared to the foundation upon which a great game rests. The rules are the basis of a square deal for all concerned and any player who breaks a rule without calling the penalty may be a number of things, but he isn't a golfer.

The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



"Life is so short," he said as he stood there, waiting for her. "I believe in impulses." "So do I," she assented

The Story Thus Far:

MORAN CHAMBERS, a New York financier, and Ambouyna Kotinzi, a beautiful motion-picture actress, are in love. Reuben Argels, one of Chambers' partners, makes advances to the girl, who repulses him. Whereupon he deliberately betrays Chambers and causes him to be sent to Sing Sing prison.

Argels goes to London. So does Andrew Pulwitter, Chambers' other partner. Both are wealthy. Both establish financial businesses. Soon, hating each other, they are secretly at war. . . . Chambers does not remain in prison. A well-remunerated "double" takes his place. A few weeks later, known as "Gordon Phayle," Pulwitter's nephew from Australia, he is at work in Pulwitter's office, where, hoping to ruin Argels, he directs operations.

Argels begins to lose business. In constant touch by cable with a guard at Sing Sing who assures him almost daily that Chambers is still behind bars, he nevertheless suspects that in some mysterious way Moran Chambers is at the bottom of his reverses. Ambouyna Kotinzi is in London. He calls on her, questions her closely. The girl, who loathes him, tells him nothing.

Then to his delight a Miss Withers, Pulwitter's confidential secretary, comes to him. She is, she says, dissatisfied with Pulwitter's treatment of her: she would like to work for Argels *if* he will give her a larger salary. Over cocktails in a restaurant they discuss the situation. The girl, Argels is well aware, knows many of Pulwitter's secrets. And Argels, a conscienceless scoundrel, plans to use her if he can. They fence for a time. Then—

"Why," asks Miss Withers, "did you ask me here?"

This time Argels does not evade her. "To persuade you," he replies calmly, "to work for me—take a salary from me—but to *stay with Mr. Pulwitter.*"

V

MISS WITHERS began to understand, but she waited for further details.

"The increased salary," Argels explained, "is to come, of course, from me. Pulwitter employs spies to look into my affairs, and he has just brought off a very fine coup with their aid. I don't know who they are. I only wish I did, but what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

She sighed regretfully.

"And I had an idea," she murmured, "that I was going to sit in that beautiful rosewood chair, near your beautiful rosewood desk, and feel my heart beating every morning when you came in, a flower in your buttonhole, a long cigar in your mouth. I am so tired of Mr. Pulwitter's rather dirty pipe, and his badly-chosen linen."

There was a large measure of graciousness in Argels' expansive smile.

"My dear," he said, "if you accept my proposition we shall not be able to see much of each other in business hours, because it would not be wise, but there are some risks it is always worth while to run. A little dinner like this, for instance, when you have a report to make. We are never likely to meet Andrew Pulwitter here. I think we understand each other."

"Oh, I understand you perfectly," she assured him. "I'm to go on at old Pulwitter's, and let you know the office news every day and keep you posted if there's anything stirring, at double my present salary."

"Double?" he queried.

"Perhaps you are right," she murmured. "Nine pounds a week is really not enough, especially if I have to buy frocks to dine with you now and then. You will make my salary twelve pounds a week."

He laughed good-naturedly.

"Whatever you say," he agreed. "The money doesn't matter. You get four pounds ten from old Andrew. Very well, I'll give you ten pounds ten—that makes it fifteen. But, mind you," he went on, his eyes narrowing in a covetous gleam, "if ever you were able to bring me such information as someone must have taken to Pulwitter's about this Rawson and Smith affair, it wouldn't be a matter of salary at all. The bonus would run to a pearl necklace, or something of that sort."

"NOT pearls," she begged. "I have always felt that some day or other I should be tempted—my honesty, I mean—and I made up my mind that I would only succumb to emeralds."

Reuben Argels grinned. He meant it to be a smile, but it remained a grin. This was a girl after his own heart.

"It shall be emeralds," he promised. "I rather fancied that green was your color. Now let us talk business. You're in my employ since last Saturday, and a week's salary is due to you. Have you ever heard of a man named Moran Chambers?"

"Never in my life."

"Have you ever heard that a great friend and former business associate of Pulwitter is at the present moment in Sing Sing prison?"

"Never."

"Does Pulwitter get cables of great length, or long letters, which might be letters of advice as to the stock market, from New York?"

"Not once since I have been there," the girl declared.

"Is there anyone you know of who has been giving him advice lately as to his financial operations?"

"Not a soul," she replied confidently—"except," she added, with a little twinkle in her eyes—"his nephew."

"Nephew? I didn't know he had one," Argels exclaimed. "When did he arrive? Where did he come from?"

"He arrived from Australia a little over two months ago," the girl told him. "He was in business there, but they found that he was going blind, so they sent him home."

"What age? What sort of a person is he?" Argels demanded.

"Very dull," she replied. "Rather elderly. He doesn't do any work really, and the only stocks he knows anything about are Australian Gold Mines. He keeps on trying to persuade his uncle to buy some. Of course Mr. Pulwitter will never do anything of the sort."

Reuben Argels reflected for a moment or two. It seemed to him that this Australian nephew was satisfactorily accounted for.

"HAVE you ever heard," he asked her, "of Ambouyna Kotinzi?"

"Don't be silly," she expostulated. "Is there anyone in the world who hasn't?"

"Does she ever come to see Pulwitter?"

The girl laughed, softly but very musically.

"Are you trying to be funny!" she scoffed. "Fancy Andrew Pulwitter, and a famous cinema star! I never heard of such a thing. . . ."

Argels, when the time came, ordered special brandy. His dinner had been worth while, he told himself, and everything in life, with him, was measured by that consideration. He felt a great sense of relief. To start with, he believed that the girl was telling the truth; that, therefore, all his vague fears about Moran Chambers had been unnecessary. The discovery of his negotiations with Rawson and Smith might have been purely accidental, or there might have been some other way by which Pulwitter had gained the information, but it was not in the way which he had feared.

Side by side with this, although it counted for much less, the girl herself was more attractive than he had ventured to hope. She was not particularly responsive at first, perhaps. Her foot, which he had ventured once, discreetly, to press, had been immediately withdrawn, but it was hardly likely—especially in view of the lavish way in which he had treated her, and his hints as to the future—that she would remain indisposed to a little flirtation.

The more he looked at her—and he looked at her a great deal during the service of dinner—the more he wondered how a girl of her obvious breeding and education had become secretary to a dour and stingy old stockbroker. He sighed as he thought of the pleasure he was denying himself in not transporting her at once to his offices, but his own scheme was the best, without a doubt. He must leave her where she was for the present. Afterwards, however—well, there were many possibilities!

THE hour arrived when the coffee was finished, liqueur brandies were low in the glasses and Argels' cigar was half smoked. He called for the bill, dispensed tips ostentatiously and glanced at his watch.

"It is now," he announced, "a quarter past ten. Would you like to come back and see my flat for a few moments—I dare say I can spare you some flowers—or would you prefer to go to a cinema?"

"I should like very much," she decided briskly, "to go to the Notting Hill Gate cinema for half an hour. Afterwards, perhaps, you would put me in a taxi. I have to be early at the office, and I like plenty of sleep."

"Very well," he assented, swallowing a certain amount of disappointment, but patting himself on the back for carrying the matter off as a man of the world. "Just as you please, of course. You must come and have a look at my humble quarters another time."

"On the way to the cinema," she suggested, as he handed her into the limousine, "I should like you to explain to me a little more clearly the sort of information you want."

"You are a very clear-headed young lady," he said, as they settled down in their places, and he discovered with a warm sense of relief that she made no demur at his holding her hand. "The most lucrative part of my business," he went on, "is company promotion. I want to know of any steps Andrew Pulwitter takes towards the flotation of any business. Supposing he writes, for example, to a partnership of merchants or manufacturers, and suggests their turning their business into a company, I want to know about that at once; and supposing anyone approaches him, with the same sort of idea, I want to know their names and addresses without delay. If the matter progresses at all, it will, of course, be invaluable to me to know the terms proposed and offered."

"That doesn't sound very difficult," she murmured.

"The other information which would be of value to me," Argels continued, "is a report of his Stock Exchange transactions."

"That might be more difficult," she remarked thoughtfully. "He telephones his brokers every morning from his private office."

"But you must see the contract notes of the purchase or sale of any stocks," he pointed out. "That is a matter of office routine. He may buy or sell through the telephone, but there has to be a written confirmation."

"You are quite right," she admitted. "There are contract notes every day. For instance, he sold yesterday five thousand Christophers."

"The devil he did!" Argels mused. "I should have thought Christophers would have been good for a rise in this market."

"I am quite sure that he sold them," she insisted. "He opened what you call a 'bear' account against them. Then there are Bennetts."

"Oh, everyone knows about Bennetts," Argels observed. "I bought some myself last week. They're getting too high now."

"Mr. Pulwitter didn't buy them," she confided. "He sold them—sold a thousand only yesterday. I heard him tell his brokers that he wished he could afford a larger account in them. He always makes more money selling than buying."

"That's quaint," Argels remarked, chewing on the end of his cigar. "I never was so keen on Bennetts myself, though. They've been talked up, simply because the whole market has gone crazy now. Why, here we are! Notting Hill Gate cinema. The placards look a bit gruesome, don't they?"

"Horrible," she assented. "It's rather later than I thought, too. Supposing you drive me home, instead. Then you can go to your club in peace. I'm sure you'd like that better than the cinema."

Argels, who had reasons of his own for hating cinemas, and the whole cinema world, gave a fresh address to the chauffeur, and stepped back into the limousine.

"The corner of Hertford Street and Shepherds' Market," he repeated. "Rather a cramped neighborhood, isn't it?"

"It suits me," she replied. "I have two rooms at the top of an old house. By the bye, while I think of it, Mr. Pulwitter does buy sometimes. He bought ten thousand Eagles a little time ago, and three thousand more last week."

ARGELS whistled softly.

"That's a tip if you like," he said, half to himself. "I always thought they seemed pretty low, but no one seems to have any reliable information about them. Well, well! No more business now," he went on gallantly, as he repossessed himself of his companion's hand. "You and I are going to be friends, my dear Miss Withers. I can see that—great friends. Time we dropped that 'Miss Withers', I think. Reuben's my name—not a very attractive one, I'm afraid, but I didn't give it to myself, and you can call me anything else you like."

"Violet is my name," the girl confided, "but I shall call you Mr. Argels, and you will please call me Miss Withers. I met you for the first time today, and, although I think that you are quite likeable, I don't like you well enough yet to call you by your Christian name."

He indulged in a little grimace.

"You let me hold your hand," he reminded her.

"I have only let you hold my hand," she explained, "because every man who owns a beautiful car like this seems to expect it. I would rather that you didn't."

Reuben Argels promptly withdrew his fingers.

"You are a queer sort of girl," he complained.

"There are others like me," she rejoined. "Lots of girls do things they don't want to because they have to. I'm not one of them. With fifteen pounds a week, I am, comparatively speaking, rich. If I get to like you well enough, I shall certainly allow you to call me by my Christian name, and possibly to kiss me occasionally. If I don't, I shan't. Believe me," she added, as the car slowed down at the end of a narrow street at the back of the market, "I am much more worth kissing because I have such queer ideas."

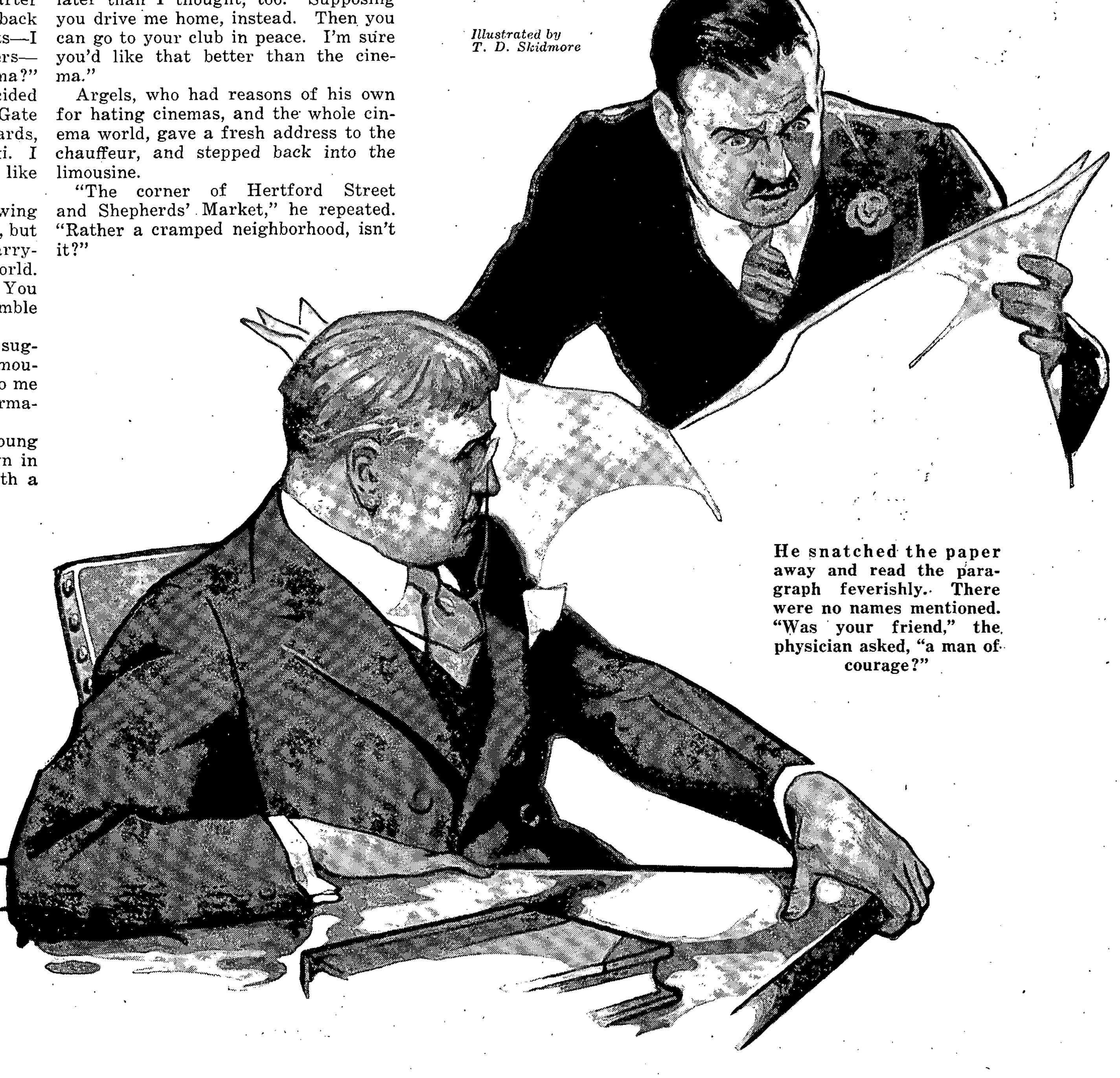
Argels sighed, but he sprang out politely to assist his companion to alight. He looked at a very smart green front door with a polished knocker, only a few feet away, and he sighed again.

"Life is so short," he said as he stood there waiting for her. "I believe in impulses."

"So do I," she assented, as she slipped out of the car, "but they must be my own. Thanks for the lovely dinner," she concluded, as she left him. She turned the key of the front door, and looked round from the threshold. "Don't forget to add me to your pay sheet."

Argels was not listening. He should really have been waving a tender adieu, and watching her undoubtedly graceful disappearance through the low but attractive-looking front door. As a matter of fact, although she had made a very pleasant appeal to his senses, he was not thinking about his late companion

(Continued on page 35)



Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

He snatched the paper away and read the paragraph feverishly. There were no names mentioned. "Was your friend," the physician asked, "a man of courage?"

International Newsreel

Howard Thurston and his daughter, Jane, magicians both

Magic Maid

Jane Thurston, the daughter of Thurston the Great, is one of our few practicing woman magicians, and is following right in her father's sleight-of-hand footsteps

By John B. Kennedy

IN a school just off Riverside Drive, New York—a school for girls, and very young girls—there was excitement one day. Miss Jane Thurston, aged eleven, had arrived. All the girls there found out quickly that she was the daughter of Howard Thurston, the magician.

A merchant prince can send his daughter to an exclusive school and there are only murmurs regarding her clothes; a bootlegger may do likewise and there are merely sighs concerning pin-money that assumes the proportions of spear-money. But when a magician's daughter goes to school with the daughters of ordinary men—that in itself is extraordinary enough to arouse expectation.

The first morning she appeared in class there was trouble with a window blind. The sun, by habit, was rolling over the city and poking into windows with vigor. Teacher wanted the blind lowered and youngsters sprang to obey. Their little hands were ineffective. As they clamored, Jane Thurston lifted a tiny arm, piped up that she'd like to fix the blind. Her teacher smiled and Jane went to the window. She climbed on a chair, then on a radiator—stood in silhouette against the bright window, reached and touched something as the teacher gasped. The blind came rattling down.

"Clever girl," said the teacher.

Jane's schoolmates gazed at her in awe.

Household Wizardry

"You see," she explained to the teacher at recess, "we have blinds just like that one in our house on Long Island. They go wrong and I've seen Daddy press the top springs to fix them. It's magic," she added. "My daddy's a magician."

Everybody in that classroom, save the teacher, believed that Jane inherited some practical wizardry from her father. Jane believed it herself, although, apart from the window blind, she was unable to make any demonstration. But on the carefully guarded recreation jaunts along the river parkway, her companions would gather about Jane and she would tell them all the marvels and mysteries that her father could produce. She had seen his show a hundred times. She told the girls all the hundred things he did. Indeed, she improved upon them enormously. When Mr. and Mrs. Thurston made their first visit to the school after their long annual tour—which was the reason why Jane was sent to boarding school—the magician was greatly embarrassed.

It was warm mid-May and he was attired accordingly. Even a magician, arrayed in summer-weight clothes is handicapped—under wraps, as it were—when the wraps are less than normal. The little girls stood around the diminutive wizard in awe, expecting things to happen. He realized their eagerness and proceeded to make dimes and quarters sprout in strange places—behind ears and in ribboned curls.

This didn't do. Coins only interest youngsters in exact proportion to their barter value across a candy counter. Rabbits and geese and puppy dogs are far more alluring to the attention of childhood. Magicians, children argue—and they are right—are supposed to have inexhaustible supplies of rabbits, puppy-dogs and birds up their sleeves and at their finger tips.

His daughter shared the disappointment of her schoolmates. She worried about it when she went to bed. And she had an idea. The following afternoon, while the daily play in the parkway was in progress, Jane slipped into a drug store. Her father was alarmed by her voice lisping over the wire. She wanted him to come back to the school—this time with rabbits.

So, from a closed cab, on a warm day, there emerged before the doors of the school a figure clothed as if for an élite polar expedition. It was Mr. Thurston, in billowy, capacious garments—the frock coat of the man who has secrets to hide.

This time, he was a roaring success. The assembly room of the school was alive with scampering rabbits, barking pups and a most unfortunate goose, which stalked bravely and proudly enough through the trick in which it figured; but experienced a ruthless child-handling afterwards. Sadly, Mr. Thurston observed its bedragglement. Nobly, he made a sacrifice. The goose was subsequently served, with sweet potatoes and the usual fixings, to a dinner party of Jane's special friends.

Thereafter, of course, Jane's prestige was enormous. Her classmates shared her belief that her father could do anything; although there was one doubting little Thomasette—a red-haired girl this, who uttered the atrocious heresy that she'd seen better tricks than the great Thurston had performed on that warm afternoon. To those who challenged this slander—and the most shrill challenger was little Jane—the redhead retorted:

"I have so seen better. I saw a man at the Palace with more rabbits!"

Poetic justice is not slow to catch up with such ruthless smashers of illusion. The redhead was in distress one day. It should be explained she was a day student, boarding at home. This distinction may have accounted for her aggressiveness. But one day she grieved. Her pet puppy had been indiscreet, wandered in the path of a kiddie car and suffered a broken leg.

Jane was not entirely sympathetic when the redhead told her this tale; but when the redhead added:

"If your father's so wonderful, he ought to be able to help that little dog."

When this challenge was made, Jane took thought. Next she took the dog and said she was going to ask her father's help. This took the very practical form of taking the little canine casualty to the cat and dog hospital.

Rebuking the Weather Man

In due time the dog was returned, its leg knitted and sturdy. The redhead became converted to the miraculous powers of the Thurston family, little Jane being prompt to reassert that to her father all things were possible.

So Jane went into the wide world with an illusion not uncommon to the very young. If her father wanted anything done, he could do it.

There was the matter of a birthday party at her Long Island home. Business called her father from town, so Jane and a picked sextet of little boys and girls were going to have an alfresco party on the front lawn, with games. But it rained miserably and the party was spoiled. When her father returned that night Jane was one year older and very much sadder. The weather had been most unkind. Her father said nothing. For a while he closeted himself in his study and in a low tone called up the weather bureau. He smiled the satisfied smile that graces the faces of all magicians when everything is, so to speak, in the bag and about to be extracted therefrom.

Going to Jane's cot he whispered in her sleepy ear:

"I've ordered fine weather tomorrow."

Hearing the patter of rain at her

(*Continued on page 44*)

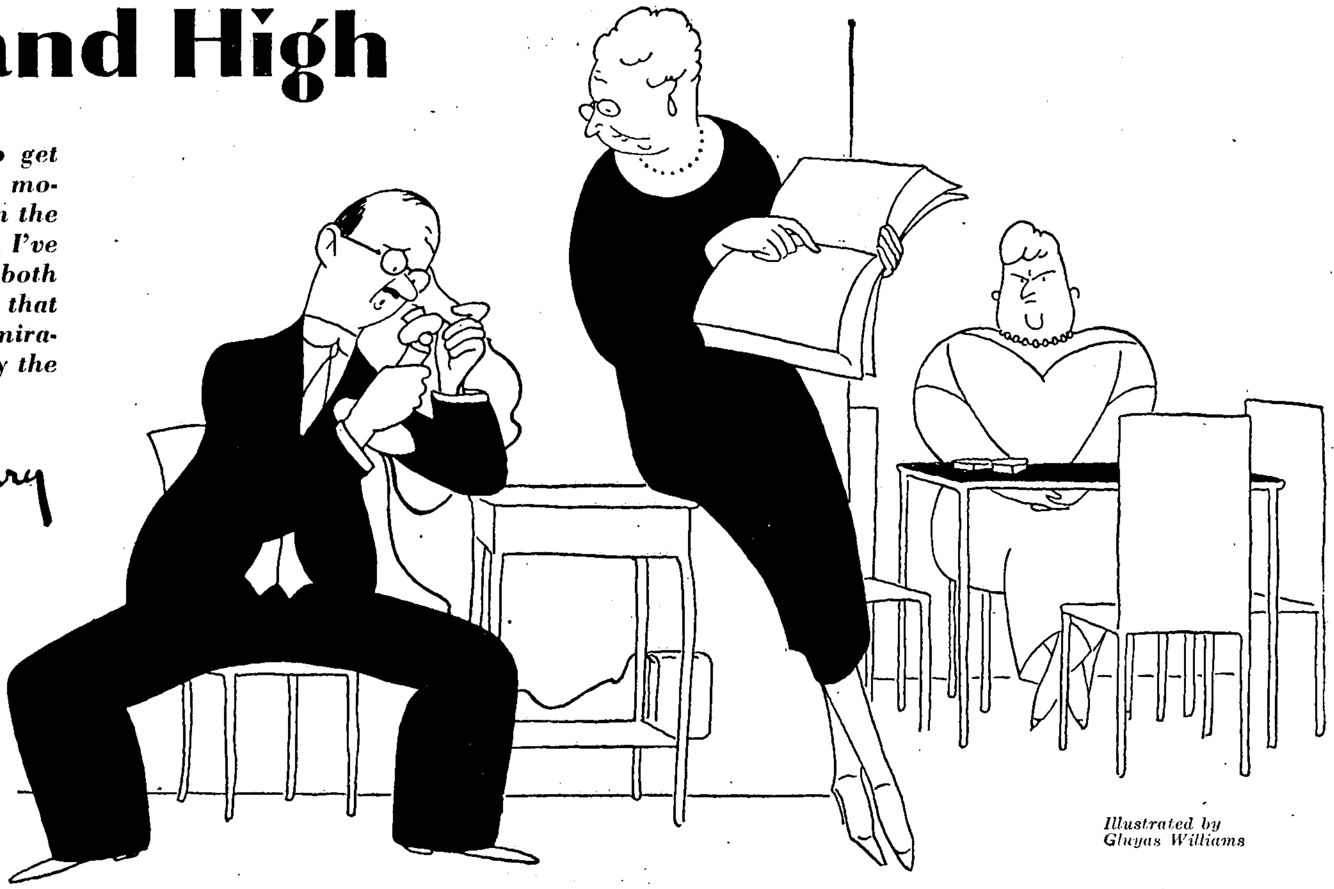
Jane Thurston in the world's smallest racing car

Wide World

Fourth Hand High

“Did you ever, ’Lonzo, try to get a fourth at bridge at the last moment? There’s no drudgery in the world comparable to it. Why, I’ve stayed on the telephone until both my ears were so cauliflowered that the cook let out screams of admiration an’ had to be fought off by the entire family”

Uncle Henry



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

“You begin to realize that we’re a sick people, sufferin’ every known ailment”

EVERYBODY from Nicholas Murray Butler up,” began Uncle Henry, “has favored us with their conceptions of what America needs. Courage, forceful leadership an’ aggressive optimism have been mentioned frequently, not to say harped on. Maybe they’re right, but if you want my humble opinion what the country needs most jes’ now is a fourth at bridge. One that you can count on any hour of the day or night an’ no questions asked.

“Nothin’ else, my dear ’Lonzo, goes to the roots of the present deplorable depression. Peep into almost any home of an evenin’, an’ instead of the old care-free gayety, you’ll find three people seated around a table, heads sunk on their chests an’ brows knitted in anguished thought.

“No sound breaks the awful stillness save when the husband raises his head an’ snarls, ‘Aw, for Pete’s sake, can’t you think of *anybody?*’ an’ the wife retorts spiritedly, ‘What’s the matter with *you?* Runnin’ around the way you do, you certainly ought to know someone.’ Or when the third pipes up an’ says, ‘I saw a travelin’ man today that I met at a convention two years ago. We might get him if I knew his name an’ hotel.’

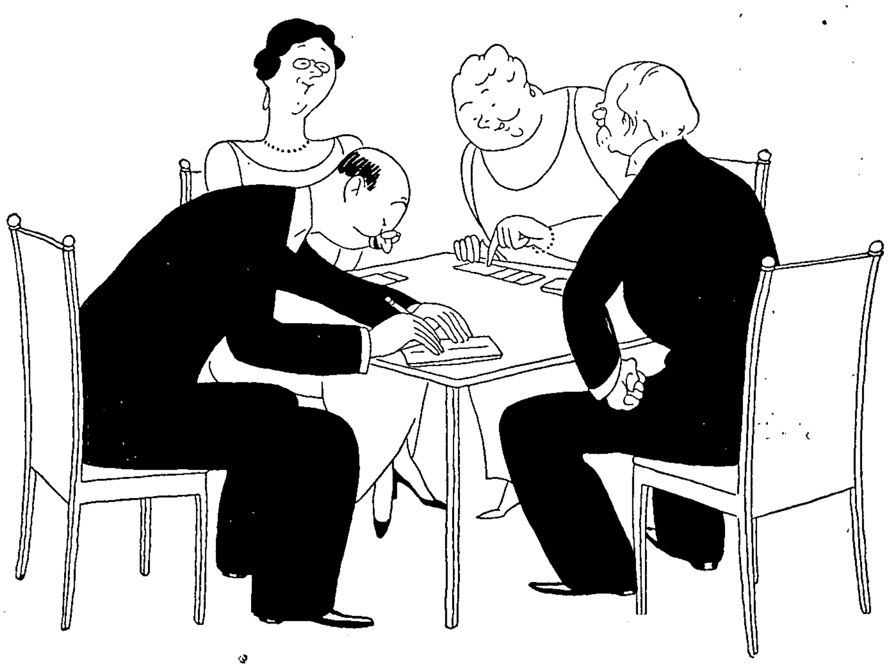
“Herb Hoover is certainly missin’ a great chance. If he’d only keep himself on call of an evenin’, instead of slippin’ off into the wildernesses of the Rapidan, it’s safe to say he’d be a much more popular man today. I don’t know though. Ten to one he’d want to appoint a commission to pass on the advisability of every finesse.

“An’ there’s Al Smith. He may regard his newspaper articles as appealin’ an’ impressive, but he’d improve his presidential chances a full hundred per cent if he’d brush up on his contract, an’ let the word go forth that he could be reached on the telephone any time between seven an’ eight in case his services were needed.

A Tough Situation

“Lack of food isn’t such a hardship as some people make out, for all of us eat too much. But when a game has been carefully arranged, an’ then one of the number calls up around seven an’ says he can’t come, you’re faced with a situation calculated to bring out sweat on the bravest an’ most resourceful.

“Did you ever, ’Lonzo, try to get a fourth at the last moment? Well, jes’ make the attempt some evenin’ when you’ve got nothin’ to do for a year or so. I’ve stayed on the telephone until both my ears were so cauliflowered that the cook let out screams of admiration an’ had to be fought off by the entire family.



“Your partner takes a set an’ blandly remarks, ‘Well, we saved the rubber’”

“Your start is always brisk an’ confident. Why not? If the census reports are to be believed, there are some 55,000,000 men an’ women in the United States over twenty-one years of age, an’ accordin’ to some estimates, about 5,000,000 are out of work. What more simple than to find one unoccupied adult out of all that vast number who’ll leap at the chance to come over an’ take a hand? Why, you even wax particular about who you’ll have.

“ ‘No, no! Not Miz’ Brown!’ There’s a yell of dissent when her name is mentioned. ‘It’s been all of eight years since she remembered a trump.’

“ ‘Goodfellow? Don’t think of it! The man’s a cataleptic. It’s only under the influence of intense emotional excitement that he’s able to make a play. Why, I once waited a whole week for him to put a deuce on the ace.’

“An’ so you leap to the telephone, light of foot an’ merry of heart. But it doesn’t last, ’Lonzo. It doesn’t last. What with orange juice, buttermilk an’ dog biscuit on every bill of fare, we’re supposed to be a healthy nation, but after a few hundred calls you begin to realize that we’re a sick people, sufferin’ every known ailment. An’ such as are not confined to their beds have left town in order to avoid the contagion.

“As the list of old friends reaches the end, an’ there are no more tried an’ true bridge players to call up, fatigue an’ despair undermine your reason, an’ a regular frenzy takes possession of you. Foam gathers on the teeth, the hair thins perceptibly at the temples, the voice becomes a faint, hoarse squeak, an’ the conviction grows stronger an’ stronger that the telephone mouthpiece is a horrible malignant growth on your upper lip.

“At the end of a couple of hours you’re callin’ up bitter enemies that you haven’t spoken to for fifteen years, an’ takin’ wild chances on people that you’ve brushed against at funerals an’ weddin’s. By way of ghastly finish you find yourself on the front porch, lookin’ wildly up an’ down the street for a stray policeman, a belated postman, or wonderin’ if you could find a stick-up man who’d think the family silver was fair wages for an evenin’.

“No wonder Wickersham reported the way he did. Life is a confused an’ complicated thing these days. Back in the happy years when candy pulls, charades an’ kissin’ games were all the vogue, you could begin sendin’ around word the very evenin’ of the party an’ be sure of a crowd. Now that we’ve got contract bridge, however, it’s necessary to sign players a month in advance, an’ even then you’ve got to put ’em under heavy bonds for their appearance.

“Didn’t you read about that Western woman who killed her husband because he left her in a club bid, not realizin’ that she was playin’ the Vanderbilt convention? It’s got to be so that a married man doesn’t dare sit down at a bridge table unless he’s wearin’ a bullet-proof vest.

Grounds for Murder

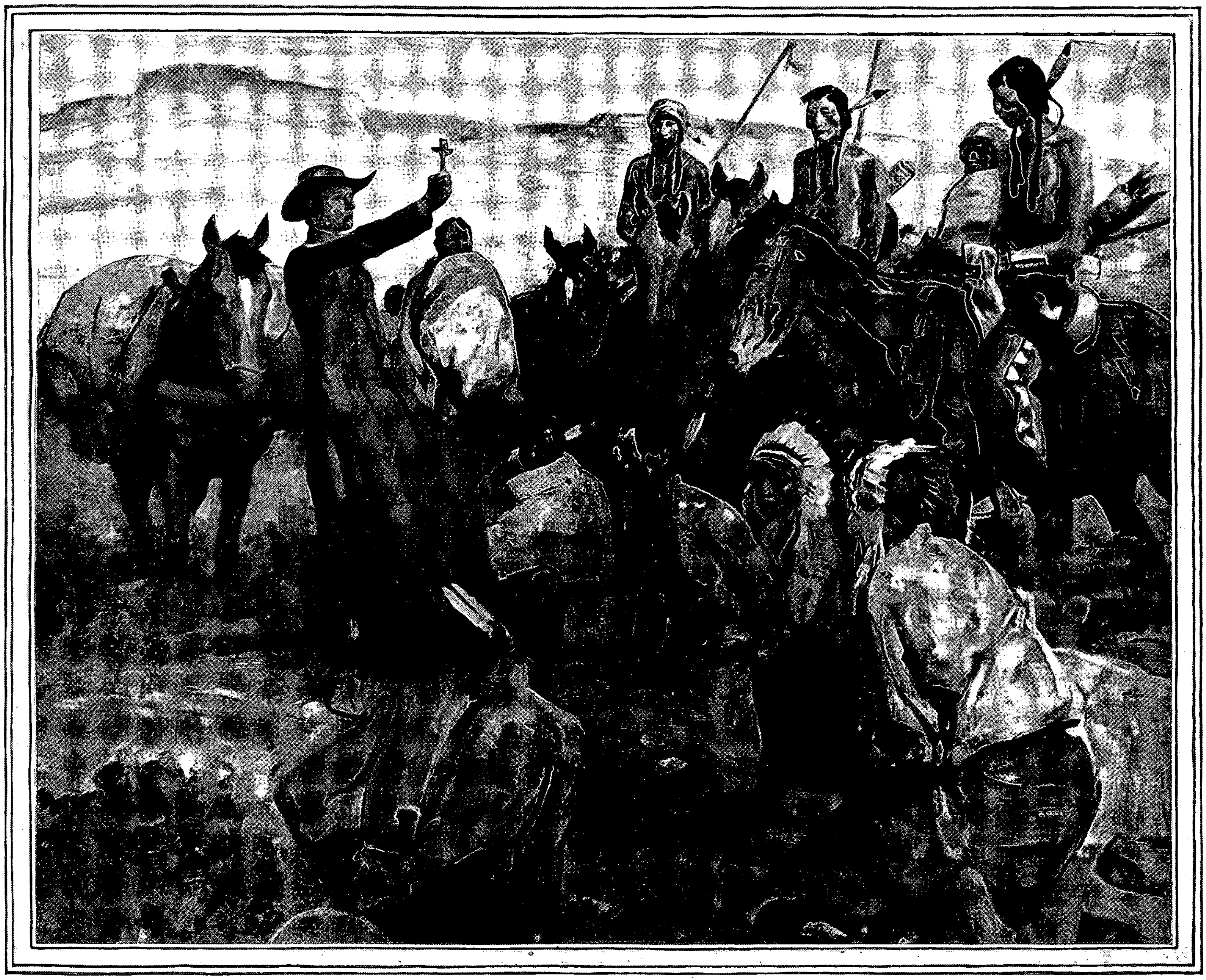
“Quite frankly, there’s many a time that I’ve been in a homicidal mood myself. I don’t care how law-abidin’ you are, ’Lonzo, how tender-hearted, murder affords the only relief when your partner bids on a sneak, takes a set of fourteen hundred points, an’ then, lookin’ up with a pleased smile, blandly remarks, ‘Well, we saved the rubber.’

“An’ before leavin’ the subject, may I make mention of another thing that America needs? Bridge ought to be standardized. How can we have unity an’ good feelin’ as long as there’s such a bunch of authorities that the country is divided into hate-filled, hostile camps?

“It’s disheartenin’! Night after night I pored over the massive tomes of Work, Whitehead an’ Lenz, learnin’ how East, West, North an’ South played the game, an’ then, jes’ when I felt myself able to lose as intelligently as anyone, along comes a fellow named Culbertson. Because I’m too worn out to read him, it has actually been suggested that I put a bell around my neck an’ yell ‘Unclean! Unclean!’ every time anybody comes near me.”

“Jes’ what is a bridge authority?” inquired Mr. Stubbs, his expression more than usually vague.

“The chap that writes the last book,” said Uncle Henry.



At his approach they halted, some tumbling to the ground and kneeling like children for his blessing

The Black Robe

How one man fought the savage wilderness with no weapons but zeal and devotion

By George Creel

"YES, indeed!" The Old Settler stopped his snorting car at the top of the grade, and waved a proud hand out over the landscape all convulsed with mountains of breccia and obsidian, and riven by great gorges thick with scoria and ash. "Montana had almost as big a gold rush as California although we don't brag so much about it. An' there's Idaho, too. Why, they took more'n two hundred and fifty million dollars right out of the basin between the Boise an' the Payette. Say, I certainly wish you could have known my dad. He came here in '62 an' was one of the first to get in on Alder Gulch."

"In 1862?" The Eastern visitor brooded for a long moment. "What puzzles me is why gold wasn't found long before. Father de Smet and his fellow Jesuits were in the Oregon country as early as 1840, and tramped every inch of it between the Yellowstone and the Columbia. Not one of them but was a scientist of sorts, and knowing flora and fauna as they did, I can't imagine them entirely ignorant of minerals."

"Oh, well, I guess they were too busy savin' souls," suggested the Old Settler, throwing in his clutch.

"Maybe so. All the same, it's mighty funny."

THE little Missouri village of Independence was a bedlam, for the spring caravans were getting ready to take the Sante Fe trail, daring hardship and peril on the chance of trading dry goods for Mexico's gold and silver. The black-robed young Jesuit, wandering aimlessly through the dust and confusion of the square, finally tired of being jostled by blanketed Indians, sweating teamsters and lean men in worn buckskin, and halted somewhat disconsolately in the sparse shade of a ragged cottonwood.

"*Como le va, Padre?* Looking for anybody in pertickler?"

The priest, turning quickly at the sound of the gay voice, saw a face so thick with whiskers that only a huge beak of a nose and a pair of reckless eyes were visible.

"No," he answered, smiling back. "Anyone who is friendly will meet my need. I am for Oregon, and it is my hope to find company for the journey."

"Fine an' dandy." The big man held forth a mighty paw. "That's the way I'm headed myself. As far as the Green anyway. A bunch of American Fur Company traders air leavin' tomorrow for the summer meetin', an' you can jine right in. Whar's your stuff?"

"I have nothing. In St. Louis they told me I could outfit here."

"*Seguro!* That shows more sense than I thought they had in Saint Looey. Well, seein' as I ain't got a thing to do, 'spose I help fix you up?"

'Bije Hawks, so he named himself, proved a shrewd bargainer when it came to the purchase of blankets and provisions, and after all of his exacting requirements had been met, led the way to a corral where horses of every size and color milled restlessly.

"Better stand back here, *Padre*," he suggested apologetically. "Bill Weston's a hard trader, an' there's liable to be a lot of cussin' before we get through."

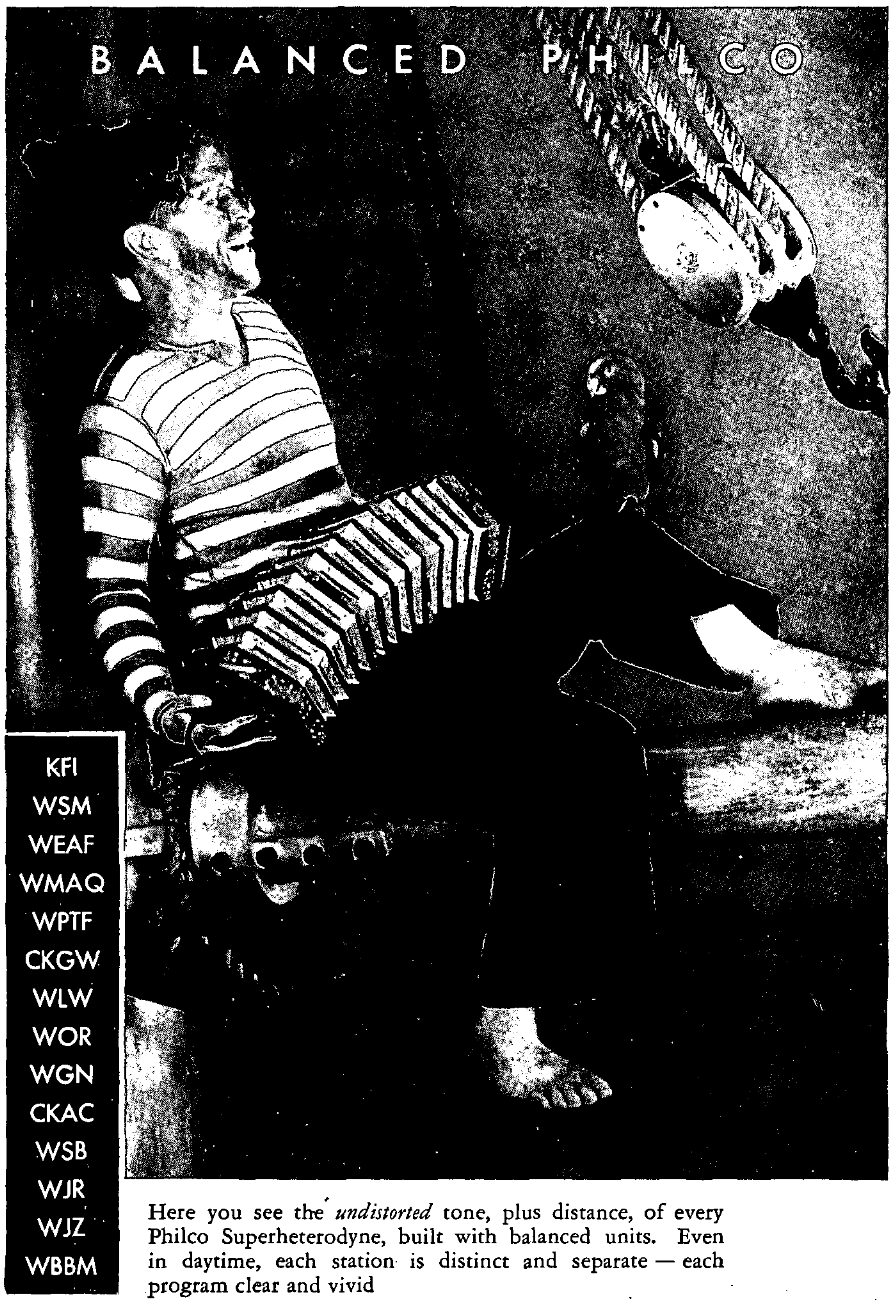
"Bought you three," he announced on his return. "One to ride an' two for pack. Pshaw now, don't bother thankin' me. *Por nada*, as the greasers say. For nothin'. Come on an' let's go meet the boys."

Weary ways and dangerous, the Western trails of 1840, not yet worn broad and deep by the tramp of exiled Mormons and the rush of thousands crazed by dreams of California gold. Except

(Continued on page 27)

UNBALANCED RADIO
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
WLW
WOR
WGN
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

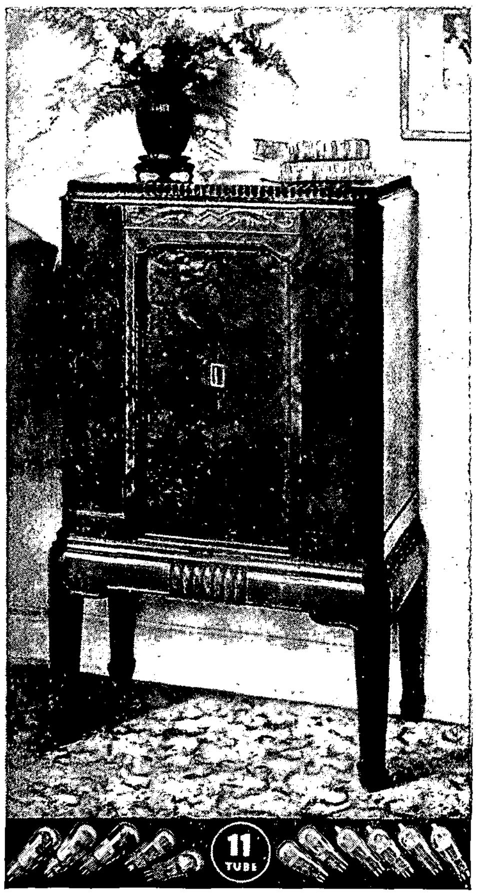
With Barnacle Bill's sea chanteys on the air — the picture above represents the *distorted* reception of partially balanced radios, while the "station strip" shows the gaps and station overlap of ordinary sets



Here you see the *undistorted* tone, plus distance, of every Philco Superheterodyne, built with balanced units. Even in daytime, each station is distinct and separate — each program clear and vivid

IN THIS GREATEST OF ALL RADIOS

...performance beyond the average owner's needs and cabinets of exquisite beauty to grace the finest homes



The Philco 11-Tube Superheterodyne-Plus is deliberately designed for greater performance than the average owner needs. It is built and balanced to bring in more distant programs, with greater selectivity, greater beauty and clarity of tone than any other radio in existence; to give you superlative separation of locals, with rich, unblurred, crystal clear reception.

And Philco alone combines the three great principles which make it possible: supreme selectivity of the Superheterodyne, Balanced-Unit construction, and the enormous power and distance of Screen Grid.

These are freed to full scope and brilliancy, through Philco's exclusive Automatic Volume Control, which counteracts fading, and eliminates the nerve shock of blasting when tuning past powerful stations.

And, at will, with Philco Tone-Control, you interpret programs in four degrees of tone quality—"Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep," as you prefer.

For this marvelous radio, Norman Bel Geddes, foremost American designer, has created magnificent new cabinets, which we believe must earn a niche among the classic masterworks of fine furniture.

By all means, see and hear this greatest of all radios before you buy any set. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

11-Tube Highboy (as illustrated) . . . complete with tubes	$169.50
11-Tube Lowboy . . complete with tubes	149.50
11-Tube Radio-Phonograph, Automatic Record Changer . . . . . complete with tubes	295.00

(Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West)

ELEVEN TUBE

PHILCO

SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS

ELEVEN TUBE

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The man who paid $500 for his last car—and the man who paid $2,500—should both look at today's $995 Free-Wheeling Hupmobile and see how low price and high quality can be found in one and the same motor car.

FREE-WHEELING AT NO EXTRA COST . . . CENTURY SIX SEDAN, $995 . . . CENTURY EIGHT SEDAN, $1295 . . . THREE OTHER EIGHTS, FROM $1595 TO $2295 . . . PRICES AT FACTORY

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

The Black Robe

Continued from page 24

for veteran plainsmen, more red than white, a journey to be made only in strong, armed company, for the Indians, while still asleep to the full menace of the white invasion, were no less deadly than the rattlesnakes that coiled among the sage.

For the first month the young priest held his own bravely enough, adored by the French Canadian trappers and earning even the admiration of the train captain, a hard-bitten old man with a dim Puritanical background that inclined him to look with dark suspicion upon a "Papist." Unaccustomed drudgery, however, coupled with the burning sun of the desert, struck him down at last, and 'Bije Hawks, lifting him from his horse, where he swayed like a drunken man, found him a place in one of the wagons.

There he froze and burned in turn, jounced and jostled until every joint was a torture, and not all of the kindly old trapper's rude dosing availed to break the fever. Only when the caravans left the desert floor and climbed high into the thin, cool air of the mountains was he able to crawl out from among the baled goods.

"Your troubles air over now, *Padre,*" Hawks jubilantly assured him. "It ain't human to be sick up here. Why, I've knowed men live so long they got plum' tired of it, an' went around beggin' friends to shoot 'em."

Over the campfire of an evening trapper and priest, as strange a pair as chance ever brought together, exchanged views on everything under the sun and traded their contrasted experiences. Hawks had been a fur hunter since early youth, and there was scarcely a stream in the Rockies he had not trapped, nor an Indian tribe in the whole vast stretch of mountain and plain that he had not met either in friendship or in war.

Spanish and Indian phrases were as much on his tongue as English and when excited by his own narratives, he shouted the war cries of Arapahoes, Cheyennes or Blackfeet. He had worked for Ashley and Henry in the early days of the fur trade; he had caroused in Taos and Sante Fe with Kit Carson, partnered with Jim Bridger and was with "Peg-leg" Smith when that man of iron suffered the injury that gave him his name.

THE young Jesuit told of his life since leaving Belgium, of stark struggles and cruel defeats, of brave dreams and high hopes. There was the Indian school at Florissant, so rich in happiness, so bright in promise until that bitter day when the government robbed the Osages of their land and sent them to new homes in a far country. And then his year at Council Bluffs where he worked among the Pottawatomies, a vast sadness shadowing his face as he sketched the unhappy close.

"For the surrender of their land, the government agreed to pay the Pottawatomies an annual sum of $50,000. Better had they stolen it outright," he cried in his passion. "No sooner would the money come from Washington than the reservation filled with whisky sellers, gamblers, thieves and rascals—the scum of the world. Days and nights of drunkenness, outrage and murder, continuing as long as the poor creatures had a penny left."

"It's that way everywhere, *Padre,*" shrugged Hawks. "The best of the companies ain't above befuddlin' the Indians with likker to get their pelts for little or nothin'. But why air you goin' up into the Oregon country?"

"Ah, but it is a miracle." The young priest's eyes glowed with true missionary fire. "Some thirty years ago a band of Catholic Iroquois left the Caughnawaga Mission, near Montreal, and journeyed west. Why they went and where they wandered, no one knows, but finally, far up in the Rocky Mountains, they came to a tribe called the Flatheads, and there they stayed, first received as friends and then adopted as brothers."

"It's true." Hawks confirmed the statement with a nod. "I've heerd it said often there was Iroquois among the Flatheads."

"Always the wanderers remembered the teachings of the good fathers," the Jesuit continued, "and in time the Flatheads themselves came to believe in the Great Spirit of the Iroquois and longed to learn His ways. And so it was they sent messengers all the way to St. Louis to beg for a Black Robe who would come to them and teach them, and I was fortunate enough to be chosen."

"WELL, it may work out all right," said Hawks, biting off a new chew of tobacco. "Aside from the Flatheads, you'll run into the Pend d'Oreilles, the Kalispels, the Cœur d'Alènes, the Spokanes, the Nez Percés an' the Kootenays. All pretty good Indians. But watch out an' don't go too far north, *Padre.* Them Blackfeet air shore bad medicine. Even Kit Carson was lucky to git out with his hair."

"Yes?" The ascetic face shone with the light of a great hope. "Who knows but that I may be the humble instrument elected to bring them to God!"

"Take keer you bring 'em feet first," the trapper admonished dryly. "But how you goin' to git up to the Flatheads?"

"Word of my coming went this spring. Guides are to meet me at Green River."

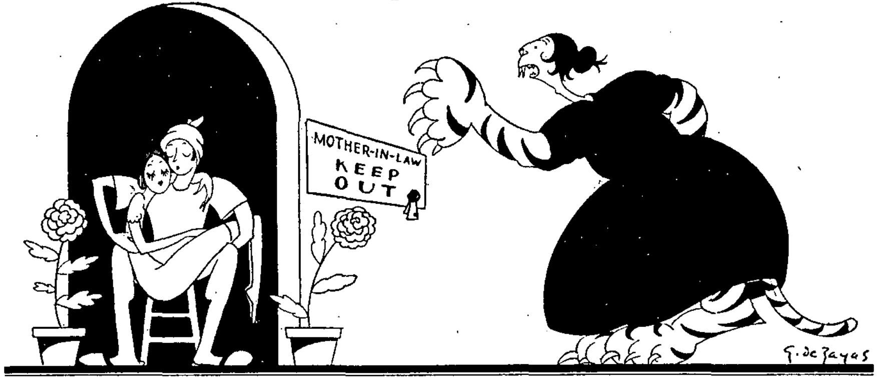
At last, on a bright morning in early July, the caravan crested a ridge and looked down on a fair and verdant valley. Far below them sprawled the encampment of the fur hunters, and as the wagons lumbered into view, the sound of joyous shouting floated skyward on the wind, and a small group of horsemen, detaching itself from the mass, came racing up the slope. Ten Flathead warriors were in the band, gay with beaded buckskin and eagle feathers, drumming the sides of their ponies with moccasined heels, and at the approach of the Jesuit they halted, some tumbling to the ground and kneeling like children for his blessing.

An aged Iroquois, still remembering his French, gave him welcome and told of their joy at his arrival. As they rode slowly down, he declared solemnly that the mere news of the Black Robe's coming had already worked a miracle.

"Fifty Blackfeet set upon us as we journeyed," he boasted, "and for five days it was a running fight. We counted ourselves lost, but the Great Spirit, knowing our mission, reached down His strong arm, and the Blackfeet fled in fear, weeping for their dead."

From every stream in the Rockies the trappers had trooped down for their annual summer rendezvous with the traders on the banks of the swift-running Green. Americans, English, French Canadians and a score of mixed breeds were in the wild throng that woke the echoes with their shouts, eager as children for the delights of companionship after a winter of loneliness.

(Continued on page 51)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Bengali, besides being one of the highly cultured peoples of India, are also born diplomats. They never allow a mother-in-law to enter the house.

Happy hunting grounds await the bootlegger in Alabama. Even near-beer and anything that "tastes like, foams like, smells like or looks like beer" is against the law in that state.

About 10 per cent of all American men and women are unmarried at forty-five.

In Mexico clouds have a genuine silver lining. Under the law 3 months' pay must be given to workers who have been discharged through no fault of their own.

It was a bad day for theater musicians when the sound picture arrived. The number of them with jobs has fallen off fifty per cent in the last three years.

Prohibition agents now are forbidden to employ women in their investigation work. Experience proved them to be too ready to swallow all kinds of evidence.

St. Vitus' Dance in children is being checked successfully today by an artificially developed fever which is produced in the patient by an injection of a manufactured serum.

Several states now have laws limiting the length, width, height and weight of the motor vehicles which pass over their highways.

In Jaipur, India, every man, woman and child owns at least one pet monkey.

The army of Nigeria, Africa, not only goes barefoot but its gunners carry the artillery—cannons and limber wheels—balanced on their heads.

Someone must be holding out on us. The new small-sized currency has been in circulation for 2 years and yet there is $660,000,000 worth of the old large-sized currency still to be redeemed.

American transport airplanes now carry 1,200 passengers daily, the average trip being 250 miles, and the average fare, at 7 cents a mile, $17.50.—*By Grace B. Formo, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

Ocean travelers are offered still another one of the comforts of home. Certain ships on the Atlantic provide a daily paper which, coming by radio facsimile transmission, prints itself in a receiver about the size of a suitcase.

Out of the 9,453 commercial ocean-going ships in the world today, only 42 can travel at more than 20 knots an hour and only 14 have a gross weight of more than 30,000 tons.

An average of 1 person out of every 3 families in Rumania is on the government pay roll.

On the Mentawi Islands, off the west coast of Sumatra, there is a very primitive tribe of Malays that has never known any alcoholic beverage.

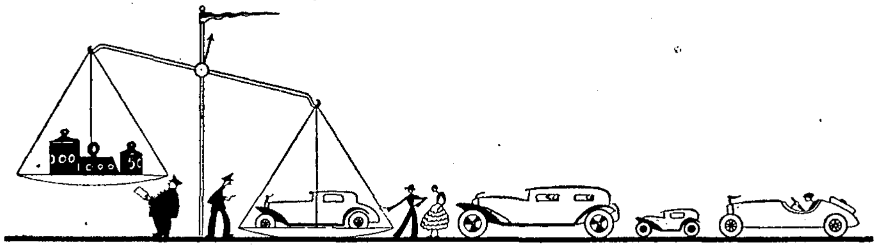
American industry now is testing the advantages of 79 different systems of unemployment insurance.

Suicide is more prevalent among the educated than the uneducated classes, and more common in the urban than in the rural districts.—*By Norris Keever, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.*

Although 85 per cent of all criminals begin as juvenile delinquents, we spend about three times as much on their apprehension, conviction and care as on child welfare work. We have the facts but don't do much with them.

Oil-well fires now are extinguished successfully by tunneling to the casing about 20 feet underground and running off enough oil to reduce the flames so they may be smothered.—*By M. A. Adams, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



An Evening's Entertainment

Continued from page 13

and when he swung into the hotel across the way his bulk choked the light coming through that door. Shoofly's whisper rose, agitated.

"There's the saddest thing of all. Ann Fentress is yonder in the hotel."

"Good Lord!" ripped out Shafter. "In this joint?"

"She come with her crew to get supplies. What she didn't know was that her crew was all Breen men. She knows it now. Breen's called 'em to arms and they ain't goin' back to the ranch with her. She couldn't get a man, crooked or honest, to work there for a thousand dollars. Breen won't allow it. Here—wait—"

SHAFTER walked across the dust rapidly. Idle figures moved parallel as if definitely fixed to his orbit and when he glanced aside to the jail office he saw Gan Hardesty standing in a yellow pool of radiance, the electrical grin showing. But as much as these things meant he shook the threat of them out of his mind and went through the hotel door. Inside he saw Breen's broad back—and Ann Fentress.

She was dressed like a man, a supple-bodied girl with vitality and candor shining in her gray-eyed glance.

"If my father were alive—"

"He ain't alive," said Breen, dull and brutal. "He's dead and it will do a girl like you no good to ranch so close to the Outlaw Hills."

"Is that it? You don't want an honest outfit within twenty miles of your town? Look here, Breen, haven't you done enough to the Fentress family? You've hounded us, broken us, stripped our range clean to feed your kind. Why, there's not enough beef left on my place to make breakfast! Isn't that enough?"

"Not enough," said Breen. "Not enough till you're off the place and clear beyond the desert. The Fentress men fought me once. I've spent a good ten years closin' the books on that deal."

Then, though Shafter had not stirred, the vast man felt the warning at his back. He turned slowly, oppressive weight of his rough-carved face leveled at Shafter. In those sullen eyes a burning flare brightened.

"Thought you was the man that only come here for a drink, Mister Shafter?"

"It was my original intention," replied Shafter, slow and soft.

Breen's blackened visage creased into the first semblance of a grin Shafter had noticed so far. It was a contorted, surly, deeply ironic and disbelieving grin. "You think you want to pose again' me, Shafter? Well, all right. Here's a whole town full of my riders. Buck that if you got any cherished desire to do so."

All this while his head was rising and turning. Something in the air bothered him, something emerging from the far edges of the darkness. Not waiting for Shafter's answer, he walked through the door with a faint trace of being hurried and let out a guttural shout: "All right, boys. Do what I told you, and do it sudden!"

Shafter kept his eyes on Ann Fentress. "I have heard of you. In a better day I often saw your dad when he stopped at our place across the desert—on the Spearhead."

The girl studied him with the same proud, tense gravity. "Probably," said she, "I know more about you than you do about me, Slim Shafter. Once you had the reputation for being a reckless, never-caring rider. But," and he thought he detected a small edge of irony in it, "I never heard so much about your high, wide and handsome ways after they killed your father."

He let the resonance of her words die before answering, one hand rising and halting at his belt. "These shots out of the dark sober a man," said he.

"I can understand it would make you a little cautious."

He let out a long breath. "You're sayin' what many a man has said about me—and it ain't easy to live quiet and sing a small tune knowin' I'm pegged thataway. But it's one thing to know that some skunk robbed your chicken coop and another thing to know just which skunk it was."

THE town was deeply quiet. One corner of his mind received and registered the dim trembling of hoofs originating somewhere on the desert as he leaned against the wall and looked across the room, the gravity of his bronzed features more and more accented.

Shafter took one step away from the wall. "I'd never heard it was this bad with you."

"News never gets across the desert. And I'm no hand to beg. Not until tonight when you heard me make my first venture that way on Breen. Wait—what are you doing?"

He was framed in the doorway, whipping his answer over one shoulder. "Stay here. Don't go out on the street."

"You can do nothing for me," said Ann Fentress, rising agitation in her throat. "Don't try it. There is no chance for any of us—never will be. I asked no help of you, Slim Shafter. You couldn't do a thing."

"Whatever happens in the next half hour," muttered the man, "keep still. Say nothing, do nothing." He turned half about, the bronzed cheeks hard with the pressure of a willed calm. "All evenin' I've tried to mind my own business and had no luck. Even in a crooked game the sucker sometimes gets a good hand by accident. Do what I tell you now."

ONE long pace and he was on the porch, roving the street with his glance. Shifting shadows appeared at the western end, a heavy party coming in slowly and formidably. Light flashed on Sheriff Lou Lord's high, flat torso. Shafter, counting the files behind, was surprised at the strength of that posse. If it was to be battle, the sheriff had men enough to make it a bloody one. Then the sheriff halted and his curt voice rang through the town:

"Breen—I want to see you!"

Shafter moved, saw Breen emerge from the jail office. That massive figure came deliberately forward, sending an equally blunt answer ahead of him:

"I'm not pleased at the visit, Lord. You run your affairs, I'll run mine. This is my stampin' ground. I'm high card here. You'll do nothin' about it."

Lord swayed in his saddle. "I'm lookin' for Gan Hardesty. If he's here I'll have him. That dog's pulled his last murder, raided his last range. Don't try to cross me, Breen. I'm capable of rippin' this festerin' heap apart tonight. If he's hidin' here I'll do it, too."

Breen halted abreast of the hotel, broad body dominating the shadows. All his words were bold and angry. "Would you risk turnin' this street into a smear o' blood just on suspicion, Lord? You ain't sure enough of your game bein' here to start a general killin'. You ain't got the right or the warrant to do that—and you won't do it."

Sheriff Lord stiffened, saying nothing. Shafter's eyes lifted to the second story windows again and his mouth became a thinner streak across his face. Breen pursued his thought with an increasing arrogance: "It's Hardesty you want, nobody else. If you can't find him you don't dare start a shootin' bee that'll make your record as a peace officer red forever. As for Hardesty, if he was here I'd protect him. He's one of my boys. I never go back on the men that ask shelter of me. He always comes to me for help and he knows I'll always give it to him."

The sheriff straightened, rode on, turned in at the porch, faced Shafter with an air of surprise. "What the hell, Slim. You're draggin' picket, ain't you?"

"Came for a drink," drawled Shafter.

The sheriff launched his question sharply. "Is Hardesty here?"

Shafter leaned against a porch post, seeing Breen pivot and face him. The posse had drifted forward better to support Lord. But it put them more definitely inside the jaws of this trap, and along the upper windows he got a clear impression of the half-hidden gunmen crouching farther out of the openings. A word spoken and the thing was done—Dry Gulch would break apart.

The sheriff, Shafter thought with a touch of impatience, hadn't gone about this the wise way.

"You're wrong, Sheriff," said he, indolently. "I'm not the answer to this puzzle."

"Ain't you, Slim?" grunted the sheriff. "What are you, a friend of Hardesty's?"

"Not in a million years. You know that. But I'm no tale-bearer. Dammit, man, I don't squeal."

LORD pointed his fist at Breen. "You got good help," he growled, profoundly angered. "I'll admit I can't start a fight on suspicion. One of my posse is worth a thousand Hardestys, and a thousand Breens. Get this, you. I'll hound this country till you're miserable and starved." Turning, he swung his arm in signal. The posse reversed its direction, filing silently from the town. Shafter stood by the porch post, listening to the last trembling echo die off in the south. The street was a-simmer with its own evil and he felt a fleeting sense of futility, one moment's doubt of the long chance he took. Breen's voice rose, jeering and triumphant:

"There went your last chance to get clear of this, Shafter. You're a wise number. One word and you was dead as a last year's bird nest. And so was half of that posse. You was in this play of Lord's. I can see it now. But I had you stopped before you started."

Shafter's glance rose and traveled to the jail office door. It was like a game of

(Continued on page 30)

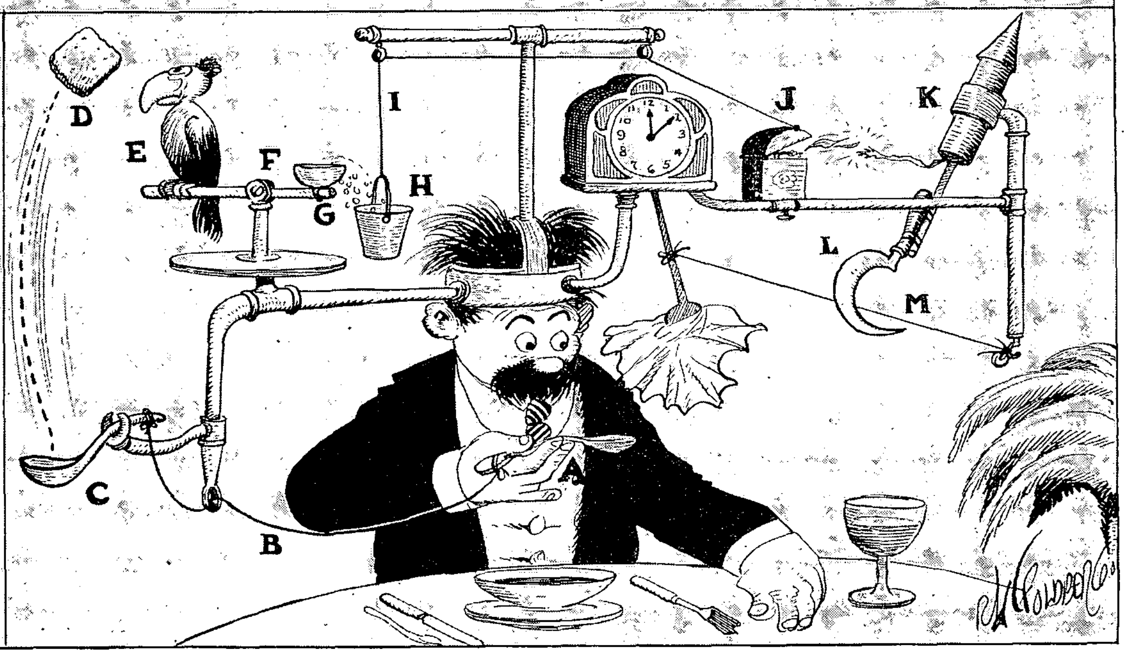
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS WALKS IN HIS SLEEP, STROLLS THROUGH A CACTUS FIELD IN HIS BARE FEET, AND SCREAMS OUT AN IDEA FOR A SELF-OPERATING NAPKIN.

AS YOU RAISE SPOON OF SOUP (A) TO YOUR MOUTH IT PULLS STRING (B), THEREBY JERKING LADLE (C) WHICH THROWS CRACKER (D) PAST PARROT (E). PARROT JUMPS AFTER CRACKER AND PERCH (F) TILTS, UPSETTING SEEDS (G) INTO PAIL (H). EXTRA WEIGHT IN PAIL PULLS CORD (I) WHICH OPENS AND LIGHTS AUTOMATIC CIGAR LIGHTER (J), SETTING OFF SKY-ROCKET (K) WHICH CAUSES SICKLE (L) TO CUT STRING (M) AND ALLOW PENDULUM WITH ATTACHED NAPKIN TO SWING BACK AND FORTH THEREBY WIPING OFF YOUR CHIN.

AFTER THE MEAL, SUBSTITUTE A HARMONICA FOR THE NAPKIN AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO ENTERTAIN THE GUESTS WITH A LITTLE MUSIC.



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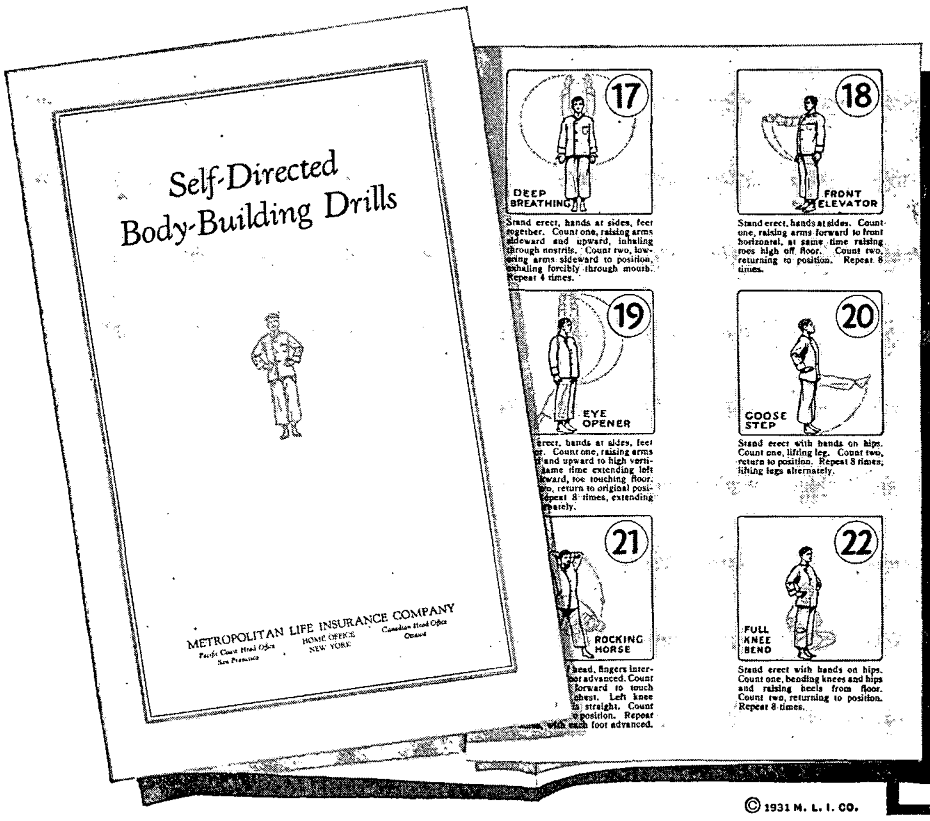

Self-Directed Body-Building Drills

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Pacific Coast Head Office San Francisco
HOME OFFICE NEW YORK
Canadian Head Office Ottawa

17 DEEP BREATHING

Stand erect, hands at sides, feet together. Count one, raising arms sideward and upward, inhaling through nostrils. Count two, lowering arms sideward to position, exhaling forcibly through mouth. Repeat 4 times.

18 FRONT ELEVATOR

Stand erect, hands at sides. Count one, raising arms forward to front horizontal, at same time raising toes high off floor. Count two, returning to position. Repeat 8 times.

19 EYE OPENER

erect, hands at sides, feet r. Count one, raising arms and upward to high verti- same time extending left ward, toe touching floor. o, return to original posi- epeat 8 times, extending ately.

20 GOOSE STEP

Stand erect with hands on hips. Count one, lifting leg. Count two, return to position. Repeat 8 times; lifting legs alternately.

21 ROCKING HORSE

head, fingers inter- or advanced. Count forward to touch chest. Left knee is straight. Count position. Repeat with each foot advanced.

22 FULL KNEE BEND

Stand erect with hands on hips. Count one, bending knees and hips and raising heels from floor. Count two, returning to position. Repeat 8 times.

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More than a million people have sent for copies of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" and Exercise Charts. Each week thousands of letters come to the Metropolitan Tower telling how proper exercise has brought better physical and mental health to the members of the Tower Health League—the biggest gymnasium class in the world. From the Metropolitan Tower special radio exercises are broadcast in fifteen minute periods every morning except Sundays and holidays. You may choose your own class each morning at whatever time is convenient, between 6:45 and 8:00 A. M.

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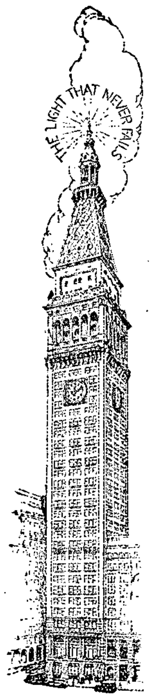
The chances are that you have more brains than brawn and, like the great majority, lack the physical tone needed to help you in your work whatever it may be.

Perhaps you will say, "I get enough exercise and I haven't the slightest desire to have big, bulgy muscles." Bulgy muscles are not essential to good health. Occasional week-end games will not develop the physical tone that comes only from regulated daily exercise the year round.

The muscles you use each day are not the ones which need exercise. Those you do *not* use need it. If you will begin stretching them this autumn, you will soon enjoy a sense of mental and physical well-being and be better fit to meet changing seasons.

Will you try a few experiments in order to find out how many of your muscles are very much in need of exercise? Give yourself fifteen minutes of intelligent muscle-stretching in your own room. Within twenty-four hours you will know which important muscles have been neglected.

Where vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines have replaced brooms and washboards, and automobiles have made long walks unusual, many a good muscle has gone soft. Muscles intended to be used in chopping wood, pumping water, digging, planting, rowing and swimming are likely to be forgotten by those who burn gas or fuel oil, turn faucets, have no gardens and seat themselves comfortably in power boats or motor cars.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Wake up the little-used muscles which need exercise. Remember that your heart is a muscle and that the walls of your blood-vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If your diaphragm, which is a muscle, is not exercised, your lungs can do only part of their work and the abdominal organs will become sluggish because they lack the stimulating massage which an active diaphragm gives.

No one who has any organic weakness should exercise without the advice of a competent physician. Misdirected or too violent exercise may be harmful. Proper and intelligently directed exercise promotes health for young and old and enables them to get more joy out of life.

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2 KINDS • *Original and Menthol-iced*

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM

An Evening's Entertainment

Continued from page 28

stud, with the stakes depending now on the turn of the hole card. His answer to Breen was full and clear enough to pass that jail door and reach the hidden Gan Hardesty:

"I figured that yellow-headed chore boy of yours to be a tough number, Breen. But if you got him buffaloed, he can't be so much. Go tell him he can come from behind your skirts."

"Breen!"

Breen pulled his ponderous self around, facing westward, facing the jail. Gan Hardesty's weaving body passed the yellow rectangle of light, wheeled, paused. And down the fifty-yard interval he shouted again, shaken with a mad, riotous rage: "Breen, I heard that crack you made. Make a fool out of me, will you! Put me up as hangin' to your apron strings! Why—"

Breen cut in, enormously contemptuous. "Shut up! You been tryin' to dispute my authority a long time. Tryin' to make yourself out a mighty bold man. I could of turned you over to Lord easy as not. That'd put a finish to your essays at cuttin' my throat. But it was my pleasure to put you in your place—peg you to the whole county. You come second, Gan. Second to me!"

"Chore hand!" yelled Hardesty. "Well, there'll be no more of that business! I do all the ridin'—I take all the risk! There'll be no more—"

"You pup," grunted Breen. "I picked you up and I made you. I can bust you the same way—"

Shafter strode backward across the porch and stepped inside the hotel, murmuring to himself, "Either way is one man less."

Ann Fentress spoke from the same corner she had always been in, words half drowned in the passionate quarreling coming from outside.

"You played it wrong, Slim. Our chance is gone now."

"I'd not be sure," muttered Shafter. "When tough nuts fall out—"

Breen's roar filled street and hotel. "Stop that, Gan!" Then the wrenching explosion of a gun shook Dry Gulch on its rotten foundations. Shafter's cheeks snapped into long lines, his nostrils thinned. Out there the unbreakable Breen let both arms fall in an attitude of defeat. He took one faltering step backward, was transfixed by the hotel lights. His head rose, his lips curled in a sneer of pain, and he broke at all his joints. When he fell, it was with an impact audible from street-end to street-end. Dust made a shroud over him.

GAN HARDESTY'S shrill cry followed the fall. "Run 'em out, boys! Give it to 'em if they want it!" Shafter recoiled from the door, seeing that end of the street fill with men on the gallop. Shots broke raggedly, half-heartedly. Along the second-story windows he saw no streak of muzzle light and he knew then what it was to be. Breen's men wouldn't fight for a dead chief. It was Gan Hardesty's town now. Still facing the door, he retreated on the balls of his feet. One flicking side glance located Ann Fentress, face shadowed.

"Stand aside," he muttered. "Out of line—"

He stopped then. Gan Hardesty was in the door, yellow hair falling across his forehead and all the reckless features moving with an uncontrolled passion. He was breathing hard, smiling as a man would smile whose lips were pulled apart by physical stress; and the catlike eyes gleamed on Shafter, brilliant and deadly.

"It's a long time you fooled around without lookin' for me!" he cried. "I'm tired of waitin'! If that's what you come for tonight—say so!"

Shafter's tall frame swayed slightly forward. Along the edge of his brows hovered a powder-blue darkness. "I never was certain," said he, softly. "Not until now."

"You came for it—!"

Slim Shafter's vision was narrowed until nothing but the body of Hardesty registered. He saw Hardesty's arm drop. There was a stain on Hardesty's shirt front that absorbed him. Isolated, impartial, cold currents flowing along his fibers, he felt his gun kick back and heard the roar as from a distance. Below that stain on Hardesty's shirt appeared another and deeper one. Something extraordinary was happening on the street, one furious volley answered by a still heavier volley. Hoofs came pounding in, loose and fast. The sheriff's posse had come back. Divided of mind he saw pallor creep across Hardesty's face, saw it turn white and cold. The man's gun fell, he put out a hand to touch the supporting walls and, failing to hold himself, pitched on his face.

The outside fighting rolled tempestuously back toward the jail office like a comber charging up to a beach and, like the break of that comber, it reached a solid thunder and broke into a hundred fragments of diminishing sound. Boots ran over the porch. Sheriff Lord came through the door with half a dozen men supporting him. When he saw the scene, the sheriff stood still.

"They had you covered, Slim. That's why you couldn't tell me?"

Slim Shafter automatically holstered his gun. The tension of muscle left him a little irritable. "Won't anybody get this clear?" he grumbled. "I wouldn't of told you if I'd had armorplate on. When I knew for certain Hardesty was the man, it was my fight—not yours."

"You come to brace these buzzards alone?"

"Thunderation, no! I came for a drink. The rest was extra."

SHERIFF LORD made a motion of defeat with his arm and swung away.

"I'm goin' to scrub this town behind the ears. Come along, boys. No use wastin' time on this crazy foreman."

Slim Shafter lifted his head to the girl, fine lines deepening about his eye corners.

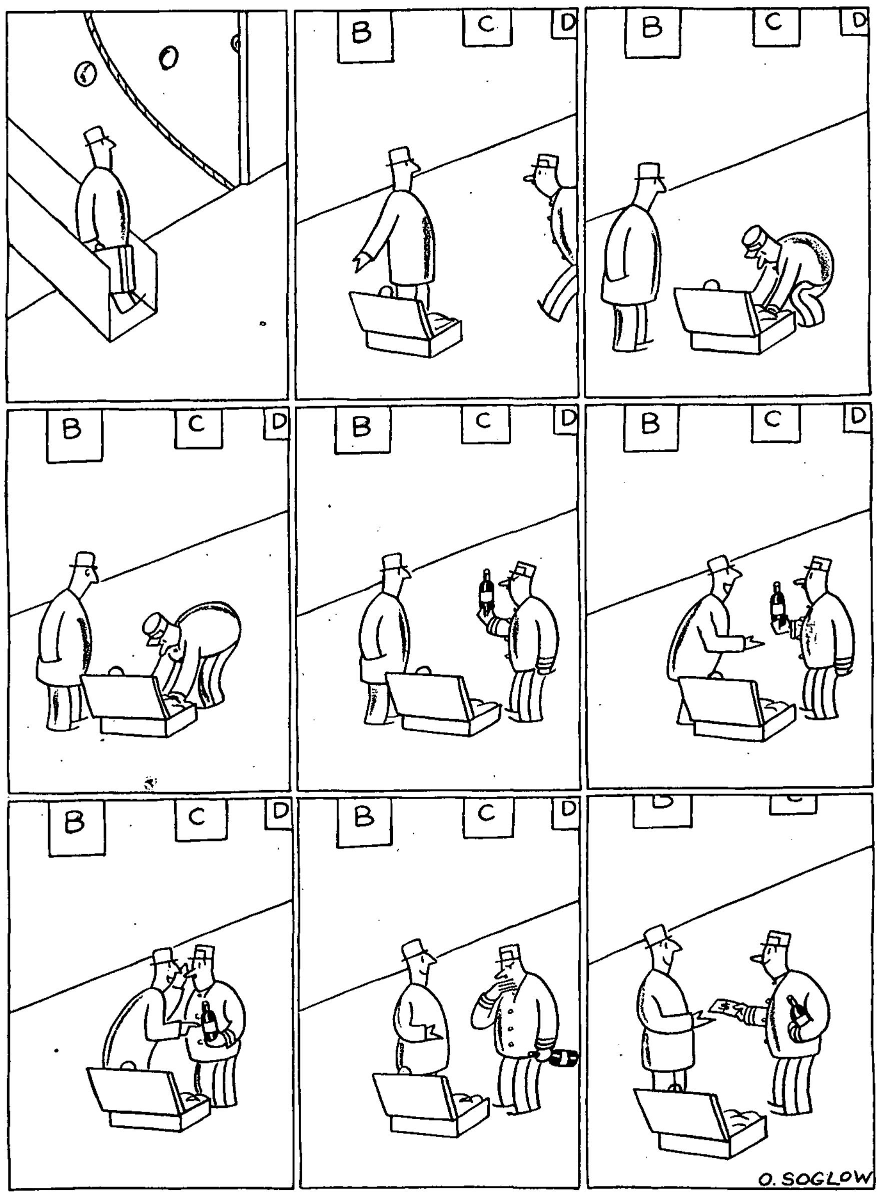
"We're both poor people," said he, "and we're both gamblers. Wouldn't be a bad idea to get organized. If you want a foreman—"

She was studying him, sober and intent. "Take the job, Slim, and see what you can make of it."

"Well, now," said he, "what can a man make of a foreman's job except hard work?"

The soberness, the long-held worry of her glance began to soften with an emerging light. "You're a gambler, aren't you? Then set your stakes, Slim, and play for them."

"Sometimes," said Slim Shafter, words plucking the strings of melody, "I think I'm powerfully slow. Always like to be sure of a thing—too sure, maybe. Ann, I'll essay to improve."



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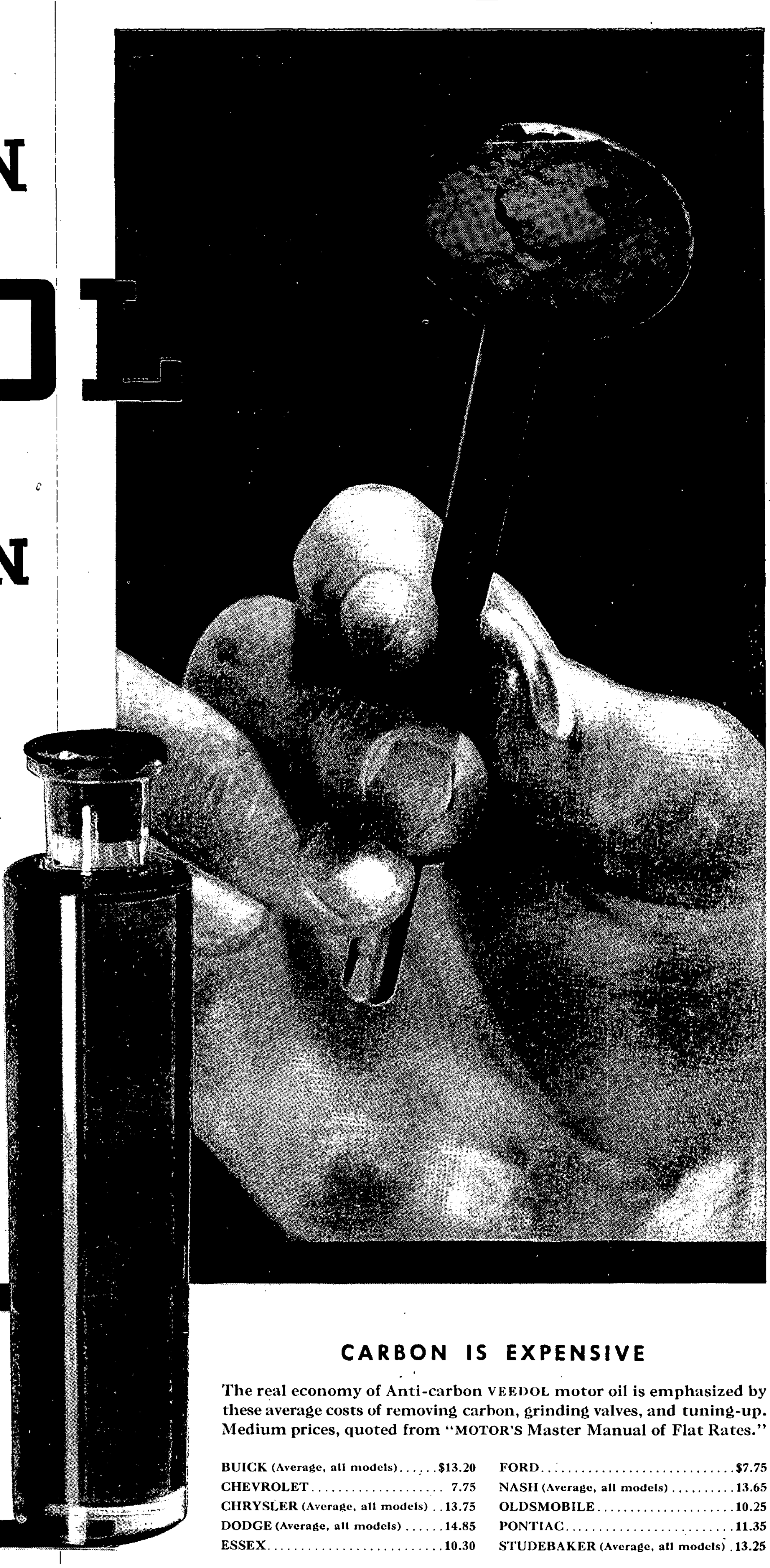

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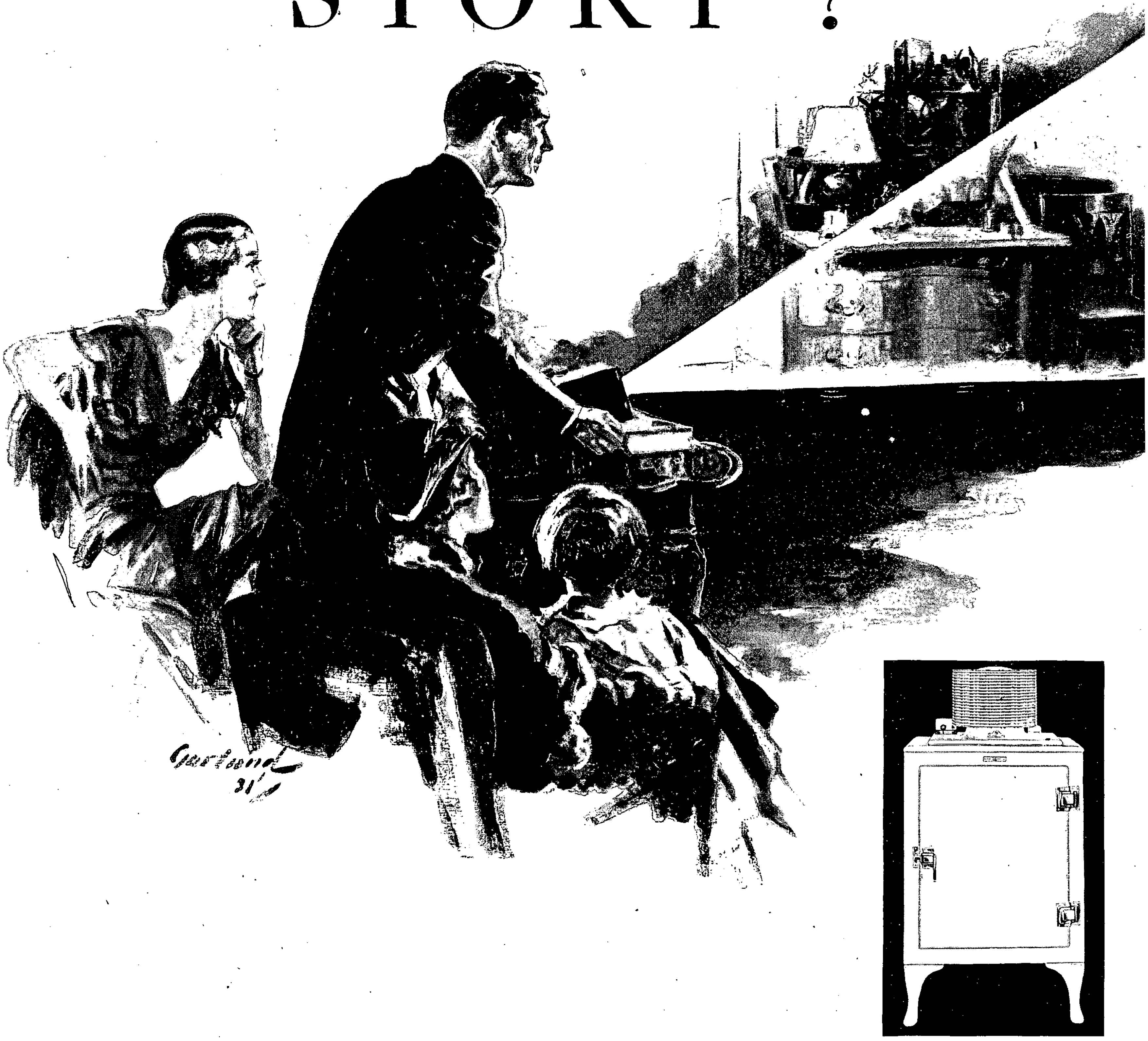
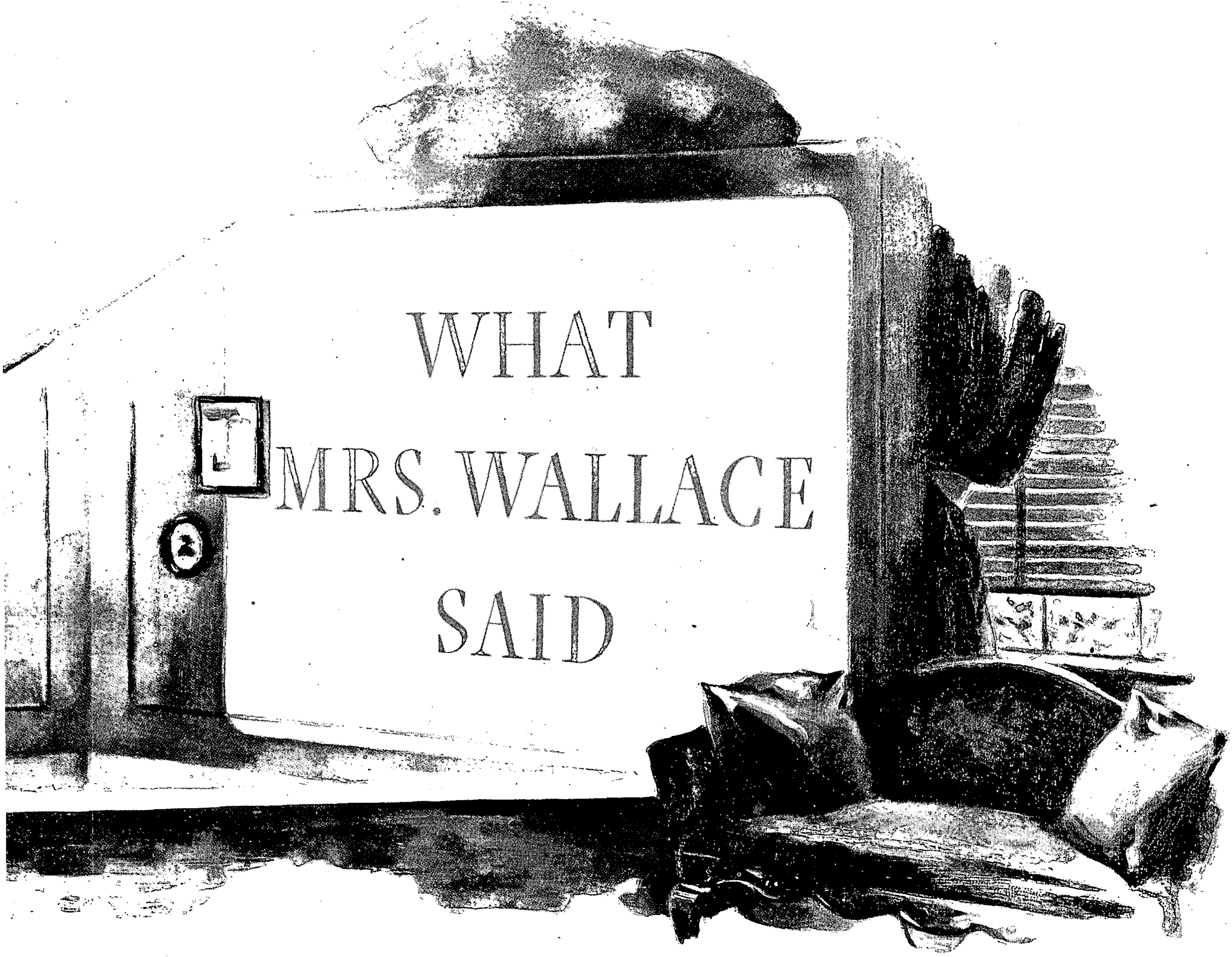


ONVENIENCE TO MILLIONS . . . .



WHAT MRS. WALLACE SAID

MRS. WALLACE, like the average American housewife, is eager for higher standards of living. She belongs to a bridge club—enjoys simple entertaining—delights in serving new and appetizing dishes. She, too, keeps house on a budget and is ultra-conservative in her expenditures. She is beset almost daily with the problem of stretching dollars—of saving on one item to cover some unexpected expense on another.

That which Mrs. Wallace wanted most she postponed buying because there was no allowance for it in her budget. One day she learned that she was really paying for it anyway—without enjoying the benefits of ownership. She learned that many dollars were being unknowingly wasted in the purchase of foodstuffs and in the preparation of meals—that the savings she could make would more than pay for a General Electric Refrigerator.

Mrs. Wallace's story is told in pictures in her own way—an interesting story of facts showing what the General Electric accomplished for her in convenience and economy. The General Electric representative will be glad to show this illustrated story in your own living room. He is courteous, considerate and a thoroughly informed expert in home refrigeration. You are under no obligation to buy when you invite him into your home.

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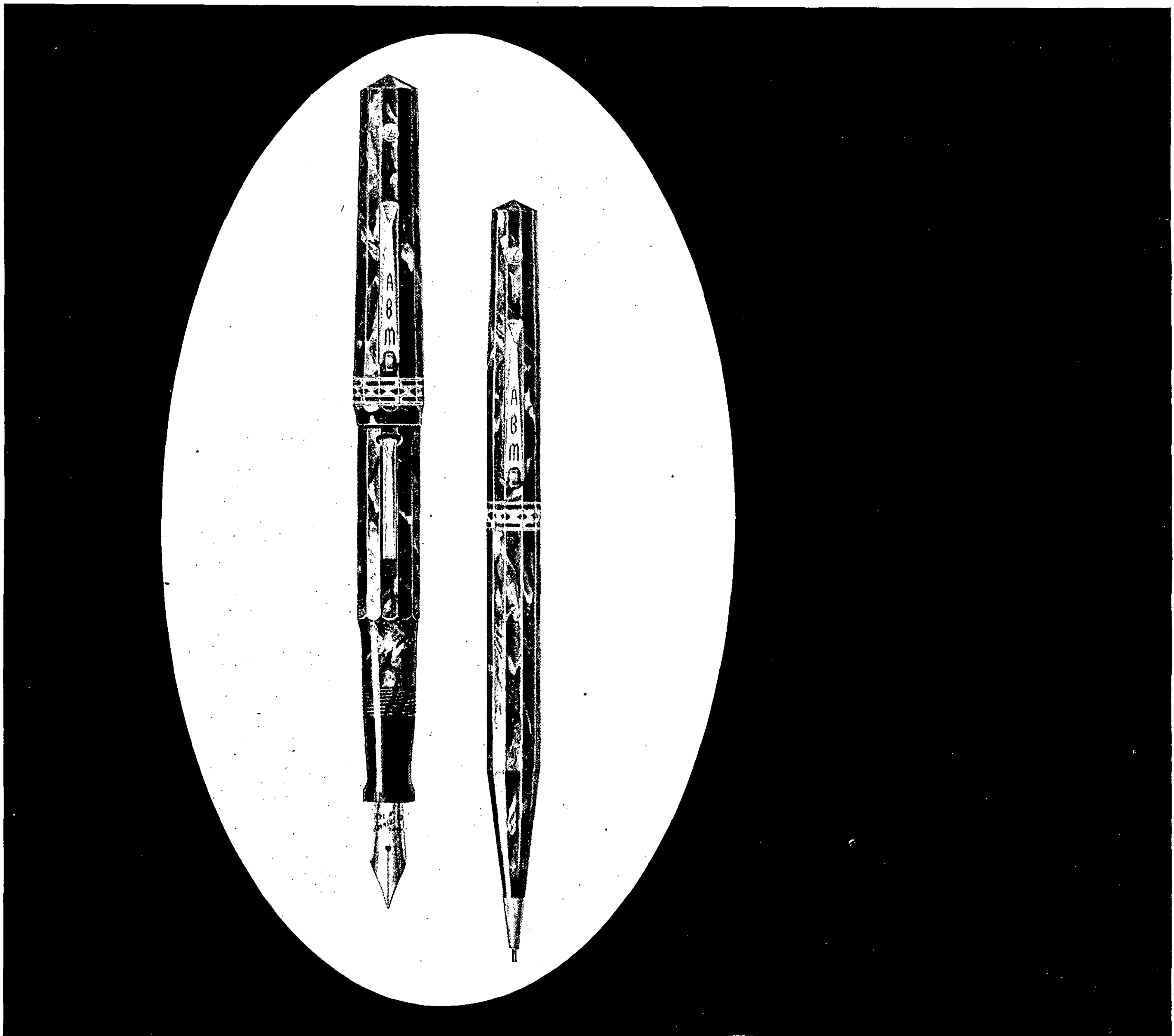
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS



The New Eversharp DORIC

As brilliant emeralds out-sparkle bottle glass, so do these new *twelve-sided* Doric Eversharps in Kashmir Pearl eclipse all other pens and pencils. . . . They are slender deep-green prisms of flashing beauty—with all the classic elegance of fine jewelry. And they are equally superior as writing instruments—featherweight, better balanced; their tapering sides infinitely more comfortable of grip. . . . The pens are individually *fitted* to your writing style—with your choice of Eversharp's 14 interchangeable points instantly assembled with the holder you prefer. . . . Both pens and pencils personalized with your initials, engraved on the clips in modern *DORIC* letters.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

EVERSHARP
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PENS AND PENCILS

DORIC models in five treasure colors: CATHAY (silver-green pearl); MOROCCO (ruby pearl and black); KASHMIR (emerald pearl and black); BURMA (grey pearl and jet); and JET (ebony-black). The pens $7.50 to $10.00. The pencils $4.50 and $5.00.

ROUND Eversharps in distinctive tapered models and popular colors—with personal-point selection, unconditionally guaranteed for life. Pens $5 to $8. Pencils $3.50 and $4. Other Eversharp Pens $3 to $4.50. Pencils $1 to $50.

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THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PEN AND PENCIL

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 21

at all. He was staring with fixed eyes, a frigid sensation of terror numbing his limbs, at the slim figure of a man crossing the road some twenty or thirty paces away.

Then he sprang into his car. "Take me to the club, Hedges," he said, "and drive quickly!"

Reuben Argels was afraid—but of what?

SIR MAURICE HARTER, the Harley Street physician, world-famous for his treatment of nerves, completed his examination, looked Argels up and down, and smiled. The reassurance of that smile was in itself a godsend to his patient.

"Physically," the physician pronounced, "you are as fit as a bell. There are indications of your nerves having been troubled. Tell me of this fear to which you've referred."

Argels hesitated.

"I will tell you," he confided, "what is at the root of it all. What I am afraid of is the ill will, the revenge, of a man who is in Sing Sing prison in New York, sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He cannot possibly escape. He cannot possibly get a remission of more than five years. Therefore, for ten years he is between steel-lined walls. Yet I am afraid of him."

"Well, that fear hasn't done you much harm up till now," the physician remarked cheerfully. "What was his grievance?"

"I'll be frank," Argels explained. "I let him down. At the trial, if I had given my evidence differently, I could have got him off with, at any rate, a very much lighter sentence. It would have brought others into the affair—myself for one—but it would certainly have altered the whole aspect of the case so far as he was concerned. I piled the whole thing onto his shoulders."

The physician fidgeted in his chair.

"Don't tell me any more," he begged. "I wish to treat your case sympathetically, and your confession is not exactly pleasant hearing. Have you ever felt like making a statement to the authorities?"

Argels' eyes narrowed. The twist to his mouth made him look like a wild beast.

"Not for a single moment," he replied. "It's too late now. They couldn't reopen the whole trial."

"In any case, it's not my affair," the doctor continued, taking up his pen. "I shall give you a course of medicine which I have found very efficacious in such cases as yours, and a sleeping draught, but, as a physician, I must tell you this: Your cure depends largely upon yourself. You must exercise your will power. You must keep the thought of that unhappy man out of your mind whenever you can. You must see as much as possible of your friends, and indulge in such pleasures as appeal to you. Don't be alone too much unless you have a hobby, such as reading or collecting. My medicine may do you some good. You can do yourself a great deal more."

"Thank you," Argels said. "And your fee, doctor?"

"Five guineas. . . . Thank you. I am a physician, remember, and not a moralist, but I have come to the conclusion, from close observation, that the worst cases of unbalanced nerves with which I have ever had to deal are those in which the sufferers are afflicted with a bad conscience. If you could find any means of undoing a portion of the harm which you seem to have done to this man, you would have a much better chance of complete recovery."

Argels picked up his hat. The physician appeared not to notice his extended hand, and he was already halfway to the door when a voice from behind stopped him.

"By the bye, Mr. Argels, have you seen the newspapers this morning?" Sir Maurice inquired.

Argels swung round. "I haven't this morning," he admitted. "Why?"

The physician pointed to a paragraph in the Times which lay upon a table by his side.

"There appears to have been a mutiny in Sing Sing prison last night," he announced.

"A mutiny!" Argels exclaimed. "Good God! What happened? Did any prisoners escape?"

"Five guards were shot, and eleven prisoners escaped," the physician recounted. "You see what it says. Two were recaptured, but nine escaped into the city, and, so far, have evaded arrest."

Every scrap of Argels' reawakened confidence was gone. The color seemed drained from his cheeks. He snatched the paper away, and read the paragraph feverishly. There were no names mentioned.

"Good God!" he repeated.

"Was your friend," the physician asked, "a man of courage, a man likely to associate himself with an attempt of this sort?"

Argels nodded. His tongue was too dry for speech.

"There were four prisoners shot," the doctor pointed out. "He might have been one of those."

"I hope to God he was," was the muttered response.

Argels left the room, descended to the street, and got into his automobile. At his office a cablegram was awaiting him. He tore it open. It was from New York:

TROUBLE HERE IN PRISON LAST NIGHT 1790 NOT CONCERNED REFUSED TO LEAVE CELL THOUGH HIS GUARD WAS KILLED AND HIS DOOR UNLOCKED DURING STAMPEDE WILL PROBABLY GET ANOTHER YEAR OFF SENTENCE OTHERWISE EVERYTHING AS USUAL. WALKER

Argels drew a long gasp of relief as the thin sheet of paper fluttered from his fingers. Then he spoke through the desk telephone to the outer office.

"Tell Mr. Gascoigne to come in," he directed.

MR. GASCOIGNE made prompt appearance. He wished his employer good morning.

"Market's opening dullish, sir," he announced. "There won't be much doing until we hear from New York this afternoon."

Argels nodded. He was himself again now, astute, cunning, in his way shrewd. He wrote rapidly with a colored pencil upon a sheet of foolscap, and made a calculation.

"When's next account day, Gascoigne?" he asked.

"The fourteenth, sir."

"Very good. I'm going to have a flutter. I'll sell ten thousand Christophers for the next account, and ten thousand Bennetts, and I'll buy fifteen thousand Eagles."

Gascoigne looked at his master covertly. He knew very well that the latter was not accustomed to take personal tips freely, that he seldom listened to the brokers' advice, and that there was

(Continued on page 36)

Like
billowy pillows
under your feet
. . . when you
lay your rugs over
Ozite
Rug Cushion
Ozite
RUG CUSHION

DO this favor for yourself: Step into any store selling floor coverings and ask to *walk on Ozite!* Feel its thrilling softness—"like billowy pillows." Notice how it makes even inexpensive rugs seem as deep and "cushiony" as priceless orientals.

And its economy is equally remarkable. Ozite repays its own low cost by *doubling the life of your rugs!* Acting as a protecting buffer, it eliminates the friction caused by heels hammering the rug against the floor. Thus Ozite not only makes your rugs *feel* doubly valuable, but prolongs their life so they *are* worth twice as much!

It is costing you money to be without Ozite. Why not enjoy it now? Let Ozite enrich your home . . . increase your pride and pleasure in your rugs . . . save them from wear. Be sure to see your floor covering dealer—or telephone him now to deliver your Ozite Cushions.

Genuine Ozite has many advantages, so be sure you get the original. Ozite is a cushion of pure OZONIZED HAIR (not jute or vegetable fibres!) Permanently mothproofed . . . made by exclusive processes that double its value. Never wears out . . . remains forever soft and resilient. **Each cushion is taped and overcast on all edges. Sold everywhere under our guarantee** of satisfaction.

BE SURE to see the name OZITE impressed on the face of every Rug Cushion you purchase. This is for your protection.

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Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets", including information on stain removal.

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Address

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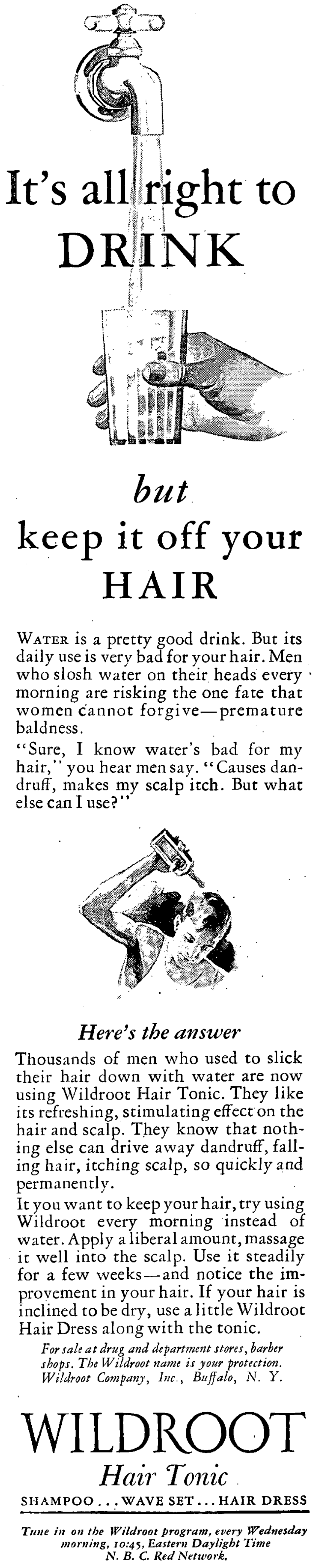


It's all right to DRINK

but

keep it off your HAIR

WATER is a pretty good drink. But its daily use is very bad for your hair. Men who slosh water on their heads every morning are risking the one fate that women cannot forgive—premature baldness.

"Sure, I know water's bad for my hair," you hear men say. "Causes dandruff, makes my scalp itch. But what else can I use?"

Here's the answer

Thousands of men who used to slick their hair down with water are now using Wildroot Hair Tonic. They like its refreshing, stimulating effect on the hair and scalp. They know that nothing else can drive away dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp, so quickly and permanently.

If you want to keep your hair, try using Wildroot every morning instead of water. Apply a liberal amount, massage it well into the scalp. Use it steadily for a few weeks—and notice the improvement in your hair. If your hair is inclined to be dry, use a little Wildroot Hair Dress along with the tonic.

For sale at drug and department stores, barber shops. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic

SHAMPOO . . . WAVE SET . . . HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Daylight Time N. B. C. Red Network.

(Continued from page 35)

nothing in the financial news to account for such a transaction.

"I was under the impression, sir," he remarked, "that you thought rather well of Christophers and Bennetts."

"In the long run, perhaps," Argels agreed. "This is just a flutter on today's market."

"Eagles we have rather a black mark against," Gascoigne reminded his employer. "Richardson told us that he knew for a fact that Mindles, the managing director, had unloaded forty thousand shares during the last three months."

"I have been carefully into the figures," Argels confided. "As for Mindles, he's always dabbling in fresh things, and needing capital. Spread that business out amongst three of our brokers."

GASCOIGNE ventured upon no further comment and made noiseless disappearance. His employer watched the door close, and smoked thoughtfully for a few minutes. He knew the man's ways thoroughly, and he knew very well that he disliked the operation he had been called upon to carry out. He glanced briefly at the Stock Exchange Register, but threw it down after a minute or two. The figures might mean anything. He was trusting, not a girl, he reflected, but Andrew Pulwitter himself.

Pulwitter had many friends on the Stock Exchange, had already a reputation as a shrewd and successful speculator, and certainly possessed one or two wonderful sources of information. It was just a stroke of luck that he had been able to tap them. . . .

There was a knock at the door, and Gascoigne entered again.

"Mr. Andrew Pulwitter has telephoned, sir," he announced. "He would like to see you for a few minutes any time this morning. He suggested coming round at once, if you were free."

Argels whistled softly to himself.

"Tell Mr. Pulwitter that I am in now, and shall be glad to receive his visit," he enjoined.

Mr. Andrew Pulwitter greeted Argels very much as though they had only parted the night before. As usual, he ignored the latter's instinctively outstretched hand, and kept his own upon his hat. He settled himself comfortably in the easy-chair which Argels indicated, but shook his head at the cigar box.

"I'll smoke my wee pipe," he decided, and produced a well-colored briar, an ancient tobacco box, and some matches. In a few moments he was smoking with obvious enjoyment.

"It is the Bamford Trust I'm thinking about, Argels. Do you mind the covenant we made?"

"As though anyone could forget such a *thing!*" Argels rejoined. "We were to keep the matter of the Trust an entire secret, and we were to let the money stand until the first of next month, when we were to make a simultaneous withdrawal."

The Scotchman nodded.

"You've a correct apprehension of the terms," he admitted, "and I've no doubt you appreciate the difficulty that's arisen. I am referring to the simultaneous withdrawal."

Argels had a sudden instinct that there was something sinister underlying this apparently innocent visit. He answered with the utmost caution.

"The simultaneous withdrawal is all right so far as you and I are concerned," he remarked. "Chambers' presents, of course, a certain amount of difficulty."

"Aye," his visitor agreed. "The question is what is to be done about the third share? The trust is to become extinct, as you know. I was thinking myself that Chambers' power of attorney might have acted in the matter, but I've information that they've no knowledge of or instructions about the affair."

Argels was conscious of a growing sense of excitement. He concealed it, however, under a mantle of well-assumed indifference.

"Well, I really don't know what to suggest," he said. "The arrangement was definite enough between us, only, of course, we didn't anticipate any trouble of this sort."

"It was simple enough to start with, but it has become a delicate piece of business," the Scotchman reflected. "You will remember that at the time we formed the idea, we were glutted with money, and there was nothing but dear investments all round us. We didn't want to open up on the English market in our own names, so Moran Chambers, you and I put eighty thousand pounds each into the hands of Bamford and Co., with a schedule of investments, and made a little trust of the capital. The idea was my own, and the selection of the investments, and I am proud of it, for, though we did many a good deal in the old days, there was never one that turned out so well as this."

"Have you any idea of the precise figures?" Argels asked.

"There's five hundred and ninety-six thousand pounds, sixteen shillings and fourpence, between the three of us," Andrew Pulwitter announced, his tongue lingering lovingly over the figures. "A tidy sum it is, too. Bamford's done even better for himself by following on the same lines, but I'm not grudging him a penny of it. He wants to be free of the Trust now. He's bought a yacht; and he's off round the world next month."

Argels leaned forward in his chair. Every business sense in the man was alert.

"I have always looked upon you as the leader in this enterprise, Pulwitter," he said craftily. "What do you propose?"

"I'm not aware that I have any cut-and-dried proposals to offer," the Scotchman replied, after a brief pause. "I thought there'd be no harm, though, in our having a word or two together, and just refreshing our memories as to the general conditions of the Trust. The money was lodged in our joint names, to be claimed upon the first of next month, when the Trust was to cease. But we failed to make any provision as to the share of a possible absentee. Therefore, as things stand at the present moment, there will be a sum of a trifle under two hundred thousand pounds going begging."

"THAT seems rather a sad contingency," Argels reflected smoothly. "You drew up the agreement, Pulwitter, and you know the law in this country better than I do. I shall be content to follow in your footsteps."

Andrew Pulwitter frowned.

"You are throwing the whole responsibility of the decision upon me, young man," he pointed out severely.

"I consider that it belongs to you," was the smiling retort. "You drew up the agreement. The whole idea of the Trust, in fact, originated with you."

The Scotchman knocked out his pipe, and refilled it in leisurely fashion. Argels, under a mask of well-assumed indifference, was waiting eagerly for him to continue.

"It's not often," the former confessed, "that I smoke a second pipe before lunch, but the matter between us is a momentous one, and I am anxious to be clear-headed. Five hundred and ninety-six thousand pounds—we'll not worry for a moment about the shillings and pence—is a matter of two hundred thousand pounds for you, two hundred thousand for me, and two hundred thousand, which, according to the terms of our private agreement, belongs, so far as I can see, to nobody. If it belongs to nobody, the law might hold that it should be added to our share, which would mean one hundred thousand pounds extra for you, and one hundred thousand pounds extra for me."

Argels remained silent.

"You grasp the situation, lad?" Pulwitter asked at length.

Argels pulled himself together with an effort.

"I do indeed," he admitted. "The question is, are we justified, do you think, in adding Moran Chambers' share to our own, as he is unable to fulfill the terms of our agreement? What is your opinion, Pulwitter?"

A gleam of unconscious admiration twinkled for a moment in the Scotchman's eye. He had counted upon the other's feverish avariciousness. He had not given him credit for so much self-restraint.

"'Tis a very difficult matter," he acknowledged. "We'll perhaps be wise to give it a little further consideration."

"We have still nearly a month before us," Argels pointed out.

Pulwitter nodded.

"You have read, maybe, of the outbreak in the prison yesterday?" he observed, after a brief silence.

"I can tell you probably more than you know," Argels confided. "Moran Chambers refused to leave his cell, although the door was unlocked."

"You're not telling me that!" Pulwitter exclaimed, with apparent incredulity.

"I'm not only telling you, but it's the truth," Reuben Argels declared, handing over the cable. "That comes from someone who knows."

ANDREW PULWITTER read the dispatch through, word by word, and handed it back.

"I'm not doubting the authenticity of the cable, but it's not like the Moran Chambers of the old days," he pointed out. "He'd get into any fight that was going, for the sake of the fighting."

Argels assented gloomily.

"I thought that myself," he confessed, "but they say that even a few months in prison make a marvelous difference in a man's disposition."

"That may be so," Pulwitter acknowledged, "but, even though it wasn't like Moran, he seems to have done the wise thing. . . . You've no suggestion to make, then, Mr. Argels, concerning the immediate object of my visit?"

"I'd sooner trust to your judgment than to mine," Argels reiterated. "Everything you touch, they tell me, spells success."

"Childish exaggeration, my lad!" Andrew Pulwitter assured him, knocking the ashes carefully from his pipe and rising to his feet. "Are you seeing much of the lady, these days?"

The old look of strain was back again for a moment upon Argels' face. It took every effort of his will to keep Ambouyna Kotinzi in the background of his day-by-day thought.

"I see her very seldom," he replied. "She seems to be more devoted to her work than ever. She is doing two pictures, I believe—one in Germany, and one in London. How she can stand it, I don't know."

"They've courage, these lassies, when they're gifted as she is," Andrew Pulwitter observed. "I don't mind telling you, Argels, as a business acquaintance, that she made a hundred thousand for me in that last film."

Argels choked back a passionate ejaculation.

"She wouldn't let me put in a penny," he confided.

"Ah, well, you're not such a very old friend," the visitor pointed out.

(Continued on page 38)

Amazing Majestic Creations

Majestic's Supreme Achievement

From the radio laboratories of the whole world come these new and important MAJESTIC features . . . .

THESE new and mighty Majestics offer features destined to make new radio history. Never before have such outstanding improvements been incorporated in a line of radio receivers—improvements that will set the whole radio world talking.

And again Majestic is the one to do it.

FIRST, in Germany Majestic discovered the entirely new Spray-Shield tube, and adapted it to American principles. Even hardened engineers, used to hearing and comparing the quality of reception from many different types of radio, are astounded at the exceptionally clear reception from this new-day receiver with these amazing new tubes.

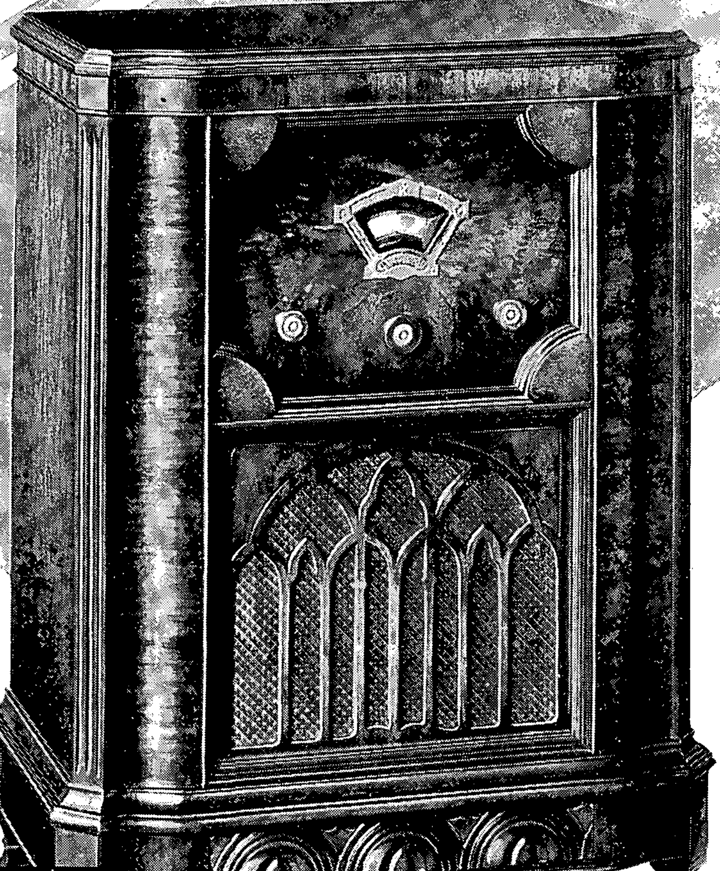
SECONDLY, in England Majestic discovered twin-power detection. And again Majestic engineers improved and adapted to American principles an idea that is destined to create radio history. Think of it! Not ordinary power, but *twin-power* detection! You sit, listen, enjoy, and realize that here indeed is a real improvement. This particular feature, modeled after the "Perfect Quality Receiver" in the Science Museum at South Kensington, London, is one of the most outstanding ever offered.

THEN, TOO, there is the "Modulated" circuit, equally sensational. Developed after days and nights of intensive research by Majestic engineers, this new circuit not only takes full advantage of the developments mentioned, but in itself contributes in a noteworthy way to the amazing depth of tone possible in these new and mighty Majestics.

Now, more than ever before, the American public is offered, in the Majestic radio, values that are EXCEPTIONAL in quality and price.

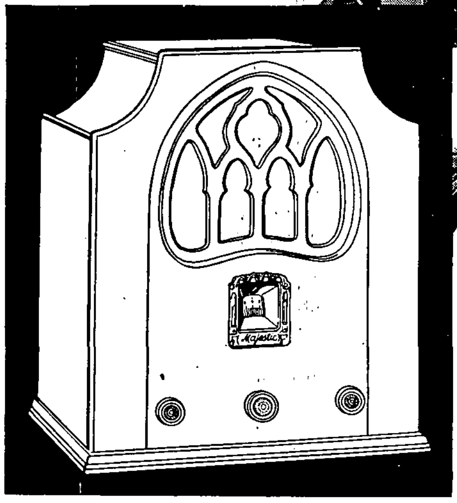
Just listen to the new Majestic . . . and you will be convinced that here at last is the receiver you have always wanted, at the price you can well afford to pay.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW CO., 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.



MAJESTIC BRENTWOOD

Jacobean Lowboy with marvelously grained matched butt walnut center panel with lacewood overlays. Side panels of Serpentine curved walnut. Recessed Gothic grill. The Majestic superheterodyne chassis uses 9 tubes, including Spray-Shield, Multi-Mu and Twin Pentode Output, Twin Power Detection, tone control and Grand Opera Speaker. Complete with tubes $99.50

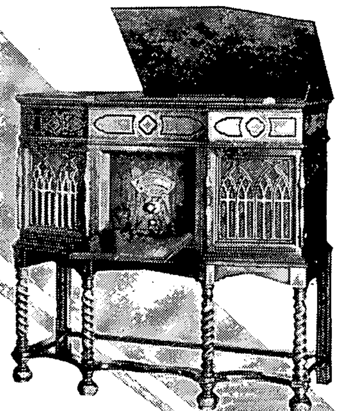


MAJESTIC HAVENWOOD

Exceptionally selective and beautifully toned. Georgian design with recessed Gothic grill in matched walnut front panel. Imported boxwood inlays. Majestic famous superheterodyne chassis providing "Modulated" circuit, tone control. Spray-Shield and Pentode tubes and full dynamic speaker. Complete with tubes $44.50

8 beautiful models from $44.50 to $290

All prices slightly higher West of the Rockies.



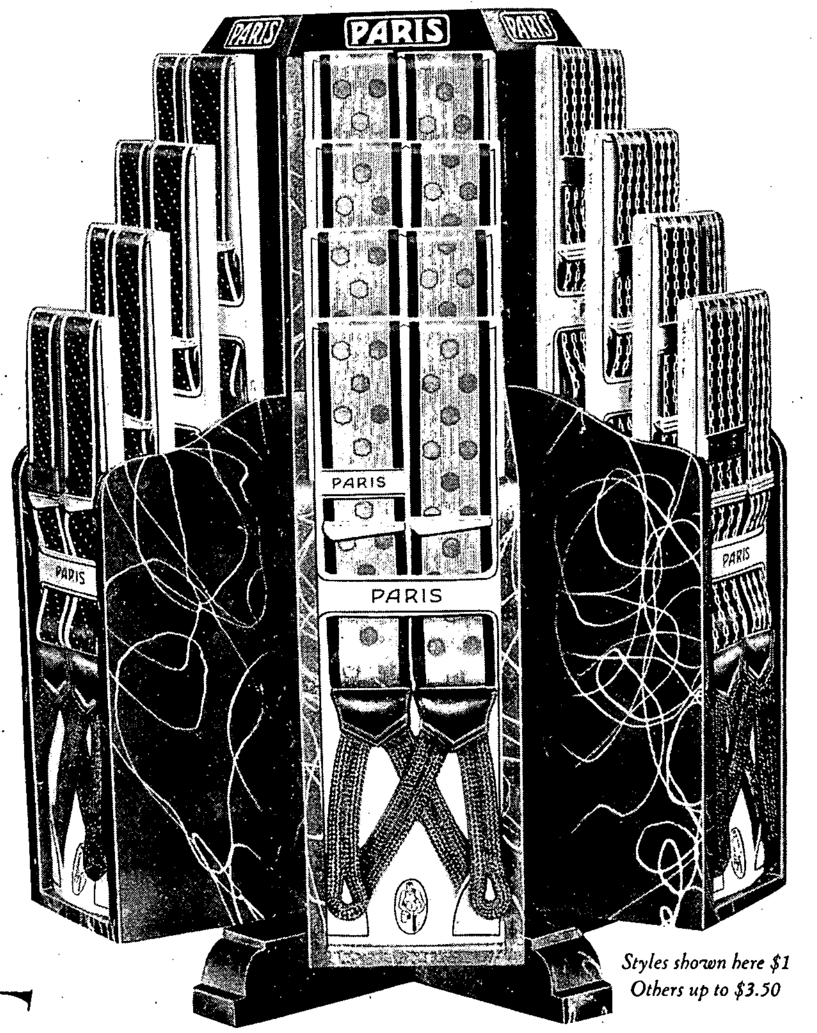
MAJESTIC ABBEYWOOD

Our finest 10-tube superheterodyne radio-phonograph. Complete $290

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., Hazeltine, La Tour, and Lowell & Dunmore.

MULTI-MU *and* PENTODE . . . *of course*



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You will find just what you want in Paris Suspenders—supreme comfort, matchless value, absolute satisfaction and fine styling. And what a pleasure for you to make your selections from this Paris display! At a glance, you see 24 pairs of the month's best suspender values and styles. The better stores feature this Paris exhibit for your convenience.

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"Steinloom" elastics, used exclusively in Paris Suspenders and Paris Garters, are the best produced. Made in mills owned by us. Paris quality never varies—except to improve. Paris are the world's largest elastic producers—you get the benefit of large production economies—naturally, better values.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remember, Paris Suspenders, like Paris Garters, are fully guaranteed to satisfy you. Styles illustrated $1—Others up to $3.50. When you are offered something "just as good"—insist on Paris. For your own protection, refuse to accept imitations. Substitutes, at any price, cost YOU too much.

Patented Paris Package

To make sure that your Paris Suspenders reach you neat and trim, clean and fresh, Paris perfected and patented the folder shown in the stand above. You'll like this added note of Paris service — it's a fine improvement.

Memo to Merchants

If you do not have Paris Suspenders—write for details. Just pin this memo to your letterhead — we'll do the rest.

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1142 West Congress Street - Chicago

PARIS
SUSPENDERS
Keep UP your good appearance

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The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 36

Argels' reserve broke down. He broached the question which had been tormenting him for weeks.

"Can you tell me why," he demanded, "she keeps or seems to keep aloof from men altogether? Has she a secret lover—someone whom she hides out of the way? Is there any truth in the report—the newspapers are positively blatant about it—that in Hungary—"

Andrew Pulwitter rose to his feet—a stern and patriarchal figure he seemed at that moment.

"'Tis never a very safe subject to discuss—the subject of the ladies of our acquaintance," he said. "We will end the discussion, with your permission. Turn your thoughts to that other matter, Mr. Argels. Let me hear from you if you have anything to suggest."

"You shall hear from me if I have," was the mechanical reply.

"Are you doing anything on the market this week?" Pulwitter inquired. "They're speaking well of Eagles."

"Nothing much," Argels answered indifferently. "Things are too high for my fancy."

The Scotchman stroked his chin.

"You're better informed than I am, without a doubt," he remarked. "I'm not operating myself to any extent for the moment. They do say that Eagles—well, never mind about that just now. You've fine offices here—fine surroundings to make your money in. A good, intelligent staff, too, from the look of them. I'll be wishing you good morning, Mr. Argels. We'll have to set to work separately to find a solution to this very disturbing problem."

Andrew Pulwitter made his way out into the busy street, and the clerks and typists, the millionaires and the paupers amongst whom he moved, exchanged glances of amusement as he passed. Argels remained alone in his office, all his Levantine cunning shining out of his eyes. He was asking himself one question, and one question only. What was the real meaning of Andrew Pulwitter's call?

A STOCKY, well-dressed man, middle-aged, with confident bearing and manner, was ushered into Reuben Argels' presence a few days later. The latter looked at the card he was holding.

"Mr. Huddleston of Huddleston & Wyatt," he observed. "I understand that you have a letter from a young lady of my acquaintance—Miss Withers."

The visitor produced it. Reuben Argels' amiability increased at the sight of the writing which was becoming quite well known to him. It consisted of a few lines only, and was dated from Violet's rooms in Shepherds' Market.

Dear Mr. Argels,

Mr. Huddleston is on the point of making an arrangement with Mr. Pulwitter for the flotation of his business. He is a timber merchant in a large way in Lambeth, and the bank references, which I have read carefully, are excellent. Mr. Pulwitter is trying to drive a very hard bargain, I think, for, when I went down to the works today to get some papers signed, Mr. Huddleston was very annoyed, and said that he had a good mind to withdraw the business altogether. I took a risk and mentioned your name, and he said he would come and see you at once. Do please make him promise not to say a word to Mr. Pulwitter.

Yours sincerely,
Violet Withers

Argels tore the letter into small pieces and consigned the fragments to the waste-paper basket. Then he turned to his visitor.

"Mr. Huddleston," he said, "I should like your business. I have launched two successful companies during the last month, and I have plenty of capital lying idle at the present moment. Have you your figures?"

THE visitor brought out a folded leather dispatch case, and drew his chair to the table.

"You can have it, Mr. Argels," he promised, "on the same terms that we offered it to that damned Scotchman. The matter was as good as arranged when he began to screw a thousand off here and a thousand off there, and he even tried to alter the terms of the underwriting. I'm a bit easy myself, but my partner, Wyatt, lost his temper, and, although the whole thing was pretty well signed up when the young lady mentioned your name, he insisted upon my coming along to see you. Here's a copy of our last balance sheet—all straight and aboveboard, you'll find. We've a prosperous business, and, though we'd both of us like to take things a little easier, we don't intend to throw it away."

Argels accepted the papers and laid them on the desk before him. Already his eagle eyes were searching and gloating amongst the columns of figures.

"No reason why you should, Mr. Huddleston," he assured his visitor suavely. "I'm not a Scotchman, as you'll find out if we do business together. Every man's entitled to his own. Good firm, your accountants, I'm glad to see! Carries confidence, a name like that. . . . Now then, let's get at these figures. . . ."

There followed three or four hours during which Argels was at his best. His nerves were soothed by self-confidence; in a sense, by self-admiration. The figures were like a box of child's toys to him. He scoffed at Pulwitter's prospectus, and pointed out where an extra profit could be made without prejudice to either vendor or buyer. In a very short time Mr. Wyatt was on his way from Lambeth, a representative from the firm of accountants and the lawyers were telephoned for. Only on one item in the balance sheet did Argels' gold pencil linger for a moment.

"Isn't eighty thousand pounds' worth rather a heavy stock of timber?" he inquired.

"Not for a business of our size," Mr. Huddleston replied.

"I've taken stock for the firm before, when the amount has been larger," the accountant observed.

ARGELS made no further comment, and the proceedings continued. Presently an adjournment was made to a commissioner of oaths, and after that to a private room in a city hotel, where champagne was ordered and toasts were drunk.

By nine o'clock the prospectus of Huddleston and Wyatt, Limited, was drafted and on its way to an all-night printer's, and the two timber merchants retired to their respective domiciles with a check for twenty-five thousand pounds deposit, paid on the sale of their business, in their possession. Scarcely a word passed between them until they parted for the night.

"We've brought it off, Sam," Mr. Huddleston remarked thankfully.

"We have that, Henry," was the grateful rejoinder. "A hustler like that Mr. Argels was a godsend to us."

(To be continued next week)

"Laxatives will not *Cure* this Trouble . ." *states Dr. Agasse-Lafont*

What actual Case Records show:—

Case histories in the files of eminent physicians show benefits of fresh yeast in thousands of actual cases. Here's one such case, as described by Dr. Agasse-Lafont . . .

"*One of my young patients,*" he recalls, "*was suffering from dyspepsia, with obstinate constipation, headaches, extreme lassitude, and acne. Treatment with fresh yeast brought about a transformation in her. After it had regulated her stomach and intestines, her headaches disappeared, her vigor returned and her complexion cleared up.*"

"Doesn't know what medicine tastes like"

Little Miss Esther Rambo's mother *writes from Grandview, Ohio:* "My little girl was bothered with constipation. I tried giving her Fleischmann's Yeast, which worked like magic . . . It keeps her well and happy and strengthens her resistance to colds. She doesn't know what medicine tastes like now."

Here's the simple way to correct Constipation, explains this celebrated Paris physician

"To rid the intestines of poisons, fresh yeast is unexcelled," explains Dr. Agasse-Lafont.

"LAXATIVES and purgatives upset the system and reduce its resistance to disease.

"Though sometimes helpful, *they cannot effect a permanent cure.*"

Those are the words of one of the foremost medical authorities in Europe today . . . Dr. Edouard Agasse-Lafont, of Paris, ancien chef de clinique of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

He adds:—"In many cases the only suitable remedy for constipation is fresh yeast.

"Fresh yeast is a food with extraordinary properties . . . It strengthens the intestines . . . It acts on the gastric juice . . . improves the appetite . . . has a tonic effect on the whole system."

The reason Fleischmann's Yeast is so effective is this: In every cake are millions of tiny living yeast cells—or plants. As these pass into your intestines, they soften the clogging masses of food wastes—and at the same time stimulate the action that helps remove these wastes regularly.

Thus undigested residues no longer stagnate in your body. Your blood clears. Headaches stop. You notice that your complexion is fresher... that your tongue isn't coated any more.

Try it! Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass), or any way you like.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! Rich in *three* health-giving vitamins—B, G and D. You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains.

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Phaeton "55"	1,055
4 Pass. Special Coupe "56S"	1,055
4 Door Sedan "57"	1,095
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-56C"	1,095
2 Pass. Business Coupe "66"	1,285
4 Pass. Special Coupe "66S"	1,325
Sport Roadster "64"	1,335
Phaeton "65"	1,335
4 Door Sedan "67"	1,355
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4 Door Sedan "87"	1,565
Sport Roadster "94"	1,610
7 Pass. Phaeton "95"	1,620
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5 Pass. Coupe "96"	1,765
4 Door Sedan "91"	1,785
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-96C"	1,785
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LA SALLE V-8

Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,195
Roadster	2,245
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Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,295
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,295
Touring, 7 Passenger	2,345
Town Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,345
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,475
Imperial	2,595
All-Weather Phaeton	3,245
Sedanet	3,245
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Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
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Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Town Sedan	2,845
Phaeton	2,945
Convertible Coupe	2,945
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Imperial	3,095
Touring	3,195
All-Weather Phaeton	3,795

CADILLAC V-12

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Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,895
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Convertible Coupe	4,045
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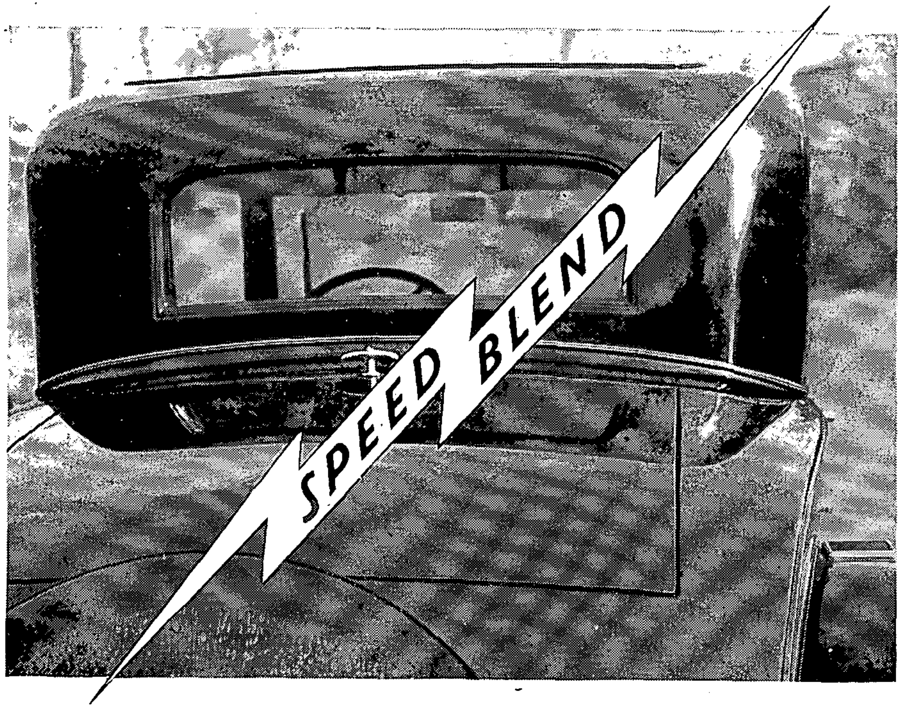
Auto Polish in the world



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The new No. 7 Duco Polish is fast, safe, easy to use

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*TRAFFIC FILM—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

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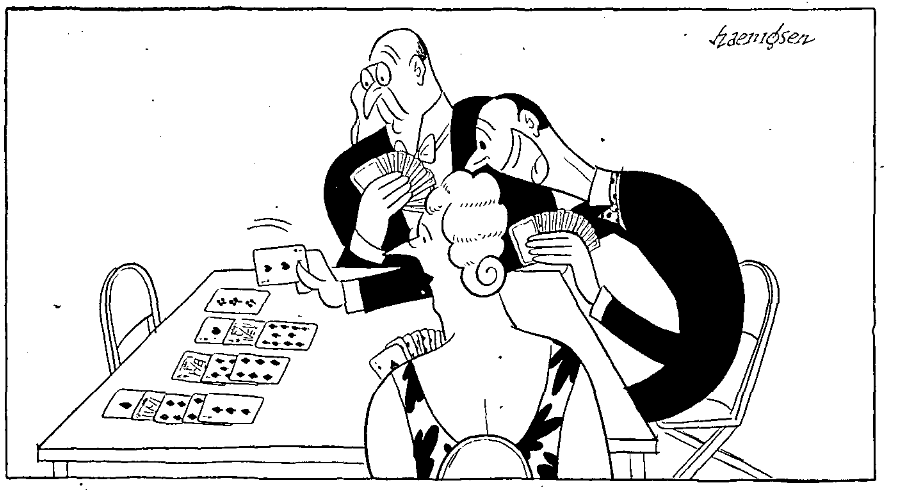


The absent-minded solitaire fiend spots a couple of moves in the dummy

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. A-Q-10
H. 9
D. A-K-Q-10-9-8-2
C. A-2

West
S. 8-5-4
H. 2
D. J-7-4-3
C. 10-8-7-6-5

East
S. 9-6-3-2
H. J-6-4-3
D. 6
C. Q-J-9-3

South (Dealer)
S. K-J-7
H. A-K-Q-10-8-7-5
D. 5
C. K-4

THE above hand was played at eleven tables of Duplicate Contract, the bids and final declarations varying considerably. South at every table called three Hearts. Two Norths raised their partners' bids to seven Hearts; two preferred their own suit and called seven Diamonds; one bid seven No Trumps; and the other six more conservatively and also more soundly bid six (two in Hearts, two in Diamonds, and two in No Trumps). Viewing the combined hands a grand slam would seem safest at No Trumps since the contract could be made if either Hearts or Diamonds ran; but the unusual and unfortunate 4-1 adverse division of both those suits limited the No Trump Declarers to twelve tricks. The triple coup made the grand slam possible at either suit declaration, but only two of the Declarers had the playing ability to profit by the opportunity.

In Bridge a "coup" is the term generally used to designate the deliberate reducing of the number of one's trumps in order to capture the trumps of the adversary on the right. When two trumps are thus sacrificed, the play is a "double coup"; sacrificing three trumps is a "triple coup." To make the coup "grand," the card or cards wastefully trumped must otherwise be winners. The triple coup is one of the rarest plays in Bridge.

At Auction, South probably would play a contract of four Hearts.

At the tables where Hearts were trumps, West led a Club. South won with the King and played two rounds of trumps. When West failed to follow on the second round, all but one of the Declarers tried in vain to tempt East to trump a Diamond and when that scheme failed, they conceded a Heart trick to East.

One Declarer refused to give up so easily. To the fourth trick he led South's Diamond Five and won with dummy's Queen; then a small Diamond was led and trumped, so as surely to establish dummy's suit. South now held four trumps and East two; it was necessary to reduce South's to two also—as follows:

South's Spade Seven was won with dummy's Ten, and a good Diamond led and trumped; South's Spade Jack was won with dummy's Queen, and another good Diamond trumped, thus completing the triple coup. South now held the Queen-Ten of Hearts over East's Jack-Six, East having discarded two Spades and a Club on the last three Diamond leads, instead of aiding Declarer by trumping. (If he had discarded three Clubs, Declarer could have led a third Spade.) Then Declarer, fearing that East would trump a third Spade lead, used the Ace of Clubs as dummy's final entry. Another Diamond was led, East threw his last Club and South the King of Spades. On the next Diamond lead (trick 12) East's two trumps were forked by South's and so were captured, Declarer fulfilling his grand-slam contract.

At the tables where North played with Diamonds the trump, East led the Queen of Clubs. North won with the Ace, and the second round of trumps disclosed the bad news. At all the tables except one, Declarer won but twelve tricks, West refused to be inveigled into trumping any of dummy's Hearts, and in the end North was forced to lead a trump up to West's guarded Jack.

At one table North made his grand slam contract with a triple grand coup; although perfect defense by West would have prevented it. A Heart and two Spades gave South the necessary entries for three Heart leads to be ruffed unnecessarily by North, thus reducing North's trumps to the same number as West's. The King of Clubs then permitted dummy to enter and lead Hearts until West was forced to play from his remaining trump Jack-Seven, with North's Queen-Ten over them.

West could have thrown a wrench in the machinery by discarding Spades instead of Clubs on the second and third rounds of Hearts, and then ruffing the second round of Spades.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-J-10-8
H. J-10-8-6
D. A-10
C. A-J-8

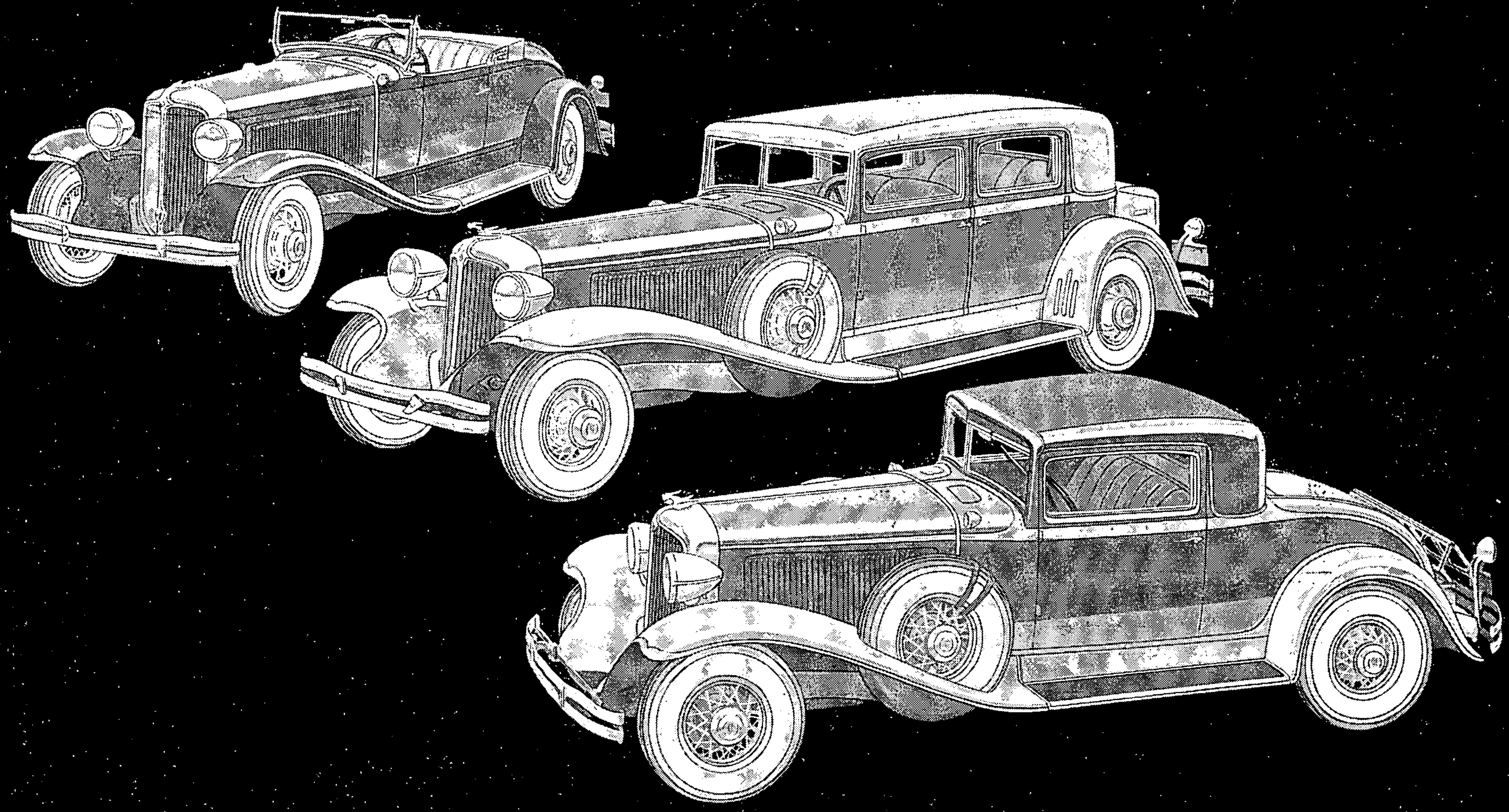
East
S. K-Q-4
H. 5-3
D. 7-6-4
C. K-10-7-5-2

West
S. 6-5-3
H. K-7-4-2
D. 8-5-2
C. Q-6-3

South (Dealer)
S. 9-7-2
H. A-Q-9
D. K-Q-J-9-3
C. 9-4

CHRYSLER

EIGHTS & SIXES



TOP: CHRYSLER SIX ROADSTER
CENTER: CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT CLOSE COUPLED SEDAN
LOWER: CHRYSLER EIGHT DELUXE COUPE

For Real *Enjoyment — Own a Chrysler*

THE DIFFERENCE between Chrysler cars and other cars is not merely an outer difference in style — but an inner difference in *engineering*, with delightfully different *results*.

Livelier power. Snappier pick-up. Smoother speed. Greater flexibility. Greater steadiness on the road. Quicker, quieter gear-shifting. Safer brakes.

Make your own tests and comparisons in a demonstration of your own choosing.

At $885 to $935, there is the Chrysler Six in a choice of four body types — a beautiful car and an outstanding value. A fine, big Six of 116-inch wheelbase; with a staunch double-drop frame and low center of gravity; with a very quiet 78-horsepower engine; with safety bodies of steel — steel all around, rigidly welded into one piece; with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes — and with Chrysler's perfected Free Wheeling optional at slight extra cost.

At $1525 to $1585, there is the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe with five beautiful body types — a completely *de luxe* car from start to finish. Smart divided windshield. Luxurious upholstery and appointments. A 124-inch wheelbase. Low center of gravity. Great stamina and sturdiness. A superbly smooth 95-horsepower straight eight engine, with fully counterweighted crankshaft — easily capable of 80 miles an hour.

At $2745 to $3145, there is the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight, with four sumptuous body types — finest, fastest, largest Chrysler ever built. 145-inch wheelbase. 125 horsepower. Winner of *twelve* official A. A. A. Contest Board speed records.

Both the new De Luxe Eight and the Imperial Eight have Chrysler's exclusive Dual High gear transmission. TWO high gears — and you can shift from one high to the other, at *any* car speed, without clashing. One high gear for flashing action in traffic. Another *still higher* gear for the open road, giving faster speeds at *slower* engine speeds.

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Poor Oil Confesses Guilt!

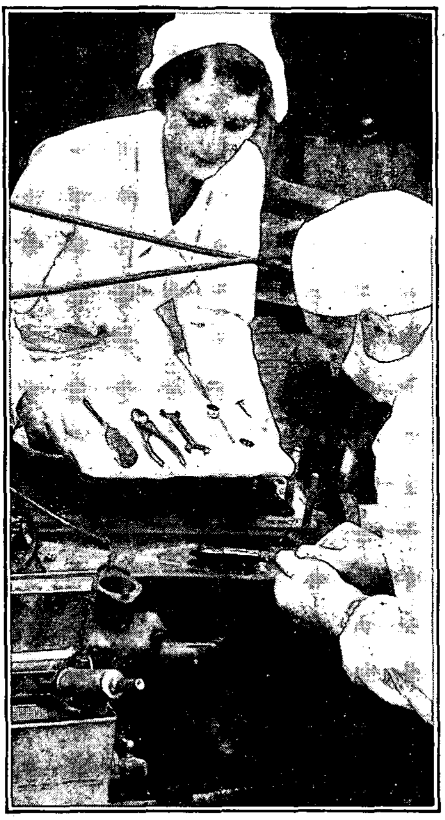
Your motor, too, faces this danger every day—if you accept any motor oil offered, without knowing whether it is good, bad or indifferent

A FEW miles of driving with an "oil-less" oil will make a hospital case out of any car!

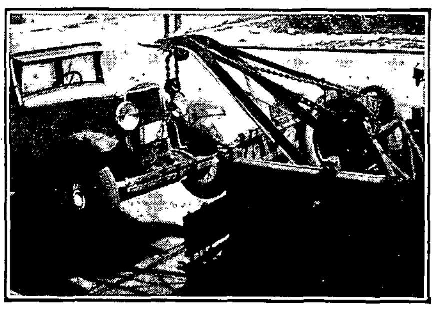
What is an "oil-less" oil? It is an oil that has broken down, lost its body, and quit. And poor oil quits long before you expect it to—often after only a few hundred miles of driving. It quits without notice. The first warning you get is when *destruction breaks loose* in your motor. Then you're in trouble—plenty of it!

If you have any respect for your motor or your pocketbook, don't gamble with motor oil. You may come off safely nine times out of ten, but when you lose it will cost you real money! There is one sure way to get the best lubrication your motor can have—insist on motor oils properly refined from 100% Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil.

Why look to the crude for the quality of the finished oil? Because the best motor oils are made from the best crude—and Nature made Pennsylvania Grade Crude, the best raw material for motor oil the world has ever known. Of all the crudes that come out of the earth, Nature favored Pennsylvania Grade. She gave it preferred qualities—gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it a tremendous head-start over every other crude oil known.



Can poor oil wreck a motor? You bet it can! More money is spent every year for repairs due to poor lubrication than is spent for repairs due to any other single cause.



Refiners of Pennsylvania Oils have longest background of experience

Remember that the refiners who turn this favored crude into finished oil have been refining oil longer than any others. They have generations of experience behind them.

Given such advantages in raw material and in refining processes, it is no wonder that Pennsylvania lubricants have longer life and greater resistance to heat—they lick the toughest lubricating jobs—in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

Many brands of Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil bear the emblem shown below. Buy whichever you prefer and keep your auto sweetly lubricated for many thousands of long, trouble-free miles.

FREE! Send for one of the most interesting oil books ever written. Address the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n, Dept. C8, Oil City, Pa.

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This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

Magic Maid

Continued from page 22

window, Jane took the liberty of doubting the wonder man. But when she awakened the sun poured on her golden head.

Had anybody been bold enough to question the supreme power of Jane's father after that, there would have been scornful looks. As she grew older and lived with the amazing gentleman who took her to theaters, circuses and out for walks and rides, always providing her childish eyes with new amazements, her father achieved a status of divine power.

This faith shone forth most articulately at a huge open-air benefit, attended by many notables, including one Alfred E. Smith. There was a high-diving act in which one of the divers made a mistake by diving too low. Jane, a pop-eyed spectator, said that her father could easily fix the unconscious performer; but Mr. Smith and other more practical persons summoned a doctor.

Bridget Breaks a Spell

Jane went away disappointed, but not disillusioned. Until Bridget entered the Thurston employ. Bridget was an honest if somewhat unimaginative Irish nurse. To her the little daughter of the magician was a cute youngster who prattled entirely too much about her father's prowess. Bridget believed in many things herself, including the little people and the leprechauns; but Bridget had been to magic shows before. She knew that if rabbits came out of hats they had been put therein first.

After an absence of many months on tour Mr. Thurston returned to play a suburban theater in Newark. Under Bridget's escort Jane got into the family car and drove to the Jersey metropolis.

Traffic delayed them, exciting Jane, irritating Bridget. This may have been the tiny tell-weight in the balance of disillusion. Bridget was not in a fairy mood when she entered the theater. Guiding Jane by the hand, Bridget barged past a stage-doorkeeper into the canvas, paint and dust odors of backstage. Jane's eyes widened as she stood in the wings. On the stage a female form was placed in repose. Jane's lips parted when her father's hands went out, waving gently over the sleeping girl on a couch. Gradually, while his lips moved silently, she floated from the couch into mid-air under those undulant, magnetic hands. Jane saw her father pass a steel hoop about the slender body, which floated on towards the footlights. Scarlet-coated aides held out a long, Japanese robe to her father. He placed this over the floating form. Beneath his gently playing hands the body oscillated over the footlights.

Suddenly Thurston took the hem of the silken robe, yanked it, and the body was gone.

The audience applauded. Jane gasped. Bridget elevated a nose already sufficiently up-angled.

"I know how that's done," she muttered.

For seconds, Jane stood bewildered, missing her father's elaborate bowings. Not until he had grasped her in his arms and hugged her did she recover speech. Her first amazed words were:

"Bridget knows how it's done, Daddy."

What could a magician say to that? Thurston smiled. He had no other recourse. An audience might be misdirected, its attention diverted by some quick trick of legerdemain. But this was his daughter, and she had suddenly been told by somebody she trusted that her father's mysteries were penetrated, that even Bridget knew how it was done.

When Thurston returned to the stage Bridget and Jane waited in his dressing room. Bridget proceeded to explain how it was done.

"You see, Jane," said Bridget to the incredulous youngster. "The girl's held up by steel rods that move in slots and they're strong and twisted in lengths so that your father can appear to circle a hoop right over the girl. There's a trick in doing that, too, so he won't touch the rods that keep the girl up. She's no more suspended in air than you are."

"But," said Thurston's secretary, overhearing all this, "the young lady still has no visible means of support."

Jane didn't quite get all the significance of that phrase; but she read confirmation in the secretary's face and manner of what Bridget had just told her. Bridget went on explaining other tricks familiar to Jane.

The little girl said nothing all the way back home. Her father chided her; but she sat in deep thought between him and the iconoclast, Bridget. Not until she had sipped her malted milk and been tucked away in bed did Jane unburden her troubled breast. As her father kissed her good-night there were tears in her eyes.

"Daddy," she said, "don't you do all those things by yourself?"

"Practically," said Thurston.

"But you don't," Jane protested, as Bridget's explanation of assistants in flies and wings, hidden cabinets and oiled trapdoors flooded her tired mind.

Thurston said no more that night to Jane, but he and the child's mother conferred. At breakfast they were ready. Jane appeared a different girl—the sort of girl who has become suddenly and devastatingly aware that there is no Santa Claus, at least not in person.

Her parents were solicitous. They had agreed that Jane should go to dramatic or art school.

"No," said Jane, quite positively. Later she relented a bit—enough to take a course in elocution and dancing, both of which serve her well. But her little mind had conceived a plan. Patiently she labored at her plan, taking one of her father's aides into a sort of conspiracy.

Her First Trick

One day she felt herself ready. Between a matinée and night performance she appeared back-stage. Her father had just finished a surprising bird-cage trick, in which an electric bulb in a cage is suddenly shattered to reveal a canary which the magician had previously displayed in a companion cage.

In the words of the revealing Bridget, long since departed from the Thurston employ, Jane pertly announced:

"I know how that's done."

To her father's apparent surprise she proceeded to go through the preliminaries of the trick, assisted by her confederate. Thurston watched closely. The bird was in one cage and the electric bulb brightly burning in another. Jane covered both cages with colored silk napkins and borrowed the stage gun to bark the dénouement of the trick. There came a quick swish of silk napkins. The first cage was uncovered and the bird missing. The second cage showed the bulb brightly burning. Jane fired again. The brilliant bulb burst—but where was the bird?

(*Continued on page 46*)

WESTINGHOUSE STRIKES A NEW *Style Note* IN RADIO!

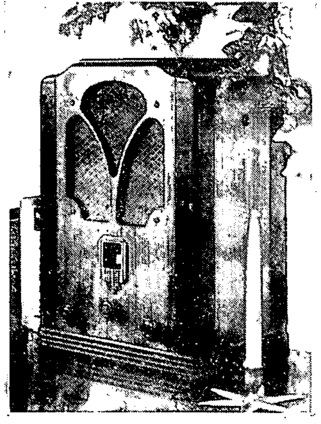
at Popular Prices

NOW radio comes into its own! For Westinghouse has departed from radio tradition and created the Westinghouse Columaire Jr. Deluxe . . . a masterpiece of design that strikes a new style note in radio.

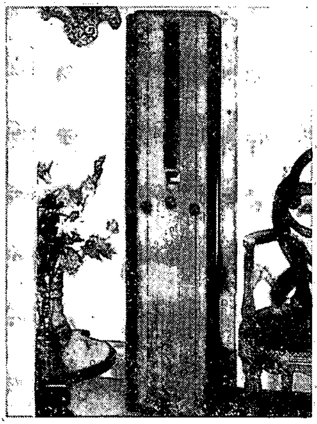
It's the radio you'll want . . . for its smart simplicity . . . for its improved performance. It's really a handsome electric floor clock and radio combined, occupying little more than a square foot of floor space. And the design of the beautiful two-tone cabinet, with the loud-speaker directing the sound upward and distributing it evenly, means better radio reproduction.

See and hear the Columaire Jr. Deluxe at your dealer's. You'll be surprised to find the price unusually low for a completely screened 9-tube super-heterodyne set . . . with *completely automatic volume control* . . . fully graduated tone control and new Multi-Mu and Push-Pull Pentode tubes. Your dealer can also show you a complete line of companion sets in the Columaire series and conventional designs.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MERCHANDISING DEPARTMENT · · MANSFIELD, OHIO



The Westinghouse Columette is the sensational new 8-tube super-heterodyne "midget."

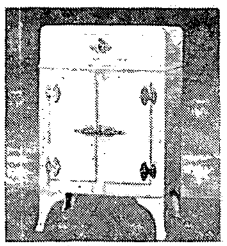


The WR-12—Columaire Junior with 8-tube fully shielded super-heterodyne circuit.

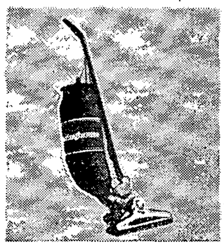
Westinghouse
Radios

STRIKE A NEW STYLE NOTE

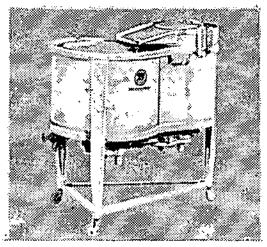
ELECTRICITY PUTS THESE CONVENIENT HELPERS TO WORK SO ECONOMICALLY



The Westinghouse Completely Balanced Refrigerator keeps food fresh and wholesome and lets you economize on both food costs and marketing time.

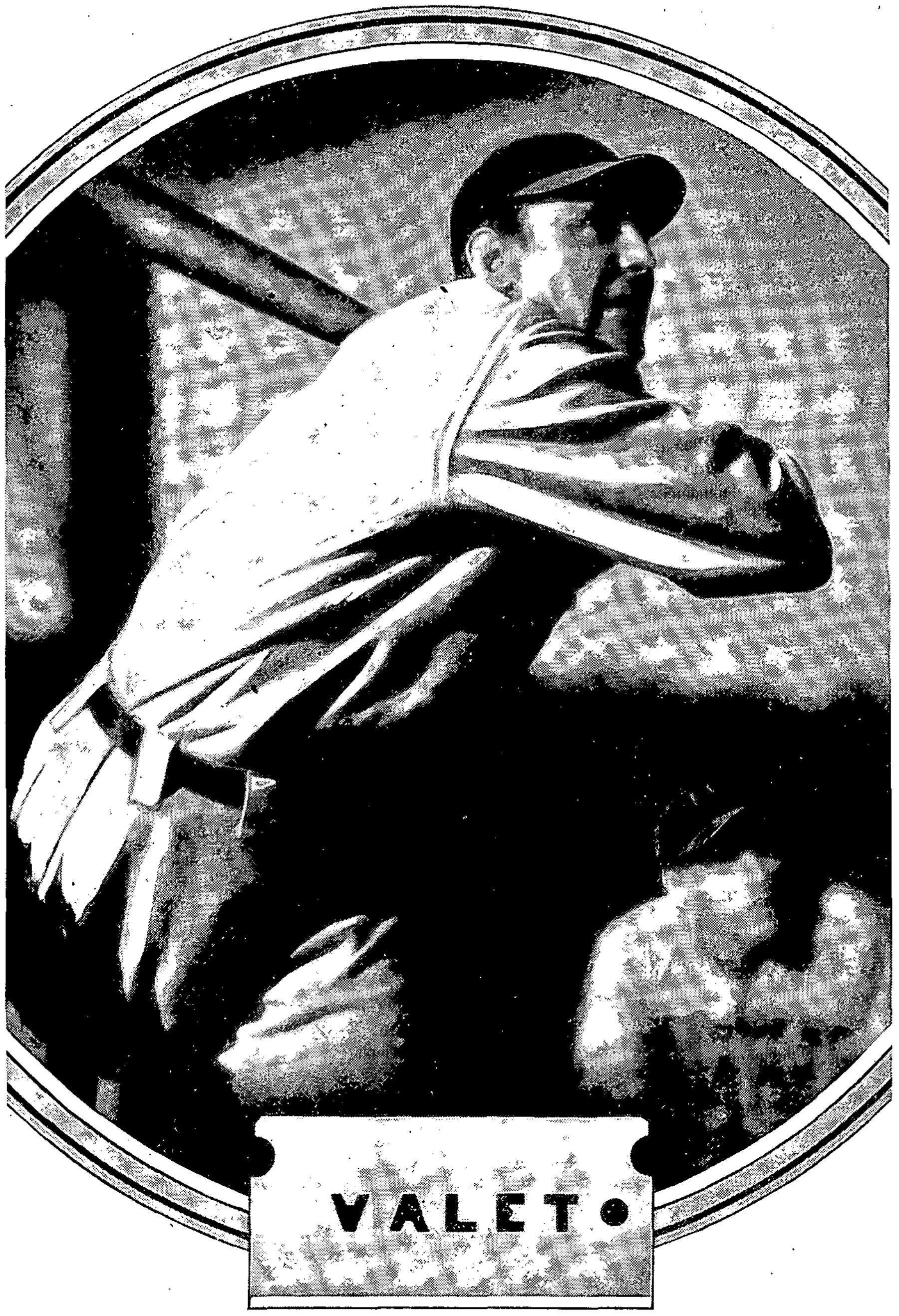


Cleaning is quickly and easily finished with the Westinghouse Super-Suction Motor-Driven Brush Cleaner that is so light and so easy to use.



The new Westinghouse Pound-a-Minute Washer gives you faster action that means a whiter wash with less wear and tear. Four beautiful models.

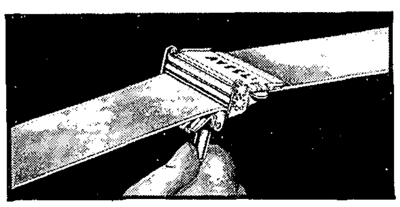
MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



A little more precision . .
. . A lot better result

PERFECT coordination of eye and muscle—machine-like precision—these are the qualities that make the "slugger" a home run king. In baseball or science—a little more precision means a lot better result. Exacting standards are maintained in making Valet blades. Each operation demands microscopic accuracy. Scientifically designed and built, the new Valet has won the overwhelming approval of scientific men. They heartily endorse this blade. Try the new Valet blade in the self-stropping Valet AutoStrop Razor. Get a new conception of shaving comfort and satisfaction.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



VALET AutoStrop
RAZORS AND BLADES

Magic Maid

Continued from page 44

Abashed, Jane bit her lip:

"I slipped somewhere," she admitted.

"Yes," said her father. "Here's the bird."

He produced it from a capacious pocket. Jane, chagrined, stamped a neat little foot. And Thurston laughed.

Another Lesson Learned

Off-stage came a tweet-tweet of the bird Jane thought she had "vanished." What had happened was that her aide had not been quick enough, since the girl's hands were not as practiced as her father's. She had not covered his extraction of the bird from the cage with a sufficiently rapid dropping of the silk napkin, and the aid, observing Thurston's eye, which winked, and realizing that he had been caught, had walked quickly to the wings and dropped the bird. Thurston had produced a second canary, which he always retained in case of just such a mishap during the trick.

Then it was revealed that Jane's co-conspirator had informed her father of her plans to surprise him by performing one of his best tricks, and the magician had advised him to lend his aid to the plan but to say nothing to the girl.

"I've had a few bad moments," said the wise young woman, as she sat in her dressing-room applying flesh-tinted grease-paint to cheeks boasting a naturally fine complexion; "but no moment worse than that of failure in my first ambitious trick. Even mumps and scarlet fever couldn't make me so uncomfortable."

She's a cool, eager young person, this lady who's the outstanding practicing woman magician in these United States. Mrs. Herrmann, widow of the great Herrmann, appeared for a while but later retired.

Thurston took his daughter in hand, knowing she had the quality of ambition, and that was enough for him.

After preliminary juggling the first trick she was to attempt was vanishing a girl from a cabinet. A number of experts were in the audience.

She ran on-stage to loud applause—and instantly became frightened. Two cabinets were smoothly placed in position by assistants. A laughing girl stepped into one. Jane opened the other and dug swords through slots to show that it contained no person. Quickly she slid over to the cabinet containing the girl. The band played a brisk fox-trot. Jane slapped the cabinet door closed, patted it with her palm, had it turned around by the assistants. She threw open the door and darted to the other cabinet. Again, she threw open the door. A laughing girl was shown. But she wondered why the audience laughed louder than the girl. In an instant she discovered. Due to her nervousness she had opened the door of the first cabinet a second too early, and the audience had caught a glimpse of a girl's leg as the occupant slipped out onto a trapdoor.

Jane signaled the band leader for music and instantly broke into a buck and wing dance that diverted the audience and covered her own confusion.

"That mistake," she avers, "taught me a more important lesson than all my years of training: that absolute control of nerves is the first rule for a magician in public."

Diligently she studied her father's entire repertoire of tricks and an idea of what that means is conveyed by the fact that Thurston's baggage on tour comprises no fewer than eighty trunkloads of properties. She knows them all now, and does half a dozen of the more ambitious at every performance, varying her magic turn with song and dance numbers. In brief, she's a one-girl show.

Fooling Father

Studying her—calm features, quick, quiet tongue and total self-possession under the flare of the stage lights—the rigors of her training can be understood—and their success. The girl has an impersonal quality that aids her showmanship, but makes one wonder how so attractive a female can see life in the terms of other attractive young women. One doesn't wonder long. Jane explains almost casually that on a summer afternoon she accomplished one trick that surprised even her experienced father, who knows so many.

She entered the Thurston home and went to dinner in the regular way. In the dining-room there's a large china cabinet, which on this occasion was covered by an ornamental Spanish shawl.

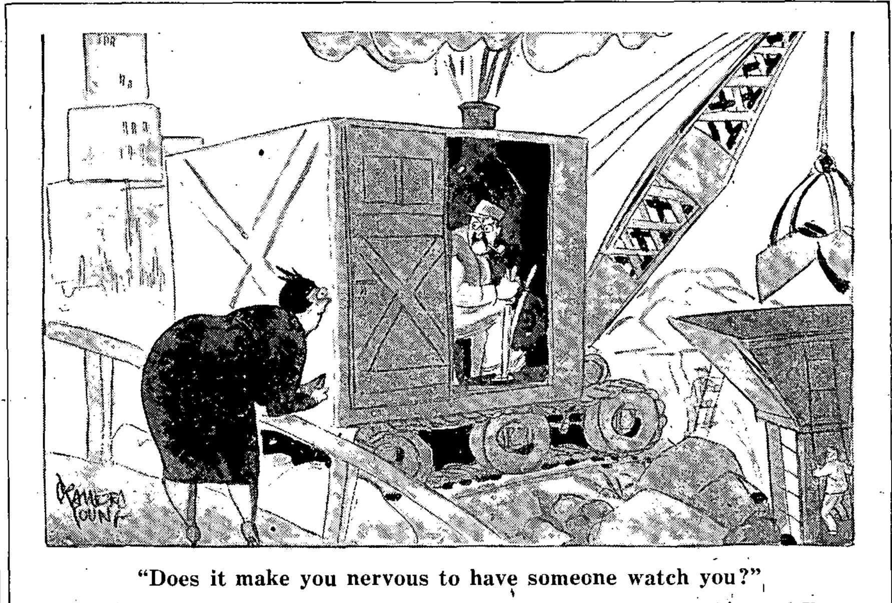
"We have a guest," said Jane as the family sat down.

"Where?" asked her parents.

Jane let them wonder a while—the first technique of a magician. Then she strolled to the cabinet and with one quick movement dropped the shawl and opened the door. A sturdy and handsome young man stepped out.

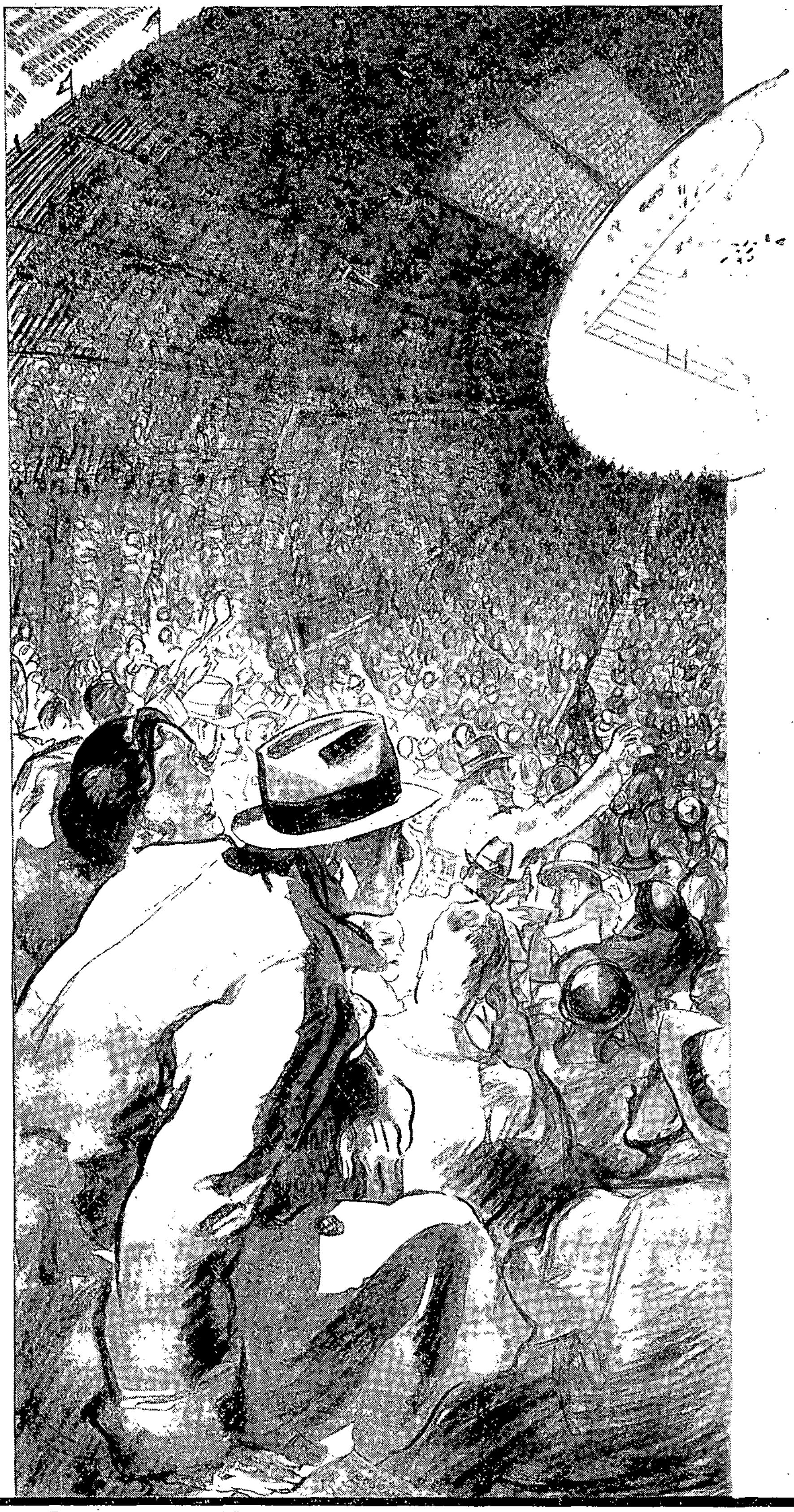
"My husband," said Jane.

The magic maid is human after all.



"Does it make you nervous to have someone watch you?"

Crawford Young



Back-seat blues ..now ended

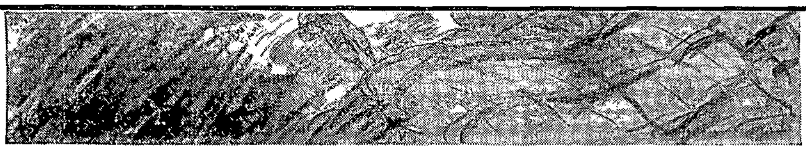
The players seem a mile away—you can't hear or see a thing—you're always a play or two behind in knowing "Who has the ball?" "What down is it?" "Did they complete the pass?" Pretty blue for a football fan!

But it is all different in the stadium equipped with Western Electric Public Address System. There you can easily follow the game. An announcer gives a play by play description, which carries to all parts of the crowd.

This amplifying apparatus is a product of telephone making. It grew out of the same experience which pioneered equipment for radio broadcasting, for aviation communication, for talking pictures. It is still another example of Western Electric's leadership in *sound.*

Western Electric

Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders in the development of sound transmission



The Western Electric Public Address System is distributed by Graybar Electric Company.

Keeps Your
HAIR
NEAT
Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora
FOR THE
HAIR

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 11

situation by sound merchants everywhere.

I found it all over the country. "Thrifty shoppers are lifting this country out of depression," says Macy's. Smart merchants are lowering prices to galvanize those thrifty shoppers into life. The smartest merchants did this early in the game. I found a furniture store which was doing fifteen months ago what some of the great stores are doing today. It was Herrup's, perhaps the largest furniture store in that extraordinary city of Hartford, Connecticut. Away back in June, 1930, Herrup's advertised a month of "profitless distribution."

"I was criticized for that," said Mr. Meyer, the head of the store. "Hadn't we had plenty of profitless distribution? Well, I'll say we had. People weren't buying. Our store was stocked with goods that weren't moving. Furniture styles were changing. The goods weren't getting any more fashionable. Much of it had been bought at 1929 prices. But we couldn't get 1929 prices for it.

"What should we do? Why not squeeze our profitless distribution into a brief period—a month or two? Then we could stock with 1930 furniture at 1930 prices and sell at a profit. We'd keep our organization together. We'd make friends.

"But people don't believe merchants who talk about selling without profit. They've been lied to a lot. We had to convince our people. There is only one instrument for that—that's advertising. We advertised to the limit. We told the whole story as clearly and as frankly as we possibly could. The people of Hartford did believe us. They came in such numbers that we had to keep open nights. We had to put on more men. We sold everything we had in the store and in our warehouses.

"When it was over, somehow or other the impetus we had given our business kept up. We sold more merchandise last year than we did in 1929; more this year than last. Moreover, we are selling goods bought at the new low prices and are making a good profit. We employ more men than we did in 1929 and we have actually raised some salaries. Two things did all this for us: taking our losses quickly in a short period and advertising."

Lessons from Depressions

I found a furniture merchant, by the way, in the Pennsylvania steel district, who had been in distress. A fellow merchant visited him and said: "You are all stocked up with 1927 furniture in 1931. You would do better to give it away and start all over with 1931 prices." He didn't give it away but he sold it for what he could get and restocked his store with 1931 furniture at 1931 prices. Now he is doing a good business. But he is still talking about the mistake he made in waiting so long.

To a wise business man all is grist that comes to his mill—even a depression. A department-store head complained to me bitterly about the fact that his credit department had to "adjust" the monthly payments on installment furniture accounts. "We have to accept five dollars on accounts that called for ten dollars a month, and sometimes one dollar on accounts that called for five dollars. Of course we try to keep it down. We make the adjustment where we have to but we *always give them a battle.*"

How different the vision of Mr. L. E. Thompson, in Braddock, a mill town where there is serious unemployment. "Where the family's income is curtailed, we are glad to make adjustments in monthly payments voluntarily. For us the present difficulties have been an opportunity to make friends!"

But of course it takes more than all this to make a successful store. These are just examples of wise merchants functioning wisely in difficult spots. But the store, though the customer never thinks of it, is full of difficult spots. Behind the grand front and the smiling clerks, hidden away in a part of the building the customer never sees, is the desk of a troubled gentleman where problems gather daily by the score.

The solution of those problems is the domain of scientific merchandising, that thing which slew my friend Curtis Peets. It means a good many things. In the main it means having the right thing to sell in the right place at the right time.

Turnover Does the Trick

For instance, have you ever heard of that thing called "turnover"? Mr. Meyer, at Herrup's store in Hartford, told me that in his big 1930 profitless distribution sale he sold a clock which had been in the store for twenty years. It brought $70. He had bought it twenty years before at $125. He had turned his money over on that clock once in twenty years.

"You might say we lost $55 on that clock," he said to me. "We probably lost nearer to $600. If we had sold that clock the first year at a reasonable profit, we should have had one turnover. If we had done the same thing each year we should have had twenty turnovers. But a good merchant ought to turn his stock over several times a year—seven or eight in the furniture business. If he doesn't he is losing money. If we had bought that clock twenty years ago for $125 and sold it the next day for $70 and put the $70 in the savings bank for the remaining nineteen years we should be ahead of the game."

The ability to turn stock over many times in a year is one of the achievements of scientific merchandising. Doing it, however, means selling quickly what you buy and that in turn means *knowing what to buy*, which is not so easy.

"How can you know what to buy?" I asked Mr. Leo Weiner, a very young man of the modern school of merchants, head of a Maine store.

"If you want to start an argument among merchants," he said, "just say 'unit control.' While we use what is called unit control, we don't use the elaborate machinery most merchants criticize so much. It is a simple and inexpensive system of stock control—a device for telling how much stock you have and how much you are selling. The public will tell you what to buy, but you must have a means of knowing what the public is saying. First of all, we take a complete inventory of every department every week. Merchants say that's not possible. Well, the answer to that is that we do it. Moreover, if you don't know what you have in stock how can you tell what to buy?"

Then Mr. Weiner showed me a single sheet. It covered the condition of one of his departments—the women's sports wear. There were eighteen items on that sheet—sweaters, stockings, sport shoes, etc. Opposite each item were two figures. One showed the number of pieces found in stock at the last inventory. The other showed the number of sales in the following week. Here was a certain sweater of which there were 57 on the shelves; sales for the week, 3. Here were stockings of which there were 160 pairs in stock last week; sales, 110.

"Now then," said the manager, "if you were the director of this store which items would you order? Run your eye down that list and check off the things you would buy."

I did so and made a little mark opposite each article I thought should be bought. And my checks were correct. They were the articles which were "moving," as the merchant says, and whose activity was registered on this sheet.

This is one reason why his store is not loaded with immovable merchandise. It is also a reason why this store has had dollar sales in every month of this year up to July, when I talked with Mr. Weiner, larger than in the corresponding months of 1929 and 1930. In one month they were fifty per cent more than in the same month of 1929.

I found such merchants everywhere—all over this country—and in every line of business, even in towns most seriously hit by unemployment. I could take a visitor from abroad, start at Portland, Maine, circle around the country to all our big cities and many little ones, bring him into stores of all descriptions, talk with their proprietors and when the journey was over he would say—"Where is your depression?" I do not mean merchants as a whole are prosperous. But back in 1928, at the height of our celebrated boom, I could have taken that same visitor around the country to certain other big and little merchants in big and little cities and at the end of that journey he would have said— "Where is your prosperity?" Neither of these pictures would have been correct.

Talk to an old Roman, some historian has said, and sooner or later he would bring up the subject of Carthage. Talk to a merchant anywhere and before long you will be talking about the chains. In Portland I talked with Mr. Robert Braun, head of Porteous, Mitchell and Braun, perhaps the largest department store in Portland. We, too, got around to the chains. I asked him what his reaction as a merchant was to them.

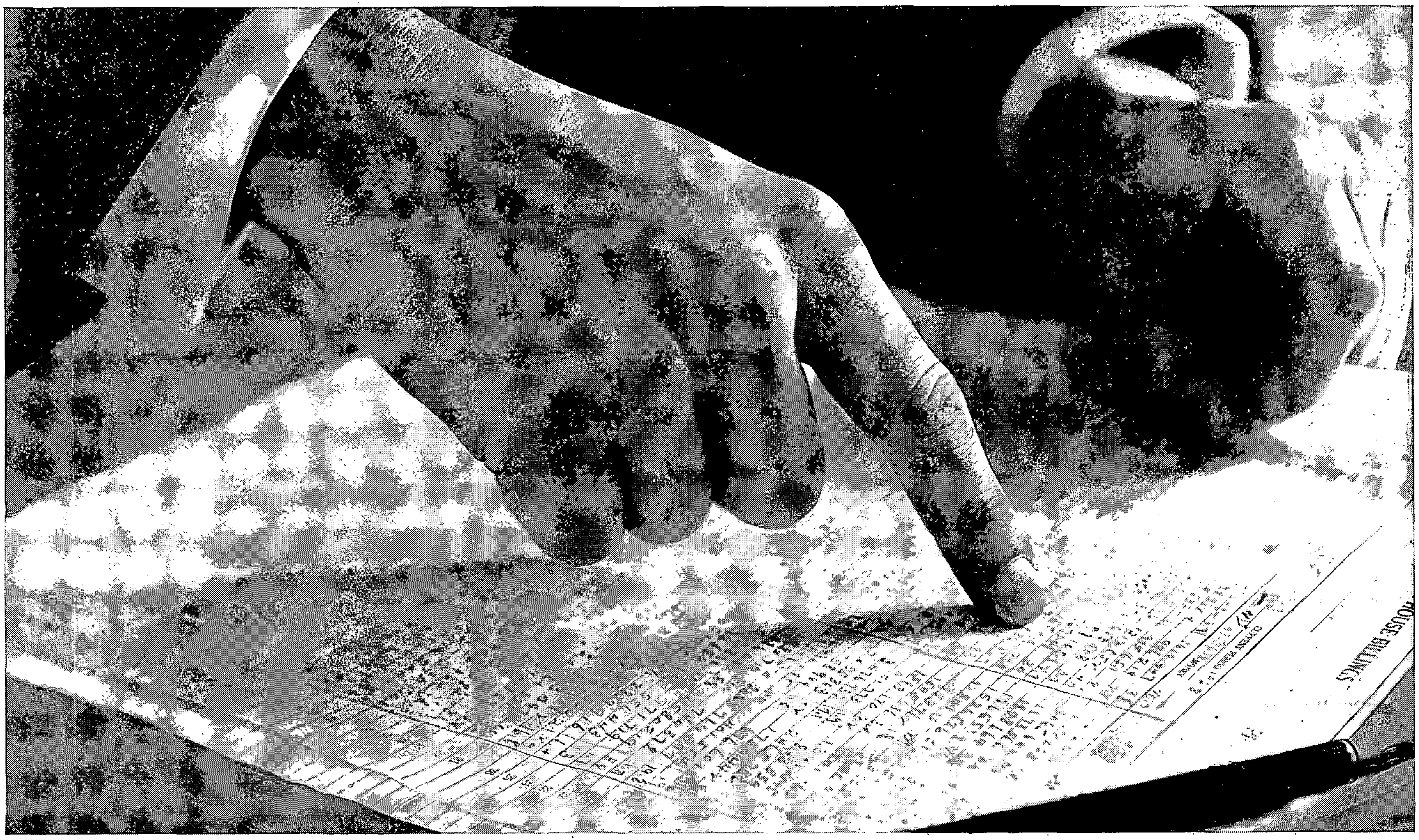
"Take a look at our store when you go out," he answered. "Look particularly at our building. We share it with S. S. Kresge & Co.'s 5-, 10- and 25-cent store. We own the building, so Kresge is our tenant. We could have kept that store from that spot by refusing to rent to him. On the other side of us is the Kresge 25-cent-to-$1 store. We were instrumental in aiding Kresge to locate there. So we are in between two chain stores."

Meeting Chain-Store Competition

Later I noticed that almost the whole block on both sides of Mr. Braun's store was made up of chains—Woolworth, W. T. Grant and others. Opposite were hat and shoe and specialty chains of all sorts. He was in the midst of a nest of chains.

"Portland has a population of about 70,000 people," he told me, "but this city serves a trading area of 450,000. These particular chains help to bring 'em into town. When they get here, if we can't sell them, after working among them for twenty-five years, with our knowledge of their special wants against the chains' standardized stock policies, then we deserve to lose them. We think we can serve them better, particularly in the field of fashion merchandise, which is so important now, and the proof lies in the fact that all through

(Continued on page 50)



"*There's* the weak spot . . .

right where we thought we were strong"

Three contest prizes for volume had just gone to that district. In sales, it had been leading them all. Apparently it was entitled to the blue ribbon.

But there came an awakening.

It was discovered that this banner district was *not* a profit producer—but a profit eater, a trailer, a "dud." It was all right in volume—no mistake about that.

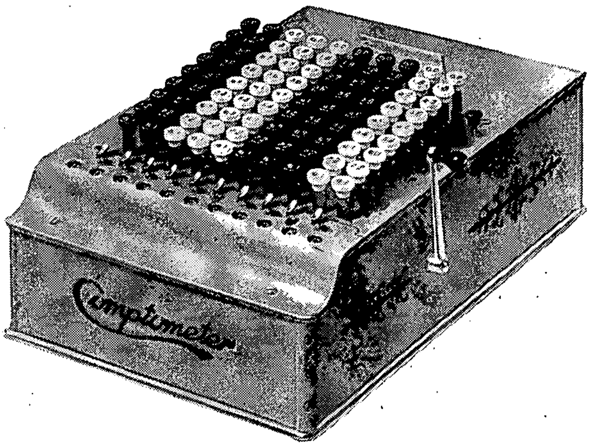
But it was low on the high profit items and high in the low profit lines—high in adjustment charges—high, too high, in sales expense.

The thing that put the spot-light on this situation and uncovered the profit leak was a broad, searching sales analysis—such an analysis as enabled a hard-headed executive to put his finger on a certain spot in the column and say, "There's the weak spot."

Since safeguarding of profits is of vital importance, why not investigate the high speed, low cost way—the Comptometer way—of compiling and analyzing sales and profits.

And let the investigation include the time-saving speed of the Comptometer on Inventory, Invoices, Payroll, Costs—any other figure work.

A Comptometer man, qualified by experience, is always at your disposal, without obligation, for assistance in getting your finger on the weak spots in the quickest and cheapest way. For the local office number, see your telephone book under Felt & Tarrant, or write us direct.



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If not
made by
Felt & Tarrant
it's not a
Comptometer

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

Only the
Comptometer
has the
Controlled-Key
safeguard

You hear it said

"SHE IS SO SURE OF HERSELF"

Is this the result of physical daintiness?

SOMETIMES the older woman marvels at the poise and manner of her younger sister. Why is she so sure of herself? What gives her this attractive self-confidence? Can it be the result of a greater physical daintiness than she, herself, maintains?

There *is* a higher standard of cleanliness and hygiene which is the rule among modern women. Also there *is* a more general recognition among physicians and nurses concerning the benefits of feminine hygiene.

This is the age of antiseptics, and a great deal of credit is due to *Zonite*. For this famous product has taken the antiseptic idea completely *out of the poison class*.

Zonite is non-poisonous, non-caustic—safe in actual use, and safe to have in the house, even with little children around. Yet Zonite is stronger, far stronger, in its effect than any dilution of carbolic acid, for instance, that can be allowed on the body.

Send for instructive booklet

This free book tells why it is no longer a choice between a *poisonous* antiseptic and *no antiseptic at all*. Mail coupon and get a copy. It is full of information about feminine hygiene. It is revealing and instructive. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite
The Modern
Personal Antiseptic

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION CR 19
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name..
(*Please print name*)
Address......................................
City..............................State...........
(In Canada: 389 St. Paul St. West, Montreal)

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 48

our present period of economy we have sold goods to more people than ever before."

So much for the merchants who have expanded. Now for a merchant who contracted a bit. "The most energetic and successful merchant in this town was Mr. Blank," said the secretary of a Chamber of Commerce in a good-sized Massachusetts city. "I say 'was' because lately he seems to have suffered a severe drop in his business. Anyhow I would certainly talk to him." I did.

"Yes," he said, "I used to be a successful and progressive merchant. Now I have suffered a decline. At least that's the story. That will give you an idea of what the casual observer knows about any man's business. Three years ago I was the most progressive merchant in this town. That's what they said. But the simple fact is that then I was the most completely busted merchant in the town. Now I have suffered a decline, they say. Yet now I am really a successful merchant who has made a profit every year.

The Price of Business Pride

"My dear sir," he said, "do you know that one of the most corrosive evils men in business have to submit to is vanity? Have you ever stopped to consider what the toll in failures and in dollars and cents must be every year for vanity? I had an immense store. I had a big fleet of delivery wagons. Those wagons very nearly wrecked me.

"That fleet of trucks was eating me alive. To cut it down was almost like cutting off an arm. Of course I didn't abandon delivery. But I limited it to a reasonable territory near my store. I now use only two wagons. The volume of my business has been greatly reduced. But the volume I now do can be done in half the space. My volume is well below that of 1928. But these two years of retarded business in the country have been the first in which I have made a good profit in ten years. Don't put too much emphasis on great volume in a store. That can sometimes crush you."

This is certainly the era of scientific merchandising. Of course I do not mean that all the patly named devices of merchandising are alone sufficient. You can't run a business on records alone. They are not a substitute for brains. Mr. Oswald W. Knauth, the executive vice president of Macy's, that extraordinary store which is building a merchandising institution on its own lines, confirmed me in this.

"Carrying of minimum stocks may be overdone," he said. "To be out of stock on a popular article is a merchandising crime. Stock control gives a lot of information that is not wanted and cannot be used. There must be knowledge back of the records. Price lines can certainly be carried too far. Even turnover may be achieved at too high a price."

There is a tremendous purchasing power in this country which is lying absolutely dead. In the old days, when depressions came, people stopped spending their money and put it in their socks. Now they stop spending it and put it in the savings banks.

In the Braddock district of Pennsylvania, where some mills have been closed completely, where one great mill which hired 35,000 people now uses only 10,000 on part time, I found this extraordinary fact: that the working people have on deposit in the banks of the Braddock district after two years of hard times over $50,000,000 of savings, several millions more than when the trouble started.

"And this money," said Mr. Todd, head of the largest bank in Braddock, "is the money of working people, not business men or business houses."

There is this tremendous buying power which has run to cover. The job of coaxing it back into action is the job of the merchants.

Of course merchants must get people into their stores. They must sell them. But after they have done this, there is still the problem of making profits and this, put in another way, is the problem of the retail business today. The intelligent storekeeper can do a good deal. But even the ablest can't do the whole job alone. Certain problems which all have in common can be dealt with only by group action.

The finest local example of this is found in Boston. In fact, the most extraordinary instance of a broad, mass attack on the problems of a whole region is found in New England as a whole and under the force of that attack New England now, perhaps, has moved farther along out of the general trade recession than any other part of the country.

Boston merchants have combined in a retail board to fight this common problem of overhead and cost.

For instance, there's the return-goods evil. Her Majesty Mrs. Consumer exercises ruthlessly the right to change her mind. She changed it $20,000,000 worth of goods in one year in eleven Boston stores. It cost those stores $1,250,000 just to handle those returns. It is estimated that American merchants must spend at least $120,000,000 a year reselling returned goods.

"We attacked that problem here," said Mr. Louis Bloomfield, head of the Boston Retail Board. "We found many causes which the stores could affect. For instance, salesladies in stocking departments frequently damaged stockings when they put their hands into them to display them, by snipping a thread with their rings. The damage develops when the purchaser puts the stocking on. Then it comes back. Now Boston salesladies in stocking departments don't wear rings.

Mountains to Be Moved

"But the greatest cause of returned goods—just mind-changing—could be reached only by education of customers and this could be done only by a mass attack by all stores. We have done it with substantial results. Then there were other common problems—packaging, wrapping, group buying of supplies, elimination of discounts to customers and a multitude of other problems bearing directly on this tremendous question of operating costs. Through the Retail Board Boston merchants have saved millions of dollars."

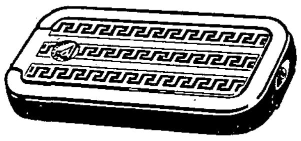
There are mountains to be moved—in fact there are two sets of mountains to be moved. Over the next five years American merchants are going to have to move mountains of merchandise amounting to over 260 billion dollars—an unimaginable sum. Then there are the mountains of savings which have piled up—billions of dollars—some of it ready for expenditure now, if properly invited, most of it slated for spending soon. Who is going to move these mountains? Which merchants will do the job? The answer seems plain.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Flynn. The next will appear in an early issue.

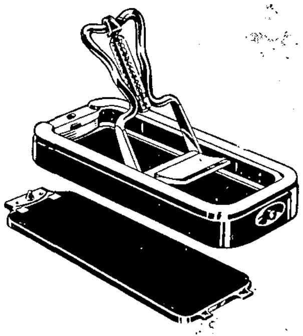
ROLLS RAZOR

The ONE BLADE Safety

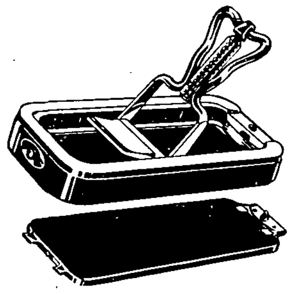
CASE STROPPING HONING SHAVING



Complete and compact in its beautifully designed metal plated case are razor, strop and hone.



By removing the honing lid, the One Safety Blade is ready for automatic stropping before shaving.



By removing the stropping lid the One Safety Blade is ready for automatic honing when necessary.

A Rolls Razor is simplicity itself—just the Safety Blade and its handle.

It's the only razor that automatically strops and hones itself.

EXACTLY RIGHT

Rolls Razors are precision instruments. They're *exactly right*. Their rightness is determined by no less than 243 different gauging tests applied by inspectors who are sticklers for .0025 of an inch while they are in process of manufacture. Rolls Razors are made so that the blade shaves at exactly the right angle. It strops at the right angle. It hones at exactly the right angle. There can be no greater degree of precision.

For this reason, no finer shave can be bought at any price; and because the Rolls Razor will last for years, and give the finest possible shave, day in, day out, year in, year out, it's by far the least expensive razor in the long run.

Priced from $10.00 up

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic, indestructible bowl for a superior shave. . . Priced at $1.50

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly.

Lee & Schiffer, Inc. U. S. Distributors
Dept. A.—305 East 45th St., New York City

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

LOST.

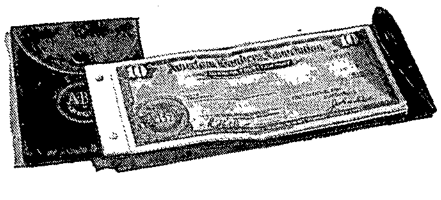
PURSE, lady's black leather, contained keys, vanity, auto license, also a quantity of A.B.A. Cheques and some cash; about noon yesterday, probably in upper Broad Street store; reward. Telephone Broad 6843.

WALLET, containing papers, driving license; valuable to owner only; rewa

Her lost purse was never returned—but she got back the $120 which was in A. B. A. Cheques. She had only to report their loss to the bank across the street and the refund was paid in a few days.

A. B. A. Cheques are *money insurance*. They may be lost, stolen or destroyed—but the money they represent will be restored. They are easy to carry, convenient to use anywhere—and your funds are *safe*.

Carry them at home or abroad. Keep them in the house for emergencies instead of cash. Your own bank will recommend them and will supply you with them.



A·B·A
CHEQUES
CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

The Black Robe

Continued from page 27

There were old friends to meet and dead *compañeros* to mourn; thrilling tales of perilous encounters to exchange, high wines to drink and better still, real coffee with real sugar, and the excitement of races, wrestling bouts, shooting matches, and in all likelihood, blood and brawl.

ALL through the crowded first day the Jesuit saw 'Bije Hawks only at a distance, bellowing profane greetings and all too often draining tin cups of raw spirits. In the evening, however, as the cook fires began to blaze, the old trapper made his appearance, dragging after him a squat, hairy man in greasy buckskins.

"Look what I done found, *Padre!*" he shouted boisterously. "It's a Yooropeen or I'm a liar. Wouldn't wonder if the old buzzard couldn't speak your lingo."

"I am a Fleming," ventured the newcomer, hopefully. "From Ghent, Father."

"From Ghent? Why, it is my home town," cried the missionary, holding out his arms.

Jean Baptiste de Velder, so he told it, had served as one of Napoleon's grenadiers in the Peninsular campaign. Taken prisoner in Spain, he escaped from the English in an American ship, and for twenty years had been a trapper in the Rockies, now with the Hudson's Bay Company, now with the Sublette, and oftentimes on his own account. Flanders was only a dim memory and yet he begged with tear-filled eyes for talk of Ghent as though it were only yesterday he had left its narrow, gabled houses and crooked streets.

"I will go with you, Father," he exclaimed when the Jesuit had explained his mission. "I know that country, and it is certain that I can prove of service."

The young priest was all for setting out at once, but there was need to rest the horses, and many of the wild French Canadians, harking back to childish memories, begged a religious service. On the dawn that they finally mounted for their long journey, 'Bije Hawks took the little missionary in his arms at parting, giving him an *abrazo* after the Spanish custom.

Eight days the little party rode from dawn to dark, crossing mountains and rivers, skirting savage precipices, but when the scouts signaled their approach sixteen hundred Flatheads swarmed to meet them, men, women and children crying their gladness, fatigue fell away from the gaunt young priest, and he blessed them in a voice that had the ring of a trumpet. Big Face, the ancient chief of the tribe, lacked the strength to leave his lodge, but raised up from his bed of buffalo skins to give him greeting.

"Black Robe," he said, "welcome to my nation. We are your children. Show us the path we must follow to reach the place where lives the Great Spirit. Our ears are open; our hearts will heed your words."

For all of his youth and enthusiasm the Jesuit was no mere dreamer, and from the first planned shrewdly. The Flatheads were people of the chase, living nomadically and often miserably, and he saw at once that these conditions would have to be changed if his mission were to prove successful. His people would have to send down roots: there must be an end to wandering and its warfare.

All through August and September he ranged the country with De Velder at his side, covering hundreds of miles, and at last, far to the north, at the headwaters of the Clark, and in the shadow of the Bitter Root range, he found the valley for which he had been looking, sheltered and well watered, the soil richly black. So, planting a cross, he chose St. Mary's as a name for the settlement he proposed to found.

The Flatheads, transferred to their new home, plunged at once into the work of constructing with all the zest of children. A church, a priest's house and log dwellings arose as by magic, and soon stakes enclosed an acreage marked for cultivation. By now it was the Christmas season, and the Jesuit, calling the tribe together, ordered a great buffalo hunt.

"I myself," he said, "will take ten men for a journey to Fort Colville. There is much to be bought, my children."

Three hundred tortuous miles lay between St. Mary's and the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post on the Columbia, but in forty-two days the indefatigable priest was home again, his bearers loaded down with seed, tools, implements and poultry, and driving cows and goats before them. As the weather warmed the priest taught the young men how to use the one poor plow and then with his own hands began the work of planting.

"But wait, Black Robe," expostulated the elders of the tribe. "Is it not a madness to tear up grass that will feed our ponies, and then bury good wheat, oats and potatoes that we could eat ourselves?"

When he told them that that which had been buried would live again, they shook their heads in gloomy doubt, and as the spring came apace they spent whole days perched upon the fences, watching to see if the miracle would be performed. Loud were their shouts of wonder and joy when the first green blades appeared above the ground.

With agriculture well under way, and schools started, the Jesuit now gave rein to his missionary fervor and roamed far afield, eager for new tribes to convert to his faith. Cœur d'Alènes, Kalispels, Chaudières, Flatbows and Nez Percés came under the spell of his ardor.

EVEN into the land of the merciless Blackfeet he made his way, awing them by the very fearlessness of his approach, the calm certainty of his bearing. Awakened at night by the glare of a torch in his eyes, he had looked up to see the gigantic chieftain standing over him, knife drawn and pointed.

"Black Robe," demanded the savage, "are you afraid?"

"See for yourself." The Jesuit, taking the huge hand, held it to his breast. "Does my heart beat more rapidly than usual? Why should I have fear? With the Great Spirit to watch over me, I am as safe as in my Father's house."

"It is well," cried the Indian. "They did not lie who told me that your Great Spirit was all powerful. We will follow Him, Black Robe. Point us the way."

Upon each tribe he impressed the need of permanent villages and taught them to hew and build; he instructed them also in agriculture and gave them tools and seeds. Wars were settled, old hates laid, and before his rude altar gathered hereditary enemies, pledged to fraternity and peace.

Returning to St. Mary's from one of his journeys, neither the perils nor the hardships of the path availed to silence the song in the young priest's heart. In the spring he would go north to other

(*Continued on page 52*)

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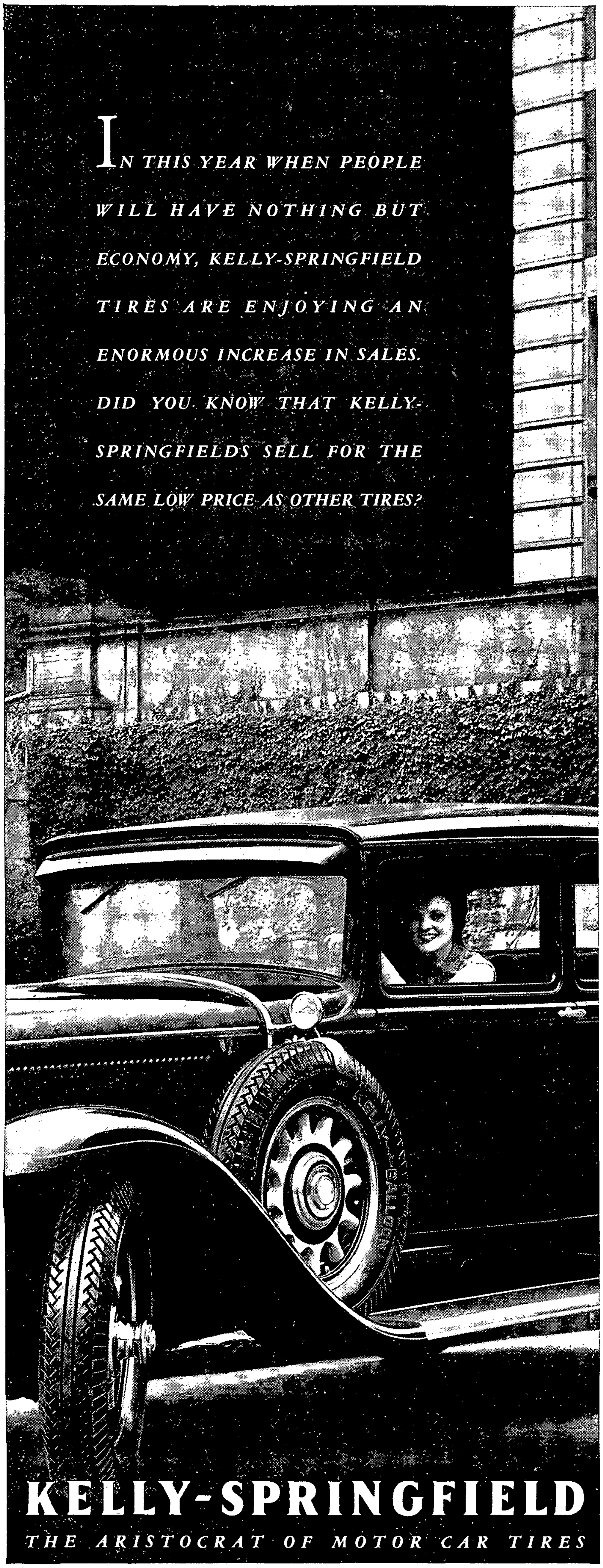


IN THIS YEAR WHEN PEOPLE WILL HAVE NOTHING BUT ECONOMY, KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES ARE ENJOYING AN ENORMOUS INCREASE IN SALES. DID YOU KNOW THAT KELLY-SPRINGFIELDS SELL FOR THE SAME LOW PRICE AS OTHER TIRES?

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTOR CAR TIRES

(Continued from page 51)

warring tribes, and calm the turbulence of their savage souls with the oil of the Word.

Three days out from St. Mary's, he halted at noon beside a little mountain stream, its banks thick with alders, and after munching his meal of jerked buffalo meat, laid himself flat to drink of the running water. As he drank, face deep in the crystalline flow, he saw down to the bottom, and there, shining in the sand, were bright yellow flakes that gleamed warmly. Half believingly, half incredulously, he thrust in a hand, and as he drew it up, only one glance was needed to show him that he held virgin gold.

Possessed by an almost intolerable excitement, he plunged both hands into the icy water again and again, shaking them gently so that the sand seeped between his fingers. Each time a certain quantity of ruddy, glowing particles remained in his palms. At the end of an hour he had collected enough coarse gold to fill a small buckskin pouch, together with five or six nuggets of varying size, one, however, at least a pound in weight.

THEN and only then did he admit the realization that a fortune was his for the taking! Riches also for his beloved Order! Bare coffers could now be filled, permitting the extension of missionary activities into every dark corner of the globe. Never again would the Father General, with tears running down his cheeks, be forced to say the sad word that checked zeal or stayed some adventure in conversion because the treasury was without funds.

Suddenly a memory of the Pottawatomies, darkly, chillingly, laid itself across the brightness of his dreams. As though the unhappy scene stretched itself before his very eyes, he saw again the staggering shapes of drunken braves and squaws, their mouths dripping meaningless obscenities, their hands clawing, their knives stabbing, striking down nearest and dearest.

But no! He brushed the vision away as though it were palpable. Even though news of wealth should bring the white man to these remote and peaceful valleys, it would never be with the splendid red men of the mountains as with the Pottawatomies. Through him, their beloved Black Robe, they had found their souls, and out of the finding had come strength. Only a month before, Walking Bear, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, after killing a Blackfoot marauder, had thrown himself on his knees and prayed for his dead enemy.

Was not this a conversion that reached to the very roots of life? What safer to believe than that such people could be trusted to stand as strong as the mighty firs against the approach of evil? When there was no possibility of disaster, what madness not to make beneficent use of the wealth at hand? His resolve fully taken, the missionary marked the gulch in his mind's eye, and resumed his journey.

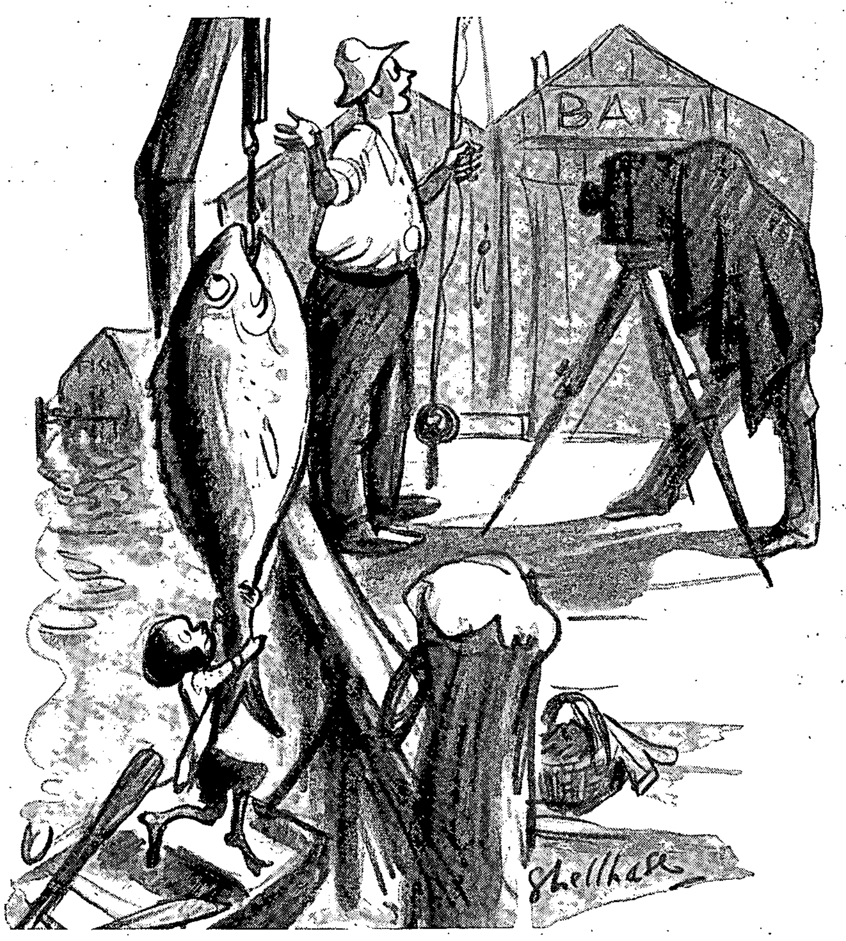
Always, on previous returns, his coming had been marked by eager runners, the whole village marching out to serve as a guard of honor. Now, as he descended the slope under a brilliant noonday sun, not only did none race to meet him, but the huddle of houses itself seemed strangely deserted. No smoke came from any chimney; the fields and the little square alike were empty of people. A cold fear clutching at his heart, he quickened his pace, calling loudly as he drew near.

"Peter!" he shouted. "Paul! De Velder! Where are you?"

As he came to the center of the village, running by now, and calling at the top of his voice, from the church tottered the ancient of the tribe, a venerable old man who had put by the name of Running Wolf for that of Ignatius. Streaks of black disfigured his wrinkled face, and wood ashes were mixed with the grease of his hair. At sight of the Jesuit he dropped to his knees and drew his blanket over his head.

"Ignatius!" Kneeling down, the mis-

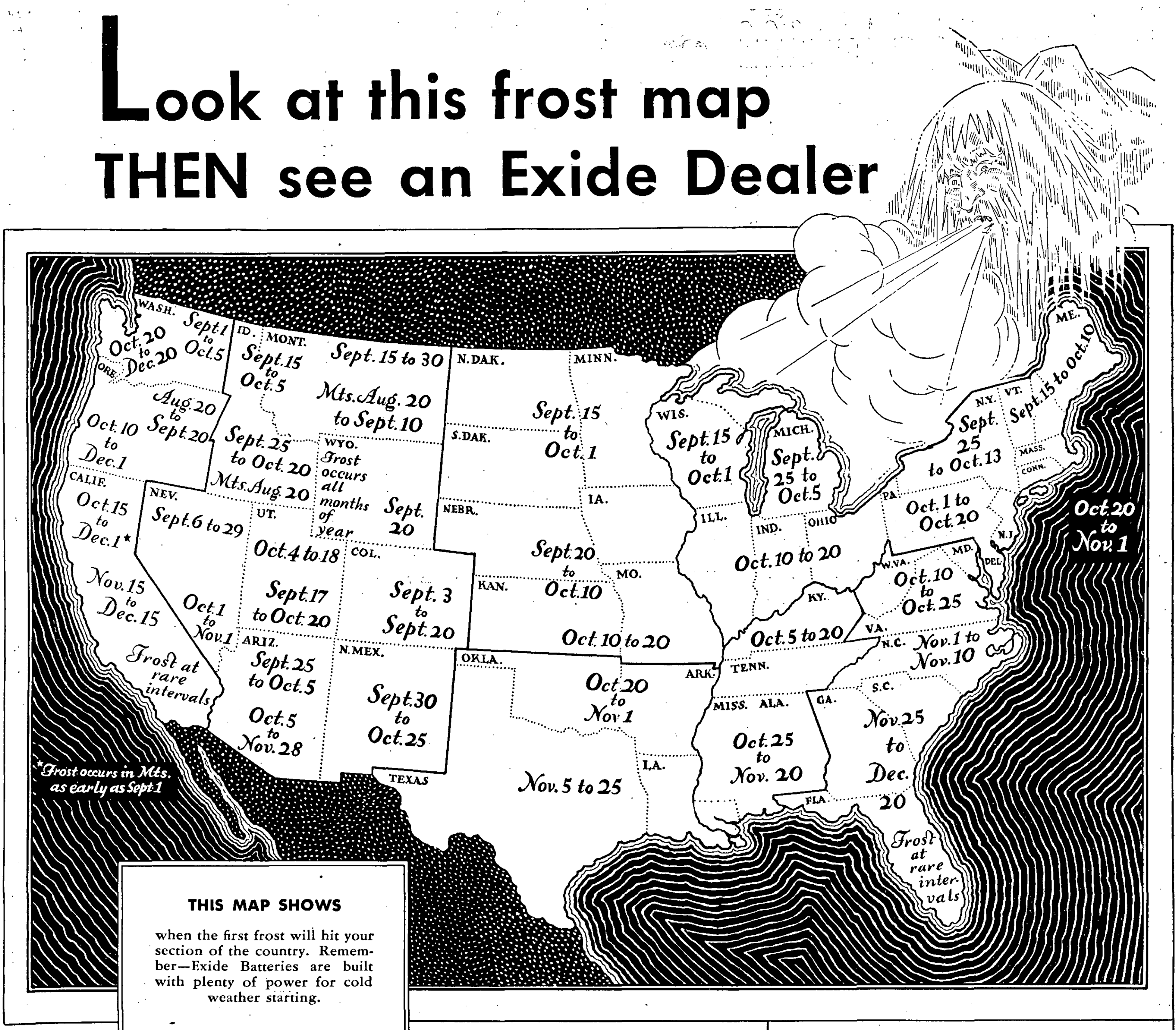
(Continued on page 54)



"Be sure and get the scale in it, please!"

George Shellhase

Look at this frost map THEN see an Exide Dealer


WASH.
Sept.1 to Oct.5
Oct.20 to Dec.20
ORE.
Aug.20 to Sept.20
Oct.10 to Dec.1
CALIF.
Oct.15 to Dec.1*
Nov.15 to Dec.15
Frost at rare intervals
ID.
MONT.
Sept.15 to Oct.5
Sept.15 to 30
Mts. Aug. 20 to Sept.10
Sept.25 to Oct.20
Mts. Aug.20
WYO.
Frost occurs all months of year
Sept. 20
NEV.
Sept.6 to 29
UT.
Oct.4 to 18
Oct.1 to Nov.1
COL.
Sept.17 to Oct.20
Sept.3 to Sept.20
ARIZ.
Sept.25 to Oct.5
Oct.5 to Nov.28
N.MEX.
Sept.30 to Oct.25
N.DAK.
S.DAK.
MINN.
Sept.15 to Oct.1
NEBR.
IA.
Sept.20 to Oct.10
KAN.
MO.
Oct.10 to 20
OKLA.
Oct.20 to Nov.1
TEXAS
Nov.5 to 25
ARK.
LA.
WIS.
Sept.15 to Oct.1
MICH.
Sept.25 to Oct.5
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
Oct.10 to 20
KY.
Oct.5 to 20
TENN.
MISS.
ALA.
Oct.25 to Nov.20
GA.
S.C.
Nov.25 to Dec.20
FLA.
Frost at rare intervals
N.C.
Nov.1 to Nov.10
VA.
W.VA.
Oct.10 to Oct.25
MD.
DEL.
N.J.
PA.
Oct.1 to Oct.20
N.Y.
Sept.25 to Oct.13
VT.
MASS.
CONN.
ME.
Sept.15 to Oct.10
Oct.20 to Nov.1
*Frost occurs in Mts. as early as Sept.1

THIS MAP SHOWS

when the first frost will hit your section of the country. Remember—Exide Batteries are built with plenty of power for cold weather starting.

YOU probably start your car more than 2200 times a year.* And winter's coming soon. How many times will you get *instant action* from your starter after the first freeze sets in? With an Exide you get just that—*action.* Exides are built to give plenty of power for cold weather starting.

Winter is the real test of a battery. Exide users do not worry. They know that—"When it's an Exide you start." Have your battery inspected by the nearby Exide dealer. The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia. Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

P. S. Starting-trouble is sometimes due to worn or faulty ignition or battery cables. Have the nearest Exide Dealer look over your car. Exide Ignition and Battery Cables (standard sizes to fit any car) are of the same high quality as world-famous Exide Batteries.

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YOU START

Recent survey showed that the average driver steps on his starter more than 2200 times a year.

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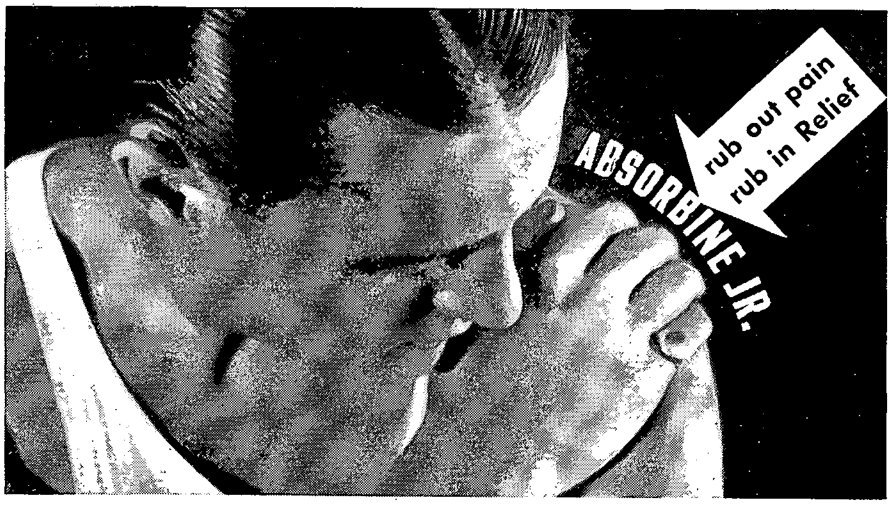

Absorbine Jr.

Muscles stiff and sore?... here's *double-acting* relief

THERE'S no sense in suffering for days with aching muscles. For in most cases, all they need is improved circulation — a fresh supply of blood pouring through them to reduce the soreness and bring back normal comfort.

So at the first sign of soreness, take Absorbine Jr. and rub, massage it on the ailing parts. Almost instantly, you will notice a glowing warmth of increased circulation—a peaceful relaxation of tired, cramped muscles—a wonderful easing of pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Massage also stirs up the blood stream. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and therefore brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

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Note: Time shown in Daylight time. If your community is on Standard Time deduct one hour.

East . . . . 8:15 P. M.
WHAM Rochester
WJZ New York
WLW Cincinnati
WBZA Springfield, Mass.
WBZ Boston
WJR Detroit
WBAL Baltimore
KDKA Pittsburgh
WGAR Cleveland

West . . . . { 7:15 P. M. Central Time
{ 6:15 P. M. Mountain Time
WREN Kansas City, Kan.
KYW Chicago
KOA Denver
KWK St. Louis
KSL Salt Lake City

Pacific Coast . . . . 5:15 P. M.
KHQ Spokane
KFI Los Angeles
KOMO Seattle
KGW Portland
KPO San Francisco

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

The Black Robe

Continued from page 52

sionary shook the lean shoulder with impatient hand. "What has happened? Where are the people?"

"Gone, Black Robe," quavered the ancient. "All gone."

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Who knows?" The withered hand waved vaguely. "Scattered like the winter leaves, Black Robe. Blown away by a cold wind. The white man came with firewater. There was much drinking, much shouting. It was all very strange, very terrible."

The priest, supporting Ignatius to the nearest hut, kindled a fire and then extracted the tragic story bit by bit. Soon after his departure, so ran the old man's narrative, a band of traders had come into the village from the Yellowstone country. They wanted to buy ponies first of all, but their eyes gleamed covetously when they saw the cabin filled with fine furs. Almost at once they made an offer for the peltries, but Victor, Big Face's successor, had refused to consider any sale, pointing out that the tribe needed all of its ponies, and that their Black Robe had pledged the furs to the factor at Fort Colville.

IT WAS then that the white men had produced kegs of firewater, giving it freely to all who would drink. Many hung back, but not for long, and soon the village was a madhouse, the sense gone from old and young, and not even when the traders, themselves somewhat drunken, began to attack the women was any brave sober enough to lift a hand in their defense. Mary, who had been Singing Bird, had killed herself at his very feet to save her body from defilement. The old man whimpered miserably as he told of his granddaughter's death, his cheeks wet with tears.

"Who is there now to make my fire?" he moaned. "Who will cook my meat and fill my pipe?"

De Velder, as bad as the rest, had gone off with the traders. With them went the ponies, the furs and everything else in the village of any value. Only the empty whisky kegs remained. When the tribe had recovered from the debauch there was a council. He, poor old Ignatius, had not been present. He did not know what they considered or what they decided. All he knew was that he came out of his cabin to find them fled. Men, women and children. All gone. Before the Jesuit could open his lips to make further inquiries, a shadow darkened the entrance, and he looked up to see two braves entering the door.

"Peter!" he cried, rising and reaching out his hand.

"Peter no more," came the answer. "My name is Tall Pine. Come!" Bending down, the young brave gently lifted the ancient to his feet. "We are leaving this valley forever, Running Wolf. The chief has sent us for you."

"Peter!" The missionary caught Tall Pine's shoulder and turned him roughly until the somber face was close against his own. "What does it mean? I am here again. I am not angry, Peter. Let us go at once and tell the tribe that in prayer there is forgiveness. The Great Spirit is understanding and compassionate, and will be merciful."

"We are done with your Great Spirit." Drawing back, Tall Pine shook himself loose from the clutching fingers. "Neither His wrath nor His forgiveness means anything to us any more, Black Robe."

"No! No!" The Jesuit's voice cracked under the weight of its anguish. "You must not say it. Ignatius has told me all. Would to God that I had been here. But we shall put it away as some black dream of the night. Together we will find a new home."

"It may not be." The words rang with bleak inexorability. "Our lips are through with your prayers, Black Robe; our ears are closed to your words. We do not want you with us, now or ever again. So it has been decided at a council fire. When you first came among us, we did not know how to bury seeds in the ground, and our lodges may have been less warm than wood cabins, but no knife hung idle at its belt when vile hands lifted against our women, and never had we known need to cover our faces with our blankets.

"It is not so now," he continued sadly. "The accursed firewater of the traders turned us into animals, running on all fours, slavering and screeching; aye, worse than animals, for we did not even spring up to protect our mates. Shame weighs us down more heavily than the stones of the avalanche, and only when the sun is set and there is darkness may we lift our bowed heads."

"But where is mine the blame?" cried the missionary. "Why may I not go with you?"

"Where one of your race is," said Tall Pine, "others follow. It is our hope to flee from the curse that you lay upon us. Surely there are valleys too remote for the white man's travel; too barren to excite the white man's greed." Flinging a direction to his companion, the two lifted old Running Wolf in their arms and were gone.

The Jesuit, recovering from his stupor, ran after them, but their backward glance was so dark with menace, so weighted with aversion, that it stopped him in his tracks. Eyes wet, he watched the trudging figures until they turned the shoulder of a hill, and then he sank weakly to the ground. For once no prayer came to his lips, sobs constricting his throat, a vast misery dulling his mind.

SLOWLY a comforting thought lighted the blackness of his stupor. There were still the Kalispels, the Chaudières, the Spokanes, the Nez Percés, the Cœur d'Alènes and the Kootenays, safe as yet from the white man's corrupting contact. He would go to them at once and warm his cold heart at the blaze of their faith and devotion. Getting to his feet, chilled and stiffened, he felt a dragging at his belt, a knocking against his thigh, and looking down, saw the buckskin pouch. For a moment he stared vacantly, uncomprehendingly, and then, remembrance coming, he lifted the beaded bag and tore it open.

Only three short days before the golden flakes, the gleaming nuggets, had thrilled him to an ecstasy of proud and happy dreaming. Now he hid them quickly in a fold of his blanket, and stared fearfully about him as though the hills had eyes. Accursed metal! What madness to have thought he could hold it to beneficent use. At the merest whisper of its discovery, the wild and reckless of earth would crowd every vale and meadow—rapacious, ruthless, conscienceless—their tramp a thunder, their violence more devastating than cyclone or cloudburst. Just as the Pottawatomies and the Flatheads had been debauched, degraded and despoiled, so would be every one of the mountain tribes.

A cry of loathing and despair burst from his trembling lips, and with all the force of his arm he flung the pouch into the gathering darkness.

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 17

The loneliness of life—Sheila had never known it, never suspected it before. How lonely they were, these Irish-born and Russian-born girls, who were herded like sheep in the top rooms of great hotels; these maids and nurse-girls and chauffeurs and valets who stayed at the hotel. They gave their lives to others, for sixty and seventy and eighty dollars a month.

All very well to argue, "They have a day a week, haven't they?" What girl could be satisfied, at eighteen, or twenty-two, or thirty, with a part of one day each week in which to live her own life? Less than one seventh of her life hers—for she had to serve breakfast on her "day out," and she must be back in her cell of a room by midnight.

SHEILA grew older, her manner grew more sedate, her forehead had a new gravity, her eyes were wiser. Physically there was a change, too; she was thinner, the contours of her face were chiseled to finer lines.

She had been ten days on the job when one morning, in the very heat of the between-lunch-and-breakfast flurry, Frank McCann found her.

At the moment Mr. Benny was making himself particularly disagreeable to an unfortunately argumentative girl named Mabel, and Sheila, listening to Mabel's feeble self-defense, in an agony of sympathy was inwardly saying to Mabel, "Oh, shut up, you're just giving him chance after chance—shut up, you poor fool—he's just leading you on—" when Mrs. Kearney, who was assistant manager, suddenly appeared on the scene.

This caused a lull, for Mrs. Kearney, silk-clad, eye-glassed, authoritative, was a power at the Pendergast.

"Which girl is Mary Moore? Mary, there's a gentleman wants to see you," Mrs. Kearney said. She sensed mutiny. "What's going on here?" she asked sharply.

It was so delightful to see Mr. Benny cringe, becoming instantly conciliatory to Mabel, so gratifying to hear Mabel's demure answer, that Sheila quite forgot to worry about any significance her own message might have. Unsuspectingly she followed Mrs. Kearney to one of the little consultation rooms near the main office. One of the guests of the place had asked her that morning if she had ever posed for trade photographs, and had suggested that she let him have her photographed working a vacuum cleaner, and if Sheila had thought of anything at all except Mabel's triumph and Mr. Benny's discomfiture, she would have found some such explanation of the summons.

But it was Frank McCann who was waiting for her.

Instantly she was frightened, of what she did not know. She tried to back out of the door.

"Sheila—it's all right, nobody knows but me!" Frank said quickly. What Mrs. Kearney, outside the door, thought Sheila had only a wild minute to speculate. Then the older woman closed the door, and she and Frank were alone.

"Listen, it's all right, nobody knows but me!" Frank said. "Sit down, nothing's going to happen to you. Honestly, I *promise* you I won't give you away!"

"How'd you find me?" Sheila whispered, sitting down.

"I never lost you. There was a fellow named Buckley waiting for me in the hall that day," Frank explained, with a touch of his characteristic complacence. "I had him follow you. He's done that sort of thing before—he's a plainclothes man, as a matter of fact. He saw you go into the agency on Lexington."

"But after that I went home!"

"I know you did. But an hour later your brother telephoned; they couldn't locate you."

"That was it," she said.

Frank was silent, he half smiled at her.

"Never a dull moment where you are!" he observed dryly. "You see, you didn't run away at all!"

"I wish people would leave me alone," Sheila said simply.

"So you're a waitress, eh?"

"Some job," she said, with a smile and shrug.

"Is it hard?"

"Oh, help!"

There was a silence.

"That woman—O'Connor, in the agency, did she tell on me?"

"She had to."

"Ma know?"

"She knows I know. I told her that night you were O. K."

"Is she all right?" Sheila asked. It began as a casual question, but suddenly her lips trembled, she was crying.

"She's fine." He stopped, studied her for a minute. "She misses you."

To this Sheila could make no answer.

"How long you going to keep this up?"

"I don't know."

"Well, we've had a great time, since you left," Frank told her. "There's been a reporter on the front step about half the time. My mother doesn't dare answer the telephone."

"How is your mother?"

"Mother feels very badly about you. She feels that we could have shown a little more confidence in you that day."

"She didn't believe me."

"She was all upset."

"And your *father* didn't believe me."

"Well—he did, kinder—"

Sheila was looking somberly ahead of her, resentment smoldering in her eyes.

"I can't blame you, if my own mother thought I was a liar!" she said bitterly.

"I believed you, right through," Frank said.

SHEILA'S look was scornfully incredulous.

"Honestly I did," he said. "Truly. But it seemed to me that anyway, true or not true, you and Peter might want to be married."

"I don't love Peter. I'm not going to marry anyone I don't love."

Frank shrugged.

"Perhaps you're waiting for something you'll never find," he said.

"The police never found out anything about that Columbus Avenue place?" Sheila presently asked.

"No, they didn't seem to think there was anything much to follow up. But I believe my father has someone keeping an eye on the place."

"If I had known that you knew where I was," Sheila said, after a long pause, during which her blue eyes had rested steadily on his face, "I would have run away again—from here, I mean."

"It wouldn't have done you any good."

She looked up suspiciously.

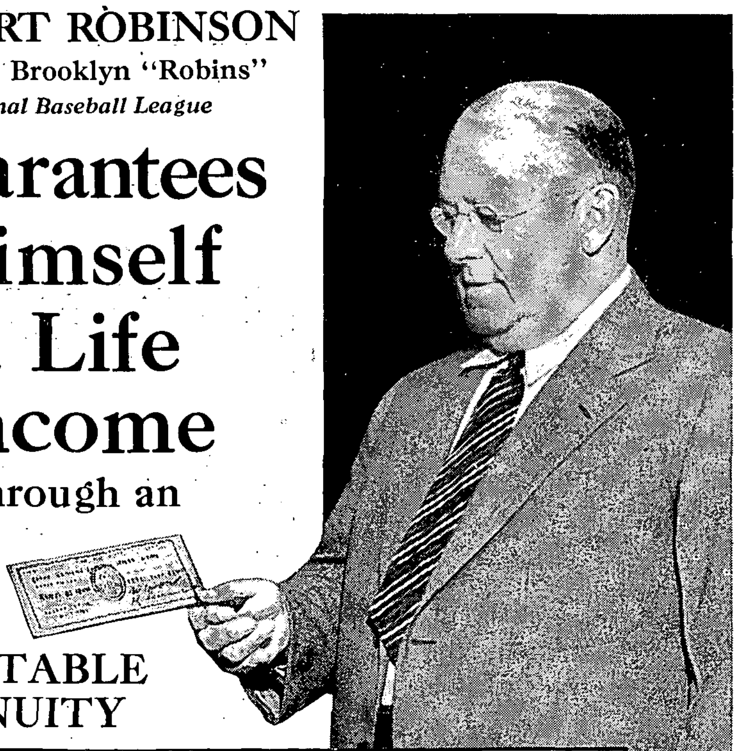
"Wouldn't?"

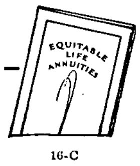
"No, you can't run away from things. It only makes people think you've got something to hide."

"I don't care what people think."

"We'd have had to find you. But, knowing where you were, I could tell them you were all right," Frank said. "I knew it wouldn't hurt you to work

(*Continued on page 56*)





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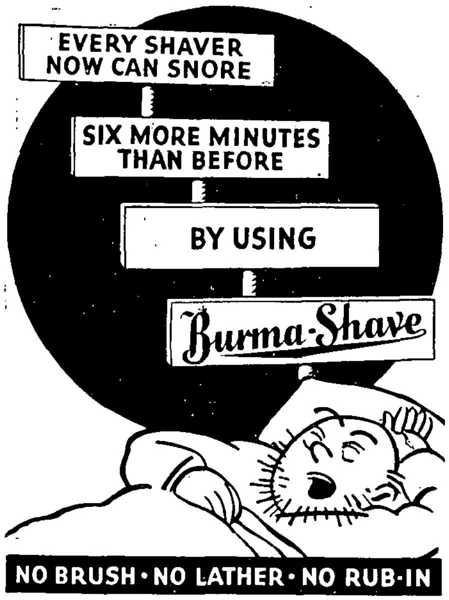

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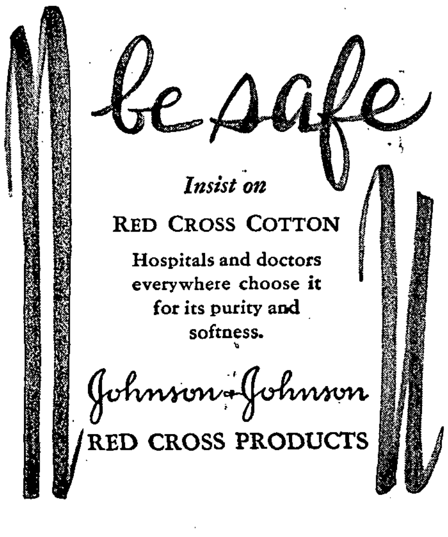

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(*Continued from page 55*)

off your mad. I was down here the day after you came, and saw Mrs. Kearney. She's a good old girl," Frank said. "She said she'd keep an eye on you and not talk. I didn't tell her much, of course."

Tears of helpless anger stood in Sheila's eyes.

"You did it up in style," she commented, dryly.

"Ah, now listen—" Frank began.

"Listen nothing!" she said, with a sudden choke in her voice. "You double-crossed me. You've all been laughing at me, all this time. Mamma and Joe and everyone—"

"THERE isn't one of them has the faintest idea where you are!" Frank interrupted.

"Why, Sheila," he added, as she did not speak. "Do you suppose your mother'd let an hour go by without coming down here after you? She's breaking her heart for you. She'll never forgive herself that she didn't believe you that day."

"Mamma—" Sheila said thickly, and swallowed, and was still.

"About every third night I telephone Joe at the office," Frank went on, "and tell him to tell her that you're all right."

"Is Joe working?"

"Papa got him a job, with a contractor."

"Oh, that makes me feel happy!"

"Sure it does," Frank said encouragingly.

"Where is it?"

"It's over on Long Island. Papa has some little houses there. Your mother and Angela were going down to look at one."

"A house!"

"So that, you see, if you did go back, Sheila, you'd be in a new neighborhood—everything'd be different—"

"But what rent would Ma have to pay for a place like that?"

"Well, I guess that part of it wouldn't worry her. My father knew your father, you know, and your father's father."

Sheila pondered, with a knitted brow.

"Your father's an awfully good man," she said slowly.

"Sheila, why don't you come home!" Frank besieged her suddenly.

"I can't," Sheila answered in a troubled tone. She did not look up; tears dropped on her hand. "They'd all think—everyone—that I had done something wrong," she said. "I couldn't face it."

"You couldn't," he said persuasively, "just slip in again, and put up with—whatever you had to put up with? Would it be so hard? We've all got to take it on the chin sometimes, you know. What do you care what people say? Your own people love you and want you. Isn't that all that matters?"

Earthquake and fire had torn her old world apart. Now she had had ten lonely, weary days in which to rebuild a new world within her own soul. Prayer, loneliness, most of all the contemplation of other women's lives had helped her. She sat pondering, looking down. And in the silence came the still clear voice, as of old. She must carry her load.

The sheer heroism of it appealed to her. Perhaps the Sheila of a month ago might not have dared this. But today's was a different woman.

"My mother was awfully mean to me," she faltered. "I never knew the time when she didn't stand to one of us before!"

"But you know why that was," Frank said, in his quick, sure way. "Your mother's like my mother, Sheila. There's just one thing gets her. And that's sin. You know that. Your mother thought you'd done something wrong. She thought that after all her love and teaching and prayers, you'd done something bad; that's what was killing her. That," Frank concluded with great simplicity, "that's what was eating *her!*"

There was a pause. Then Frank asked again:

"Sheila, will you go home?"

She looked at him, suddenly surrendered.

"Yes, I will, Frank."

"Good girl," he said.

"Shall I just walk in on my mother?"

"She'll be ready for you!"

It warmed her heart. There was something tremendously exciting in the process of yielding her will to that of this young man.

Frank glanced at his wrist.

"I have to see a man in the Chandler Building here, wherever that is," he said. "It's twelve o'clock. We could lunch at one, and start at two."

"Is there a two o'clock train?"

"Train! I flew down, and I'm going to fly back."

"Fly!" she said.

"Certainly." He laughed at her bewildered face. "Haven't you ever flown?"

"When on earth would I fly?"

"Well," he said, "you can fly today. You'll be home at three o'clock. I always fly down here to Atlantic City and back. I've done it for years."

Home at three o'clock! The mere thought made her heart soar with sheer ecstasy. Ma—at three o'clock.

"You'll be back here for lunch?" she asked.

"Here! I'm taking you to the Commander for lunch!"

Of what the girls said to her, when she went back, and what she said to them, Sheila retained no impression whatsoever. She would have relived a dozen times those ten terrible days in Mr. Benny's pantry, in the big dining-room, in the strange, noisy dormitory loft, for the delight of this one hour.

AT LUNCHEON she tried to tell Frank some of her experiences at the Pendergast, but she was much too excited. The thought of seeing her brother's face tonight, of being in her mother's arms again, was too thrilling. Sheila was like a girl in a high fever.

"You're different today from the poor little soul who came into our house two weeks ago, Sheila."

"Oh, think what's happened!"

"You were a forlorn little waif that night."

"I was dressed up, pretending."

"Ah, but it isn't only the clothes." He watched her, in satisfaction, for a few minutes and then added, with just a hint of his kindly and patronizing air, "You have a new good friend in Miss Kennedy, Sheila."

"Miss Kennedy?"

"The young lady who's going to marry me in June."

"Oh," said Sheila.

"She's so much interested in everything I tell her about you. She thinks—no, no sauce," Frank said, interrupting himself. "She thinks what everyone else does, that you're staying with some friends of your family. She doesn't know I'm in the secret," he said. "I'll tell her this last chapter of your adventures tonight."

"I hope it's the last!" Sheila said.

"Ah, yes, things will quiet down now. The newspapers won't be interested, once you're home and in a job again," Frank said. "Gertrude's with her grandmother, and Pete's gone up to my uncle in Pittsburgh, for the time being anyway. Everything's jake!" he concluded.

"Peter's given up his law?"

"Oh, yes. He wasn't"—Frank shook his head—"he wasn't a lawyer!" he said. "My father's delighted to have him with my uncle in the family business. To tell you the truth, Peter probably took up law work because he thought it was easier than a job!" he added, with a lenient, brotherly laugh.

"You're a lawyer, Frank?"

He looked surprised.

"I'm in the district attorney's office."

"I knew you were—sort of—political."

"Yes. Bernadette wanted to live in the country," he said, "but Mr. Lillie wants me here in town."

SHEILA watched him in fascinated admiration.

"Is it interesting?"

"Very."

"Is Miss Kennedy's father in politics?"

"Not officially, no. But her grandfather was Senator—state senator—McLally."

Frank looked handsome, serious, as he spoke. The satisfaction he felt in all these facts was obvious.

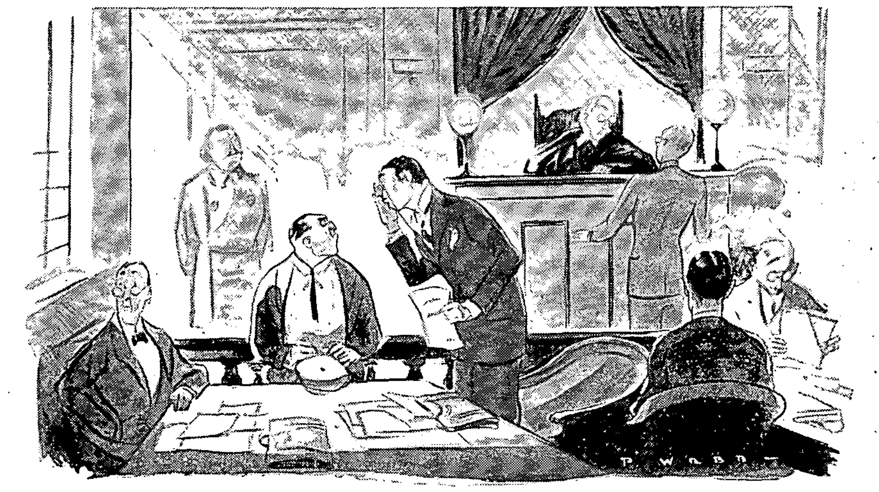
"When we're married, and home again," he said, "'Dette and I want you to visit us, Sheila. She wants to meet you, and I want you to meet her. You see," he went on smiling, "no matter what you do, you aren't going to escape me. I tell 'Dette I've constituted myself a sort of big brother to you."

Sheila looked across the table at him steadily, without smiling. She did not speak.

A quarter of an hour later she climbed confidently into the first airplane she had ever seen at close range.

"It's like a movie," she said, as the roar of the engine suddenly enveloped them, and the great mechanism quivered. Frank shouted at her encouragingly; there was time for no more—they were off!

(*To be continued next week*)



"Remember, now—'No' to the first—'Yes' to the second—and 'I was a misunderstood child' to the third"

P. Webb

The Snatching of Bookie Bob

Continued from page 9

we are waiting for Sam Salt, unless you will rather play pinochle?"

"But," I say, "we have no scratch to play the races, at least not much."

"Well," Bookie Bob says, "I will take your markers, because I hear what you say about always paying your bookmaker, and you put yourself away with me as an honest guy, and these other gentlemen also impress me as honest guys."

Now what happens but we begin betting Bookie Bob on the different races, not only at Belmont, but at all the other tracks in the country, for Little Isadore and Spanish John and I are guys who like plenty of action when we start betting on the horses. We write out markers for whatever we wish to bet and hand them to Bookie Bob, and Bookie Bob sticks these markers in an inside pocket, and along in the late afternoon it looks as if he has a tumor on his chest.

WE GET the race results by phone off a poolroom downtown as fast as they come off, and also the prices, and it is a lot of fun, and Little Isadore and Spanish John and Bookie Bob and I are all little pals together until all the races are over and Bookie Bob takes out the markers and starts counting himself up.

It comes out then that I owe Bookie Bob ten G's, and Spanish John owes him six G's, and Little Isadore owes him four G's, as Little Isadore beats him a couple of races out west.

Well, about this time Bookie Bob manages to get Sam Salt on the phone, and explains to Sam that he is to go to a certain safe-deposit box and get out twenty-five G's, and then wait until midnight and hire himself a taxicab and start riding around the block between Fifty-first and Fifty-second, from Eighth to Ninth avenues, and to keep riding until somebody flags the cab and takes the scratch off him.

Naturally Sam Salt understands right away that the snatch is on Bookie Bob, and he agrees to do as he is told, but he says he cannot do it until the following night because he knows there is not twenty-five G's in the box and he will have to get the difference at the track the next day. So there we are with another day in the apartment and Spanish John and Little Isadore and I are just as well pleased because Bookie Bob has us hooked and we naturally wish to wiggle off.

But the next day is worse than ever. In all the years I am playing the horses I never have such a tough day, and Spanish John and Little Isadore are just as bad. In fact, we are all going so bad that Bookie Bob seems to feel sorry for us and often lays us a couple of points above the track prices, but it does no good. At the end of the day, I am in a total of twenty G's, while Spanish John owes fifteen, and Little Isadore fifteen, a total of fifty G's among the three of us. But we are never any hands to hold post-mortems on bad days, so Little Isadore goes out to a delicatessen store and lugs in a lot of nice things to eat, and we have a fine dinner, and then we sit around with Bookie Bob telling stories, and even singing a few songs together until time to meet Sam Salt.

When it comes on midnight Spanish John goes out and lays for Sam, and gets a little valise off of Sam Salt. Then Spanish John comes back to the apartment and we open the valise and the twenty-five G's are there okay, and we cut this scratch three ways.

Then I tell Bookie Bob he is free to go on about his business, and good luck to him, at that, but Bookie Bob looks at me as if he is very much surprised, and hurt, and says to me like this:

"Well, gentlemen, thank you for your courtesy, but what about the scratch you owe me? What about these markers? Surely, gentlemen, you will pay your bookmaker?"

Well, of course we owe Bookie Bob these markers, all right, and of course a man must pay his bookmaker, no matter what, so I hand over my bit and Bookie Bob puts down something in a little notebook that he takes out of his kick.

Then Spanish John and Little Isadore hand over their dough, too, and Bookie Bob puts down something more in the little notebook.

"Now," Bookie Bob says, "I credit each of your accounts with these payments, but you gentlemen still owe me a matter of twenty-five G's over and above the twenty-five I credit you with, and I hope and trust you will make arrangements to settle this at once, because," he says, "I do not care to extend such accommodations over any considerable period."

"But," I say, "we do not have any more scratch after paying you the twenty-five G's on account."

"Listen," Bookie Bob says, dropping his voice down to a whisper, "what about putting the snatch on my partner, Sam Salt, and I will wait over a couple of days with you and keep booking to you, and maybe you can pull yourselves out. But of course," Bookie Bob whispers, "I will be entitled to twenty-five per cent of the snatch for putting the finger on Sam for you."

But Spanish John and Little Isadore are sick and tired of Bookie Bob and will not listen to staying in the apartment any longer, because they say he is a jinx to them and they cannot beat him in any manner, shape or form. Furthermore, I am personally anxious to get away because something Bookie Bob says reminds me of something.

It reminds me that besides the scratch we owe him, we forget to take out six G's two-fifty for the party who puts the finger on Bookie Bob for us, and this is a very serious matter indeed, because anybody will tell you that failing to pay a finger is considered a very dirty trick. Furthermore, if it gets around that you fail to pay a finger, nobody else will ever finger for you.

So [Harry the Horse says] we quit the snatching business because there is no use continuing while this obligation is outstanding against us, and we go back to Brooklyn to earn enough scratch to pay our just debts.

WE ARE paying off Bookie Bob's I O U a little at a time, because we do not wish to ever have anybody say we welsh on a bookmaker, and furthermore we are paying off the six G's two-fifty commission we owe our finger.

And while it is tough going, I am glad to say our honest effort is doing somebody a little good, because I see Bookie Bob's ever-loving wife the other night all dressed up in new clothes and looking very happy, indeed.

And while a guy is telling me she is looking so happy because she gets a large legacy from an uncle who dies in Switzerland, and is now independent of Bookie Bob, I only hope and trust [Harry the Horse says] that it never gets out that our finger in this case is nobody but Bookie Bob's ever-loving wife.

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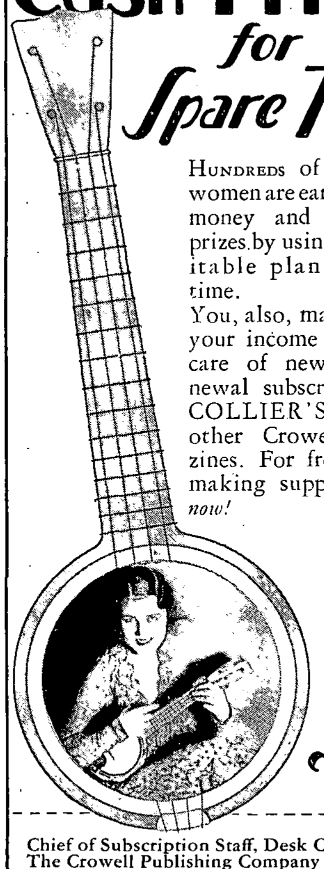

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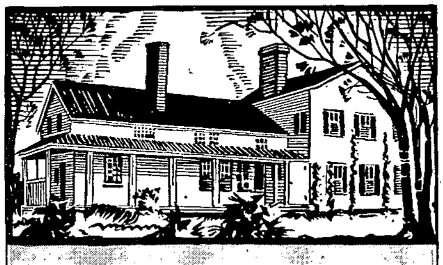

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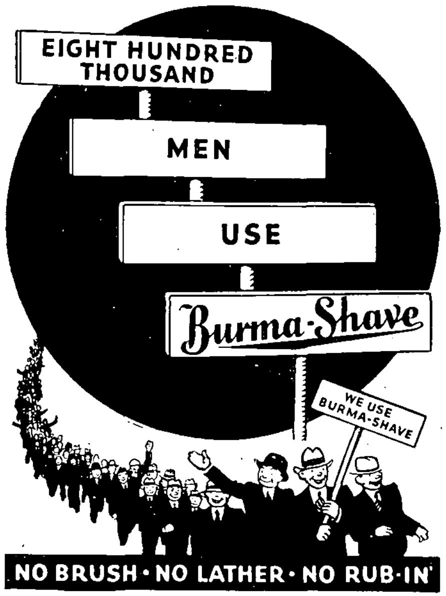

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Sure Thing!

Continued from page 15

silence. They stared at each other, taut and pale and quivering.

"Are you going to marry him?" he demanded at last.

"I don't know. . . . What of it?"

He gave a helpless shrug—such a shrug as a young man might give who makes twelve dollars a week, and has staked his future on a book that friendly readers have to try to be polite about—and walked out.

Then she sat thinking, and the more she thought the worse she felt. She'd certainly got herself into a jam—mixed up with two men, and not really approving of either of them. Andy had been nice in the old days but he was impossibly touchy and suspicious now. . . . No wonder; probably he wasn't getting enough to eat. She wouldn't be getting enough to eat either, before long, if she didn't make some money somehow.

She took up the telephone, twirled the dial.

"Rex?" she said presently. "Hello! . . . Yes, Andy's gone. . . . No, I don't feel like going out to dance. . . . Listen, Rex. Could you carry that Amal Con for me without anybody finding out—anybody at all?"

"Sure, I can fix it up. No trouble. Leave it to me."

"If it goes down," she warned him, "I'd have to give you a note for the money—with interest—and pay you when I could."

She thought he might try to refuse that; but he knew her too well.

"Fair enough," he said lightly. "But it won't go down."

The next day he told her he had got her 500 shares at 29.

"The certificate?" he said. "Oh, that's at the broker's; it was bought on margin. But never mind; all we do now is to watch it ride."

They watched, and it rode. Rex said it was going to 70.

She was glad she had something to think about. Business was dead; she spent every day at her decorator's shop but there was nothing to do but read the stock quotations in the evening papers, and bite her nails, and wonder why she didn't hear from Andy. She couldn't call him up or go to see him; she didn't know where he lived and neither did any of his friends. She had asked them all, before the week was out.

SO THE days passed—bright spring days; and Amal Con kept going up. Then, late one afternoon, Ainsworth called her up.

"Dine with me tonight?" he asked.

"Fine. . . . I suppose you saw that Amal Con closed at 57?"

"Yes. But, Rex, there was a terrific turnover—sixty thousand shares. Somebody must be selling what the bulls are buying."

"Don't worry," he said. "I've bought another thousand shares every five points up. You'll clean up on it, Carla."

She hoped so, as she locked up the shop that hadn't seen a customer all week. . . . She turned from the door and bumped into Andy Bush on the sidewalk; he looked as gaunt as an alley cat.

"Hello!" she said, her heart thumping. "What have you been doing with yourself these last eleven days?"

"Rewriting my book. All of it. . . . I've come to buy you a drink."

"I'll buy you one. You can't afford it on twelve dollars a week."

"I made fourteen this week," he told her. (And only last year he'd been getting a hundred and twenty-five from the telephone company.)

"All right," she compromised. "You buy me one and I'll buy you one. . . . You know Louis' place? No? Just around the corner—"

They found the bar crowded and noisy; the suave and decorous Louis was prancing about.

"Good evening, Miss Furness! Good evening, sir! You heard the great news? Catalonia is free at last! Nobody can buy anything today; it is all on the house, in honor of independent Catalonia!"

So they sat down in a booth and had a couple in honor of independent Catalonia. At first they were both silent; Carla was tired but content. But presently Andy began to talk, and kept on; she realized that the drinks that had merely rested her had gone to his head. Probably he hadn't had anything to eat all day—

"Haven't I heard enough about that book?" she broke in at last. Then, looking at her wrist watch— "I've got to go, Andy. I've got a dinner date. Come walk over to the restaurant with me."

He managed to get his eyes to focus on her.

"Walk over and meet Mr. Ainsworth? No, thanks; I'll stay here."

"All right, then! Stay here and get drunk, if you want to."

Trembling, she stalked out.

CARLA decided she'd better not see him any more. He'd become impossible; whether it was from not getting enough to eat or from being a Younger Critic she didn't know, but there was no use wasting her time on a man who only made her miserable. Rex, now, was always smooth and cheerful; these last months would have been pretty dismal without him. . . . At dinner he was amusing as ever; then, as they sat over the coffee—

"I'm leaving for San Francisco at nine-thirty," he said suddenly. "They're settling up my aunt's estate out there; I'll be gone a month." She shivered; a month was a long time. "Come to the train with me?"

ALL the way to the train she was thinking—as he had foreseen—how empty the town would be without him. On the platform, by the Pullman door, he took her in his arms; she clung to him.

"Rex, dear—I'm going to miss you."

He took two lavender Pullman tickets out of his pocket.

"I've got two drawing-rooms to Chicago, Carla—one for you and one for me. Come along, and we'll get married between trains."

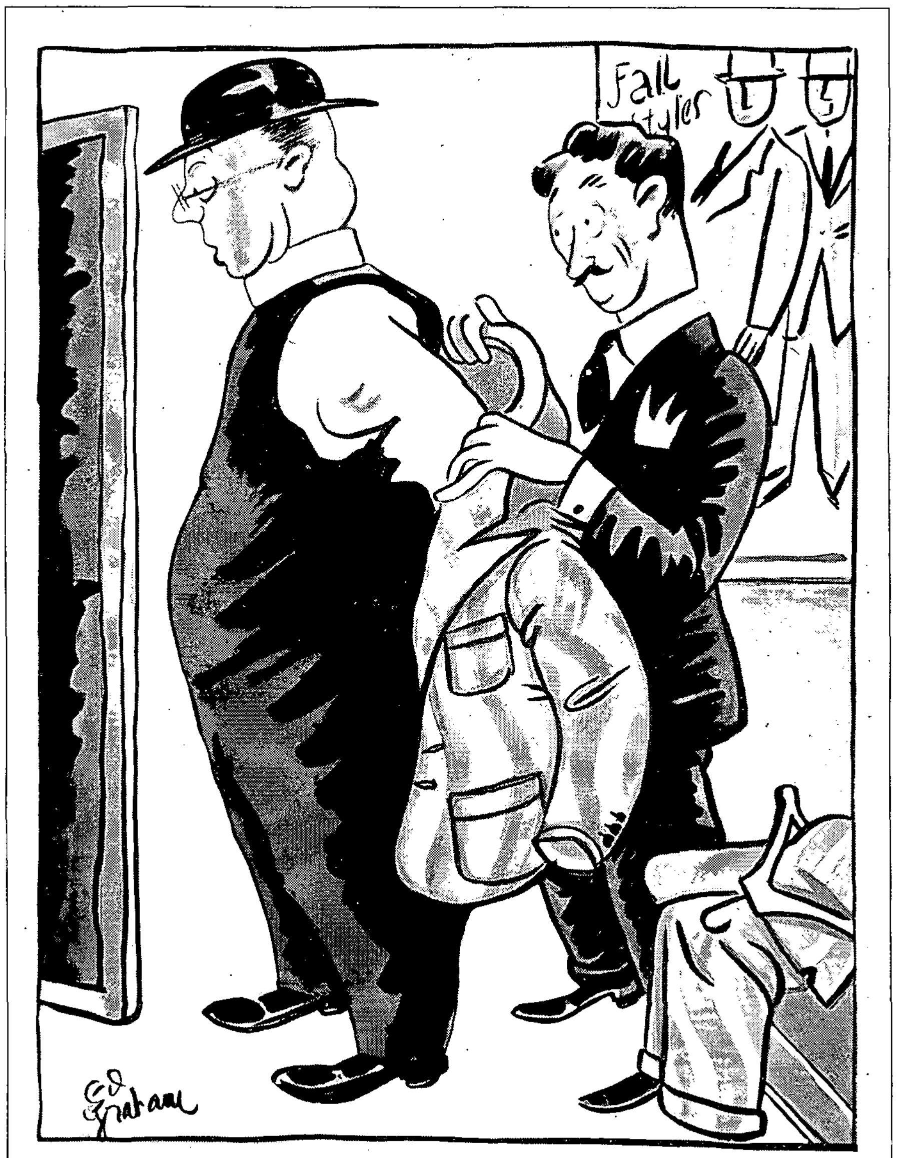
"Oh, Rex!" She wondered why she hesitated. "I don't know."

"Why not? I'm crazy about you; and you like me pretty well—"

"Yes, I do; but—I hate to give up my independence," she evaded.

Up and down the platform men shouted "All aboard!" He laughed.

"Your independence! Who bought it for you? . . . This is the first time I ever carried a woman in a stock deal for nothing. You wouldn't marry me when



"Just try this on, sir—just for size, of course!"

Ed Graham

you were broke, so I thought I'd make some money for you and you'd come round. But you want to keep your independence!"

"Rex!" she cried furiously. But the train had started; in a moment he was beyond earshot. . . . As she walked back through the station her fury drained away. He'd been trying to—buy her, in a sense; but she'd let herself in for it. Fool. Now he felt that she'd cheated him.

She stopped at the telegraph desk, wrote a message to her broker:

SELL 500 AMAL CON AT TOMORROW MORNINGS OPENING

Fourteen thousand dollars' profit—and she'd have to give it back to Rex, now that she knew how he felt about it. And that would leave her with about eighty dollars in the bank. . . . She glanced at her wrist watch; nine-forty. Louis' closed at ten; she'd just have time to slip in for a drink. She'd never needed a drink so badly in her life.

The bar was almost empty, now; and in a corner, on an upholstered seat, lay Andy, peacefully asleep.

Carla shook him. Presently he sat up, blinking amiably.

"Hello, Carla! Must have been asleep. Where'd you come from?"

"Oh, I just dropped in. . . . Come, Andy—we're going home."

But he was so unsteady, a waiter had to help her get him out, had to prop him up while she called a taxi, had to help put him in.

"There!" she said thankfully, when they were seated. "Now we're off. Where do you live, Andy?"

"Try and find out," said Andy with a peaceful, sleepy smile.

"Oh, you pig! I've got to take you home. You couldn't walk ten feet without falling down."

"I'm all right. Get waked up in a minute and walk home." He took both her hands in one of his and leaned back in the corner, still smiling.

"Drive around the park a while," she told the driver. "Maybe he'll come out of it."

So they drove around the park, and kept on driving. More than once he half came to; but with alcoholic stubbornness he refused to tell her where he lived; and presently even these lucid but absent intervals ceased and he went to sleep again. Carla looked at the meter; seven-eighty. And she had less than nine dollars in her purse. . . . She leaned forward and gave the driver her own address; and in a world where there seemed nothing else to be thankful for—not much, anyway—she could still be thankful that she lived in a walk-up apartment, with no doorman or hallboys to see a taxi-driver helping her bring a drunken man into her chaste bachelor quarters in the middle of the night.

HE WOKE in a strange room, agreeably scented; somebody had taken off his shoes and coat and tie, and opened his collar, and laid him on the counterpane of a strange bed. He shut his eyes, and tried to remember; but the last thing he could recall was having another in honor of the independence of Catalonia. He opened his eyes; he saw an open door with a shower bath beyond. There was also a closed door; and on the other side of it somebody was moving briskly about, and singing.

"Carla!" he called. "Is that you?"

"Who else? . . . How do you feel, Andy?"

"Good and ashamed of myself. I want to talk to you, after I've had a shower."

The shower refreshed him, and he found his shoes; but he couldn't find his coat and tie, and he was painfully conscious of his unshaven chin as he came out into the living-room. There was a breakfast table set for two; and Carla in blue silk pajamas—

"Feel rocky?" she asked anxiously. "I've got some coffee—just made. And I baked some biscuits, if you feel like eating anything."

"I could eat a whole ox. I hadn't eaten anything for three days; I was saving my money so I could buy you a drink. . . . But I haven't got a right to eat anything here!" he said firmly. "God knows how much trouble I must have given you last night—"

"It's all right, Andy. Sit down and have some coffee. . . . Don't be stubborn!" she said, as he still hesitated. "Can't I get breakfast for somebody who went to high school with me back home?"

"But last night—" he began.

"You were fine," she said, smiling. "Now let's eat breakfast."

SO HE ate breakfast, and everything began to look different. Then the doorbell rang.

"Needn't duck out of sight," Carla said. "It's probably the laundry."

She opened the door, jumped back suddenly and stood paralyzed with horror as a woman walked in, talking from the moment she crossed the threshold.

"Oh, Carla, I've brought the Weekly Register down for you to read. There's been such a scandal in Blue Valley—" She broke off, staring at Andy, then at Carla. "Pardon me!" she said. "I never dreamed—"

The door slammed as she went out.

"And there's another scandal for Blue Valley!" Andy groaned. "Edith will get a letter off to her sister by the next mail." Carla had turned away from him; she was looking out of the window. He went to her, put his hands on her shoulders, warm under the thin silk. "Carla!" he said. "Will you marry me?" She whirled about furiously, shook off his hands.

"Because Edith Fowler thinks we—I certainly will not!"

"Damn Edith Fowler. I'd always meant to ask you to marry me, when I finished this book—"

"But you haven't finished it. And you don't care about women."

"Of course I don't care about women! But I'm crazy about you. You may think you're in love with Rex—"

Suddenly she was clinging to him, laughing wildly.

"Oh, Andy! If you'd started this sooner, do you suppose I'd have wasted any time on Rex? But I thought you only cared about ideas—" Then, when at last her lips were free— "Andy!" She smiled curiously. "I've made fourteen thousand on a stock deal." . . . Last night she'd felt she ought to give her profits back to Ainsworth; but if Andy needed money— "So you and I are independent," she said happily. "And don't say you won't live on my money; you can get a job when you finish your book. . . . And now I'd better slip into the bedroom and get dressed before we have any more callers—"

"And while you're doing it," he finished, "I'll go out and get a shave. And then we'll go downtown and get married."

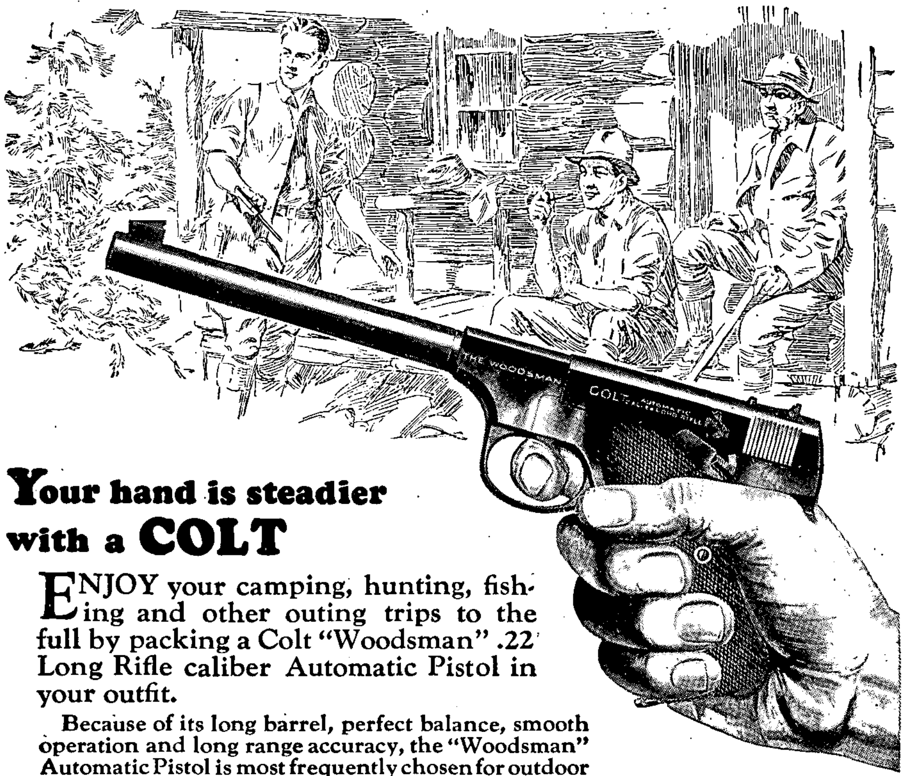
He put on his coat and tie, kissed her good-by for ten minutes. . . . As he went downstairs, he heard a telephone bell ringing behind him. . . . When he came back from the barber shop Carla was still sitting there. She hadn't dressed; her face was stony.

"Andy, I'm sorry; I can't marry you. . . . I've got to make a confession. I've done something terrible. Rex Ainsworth—"

"Forget it!" he commanded. "I don't care what you've done!"

"But it isn't what you think! Rex was carrying five hundred Amal Con

(Continued on page 60)



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Because of its long barrel, perfect balance, smooth operation and long range accuracy, the "Woodsman" Automatic Pistol is most frequently chosen for outdoor use. It shoots the economical, easy-to-get .22 Long Rifle cartridge and has a magazine capacity of ten shots without reloading. The "Woodsman" is perfectly adapted to either small game or target shooting and with its Colt Automatic Slide Lock in place may be carried and handled with absolute safety. Colt's 95 years' experience in precision arms manufacture is very evident in the appearance and performance of this arm, to which 200 gauge and visual inspections contribute.

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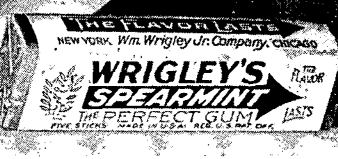

FORTY WORDS

J. A. HOUSE, *President*
The Guardian Trust Company, Cleveland

N. MAX DUNNING
Well-known architect of Chicago

that will save home owners $60 a year in upkeep

THEY are quoted from statements made by two men—a prominent banker of Cleveland and a well-known architect of Chicago. Both are men of exceptionally sound ideas. And if you are building or remodeling a home, it will pay you to heed their advice:

Says the Architect

. . . "In my experience I have always found that the greater permanence of Copper and Brass has always justified their greater initial cost."

N. MAX DUNNING

Says the Banker

. . . "When you build your home, look to the future. Use materials that will give lasting service without maintenance cost."

J. A. HOUSE

Both men know from experience that if you use Copper, Brass and Bronze in building your home you will save money in the long run.

Copper and Brass for plumbing—Copper gutters, downspouts and flashings—and solid Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures cannot rust. They will serve without replacement for a lifetime—saving an average of more than $60 a year in upkeep expense.

Yet their cost is surprisingly little. To install these enduring metals in vital parts of the average $15,000 home will add only about $315 to its total cost. For this small sum you are guaranteed against the trouble and expense of repairs and replacements that will surely follow the installation of rustable metals.

Study the table below. Then write for the free book which tells the many advantages of using Copper, Brass and Bronze. If you wish, we will refer your inquiry to member companies who manufacture, and distribute these products.

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* Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

Sound Advice from a Sound Source
"BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE"

(Continued from page 59)

for me—and like a little coward, I asked him to fix it so that nobody'd know—not even the broker. I might have known the simplest way for him to do it would be simply to lump it with his own holdings. Which he did. I never had it—never had it at all; and I've sold it!"

"Well, if a broker lets you sell short without putting up margin—"

"He—he thought Rex was guaranteeing my account," she confessed. "He'd introduced me, and he's guaranteed so many accounts for other women— Anyway, they reached him—on a train—and he said he wasn't—"

"Well, you can go into the market and buy five hundred shares—"

"Andy, that stock is rocketing! I sold at this morning's opening—59. When the broker called me up it had touched 63; I owed him two thousand dollars already. Goodness knows how much I owe by now!"

"You call him up this minute," he said, "and tell him to buy five hundred at the market to cover you. Tell him Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bush will be in this afternoon to see how much they owe. I'll go down to the telephone company right now and see if they'll give me some kind of job. Meet me at Louis' at twelve-thirty; we'll have lunch, then go get married and see your broker."

"Do you think I'd let you slave to pay my debts?" she demanded.

"When you thought you had a profit you asked me to live on it. If we share the profit we share the loss, too. We won't have much to live on while we're paying it off—"

"Who cares?" said Carla. "I can cook. I love to cook for you."

HE FOUND her waiting at Louis', an afternoon paper under her arm.

"Big luck!" he told her. "The phone company has tried two men in my old job and neither of them delivered. So I got it back, at a hundred and twenty-five a week. We'll have enough to live on decently while we're paying our debts—"

"Debts?" She laughed hysterically. "Look, Andy—look!"

He stared at the front-page story.

"Frantic scenes occurred on the Curb Exchange this morning when news arrived that Lucius P. Cavendyne, president of the Amalgamated Consolidated Corporation, had declared that the company's earnings did not justify a price of more than $10 a share for the stock, which has been the subject of a feverish bull movement in recent weeks. Amal Con opened at 59 this morning and had touched 64 when Mr. Cavendyne's statement was made public. Within ten minutes it had dropped to 15½—"

"It was during those ten minutes," she said, "that I put in my buying order to cover. I got it at 21—and I'd sold at 59. Nineteen thousand dollars' profit and no thanks to Rex Ainsworth! So you needn't take a job; you can finish your book on the future of America—"

"Somehow I feel," he confessed, "that the future of America is going to be about the same whether I write a book about it or not. Whereas I can do a pretty good job for the telephone company— Let's sit down and have a drink, Carla. I need it."

THEY sat down in a booth. He glanced absently at the paper—

"Hello!" he said. "There was some mistake. . . . No, not about Amal Con; about Catalonia. It seems Catalonia isn't independent after all."

"Neither are you," said Carla. "Neither am I, any more. And isn't it fun?"

You can't expect young people who are going to get married right after lunch to waste much time on the sorrows of others. Neither of them gave a thought to Louis, who had given away a thousand dollars' worth of free drinks before he discovered that Catalonia wasn't independent; or to Rex Ainsworth, who had been assured by insiders that the pool would carry Amal Con to 70 before the plug was pulled out.

"You ought to have known better," said his broker. (Ainsworth had read the news in Chicago, and had come back hurriedly.) "You owe us—" He looked at a memorandum. "One hundred eighty-two thousand, seven hundred and thirty-seven dollars."

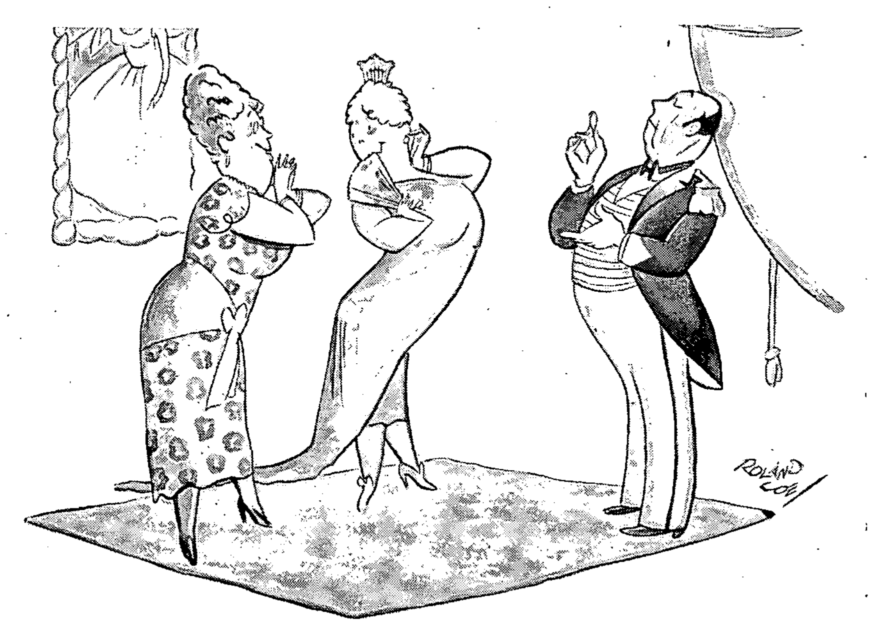
"And no cents?" said Ainsworth. "Thanks for that. . . . By right Carla Furness owes you some of it. I'd bought five hundred for her."

"But when I phoned you on the train, you said you hadn't—"

"I know, I know. I was sore at her. How did she come out? . . . What? Nineteen thousand ahead? That certainly teaches a great moral lesson," said Ainsworth sadly. "By the way—may I use your phone?"

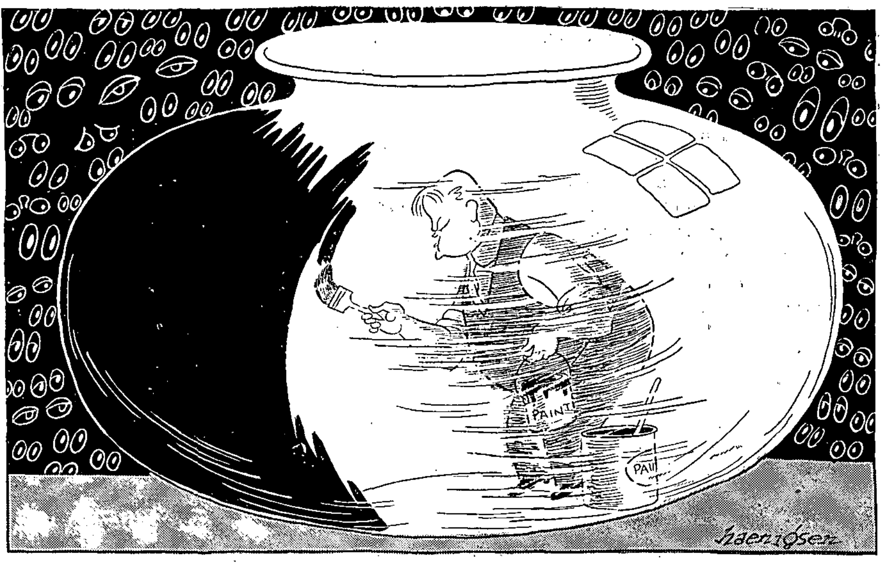
"Sure. Go ahead. . . . What's the lesson?" the broker asked as Ainsworth twirled the dial. "Not to mix up stock deals and love affairs?"

"The lesson," said Ainsworth, "seems to be that God loves the young. And the foolish. . . . Hello! Miss Doraine? . . . Hello, Marilyn. This is Rex. Say, it's a long time since you asked me for advice about investments. . . . Suppose we have dinner together this evening."



"Heads, the concert—tails, the wrestling match!"

Roland Coe



Press Boxing

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

SHORTLY after Woodrow Wilson became President the Dayton flood occurred. This was, in those simple days before wheat made a new all-time low, a national catastrophe. The Wilson administration was alert to seize dramatic opportunities to show that it was alive to the public interest. The new President said to his private secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty, "I am going to Dayton at once."

Mr. Tumulty said, "Now, Governor"—he always called the President Governor since the days when they were associated in the administration of New Jersey—"now, Governor, what are you going to do when you get to Dayton? We have to think this thing out. From what I read in the newspapers we won't be able to get within ten miles of Dayton. You and I will be sitting in a rowboat miles from Dayton. You will sit in the bow wearing a high silk hat and a frock coat. And I shall sit in the stern in a high silk hat and a frock coat. And there will be several dozen newspaper men there all floating round in rowboats, watching to see what the President does at Dayton."

The President was annoyed at this bold suggestion that his quixotic visit to the scene of the flood might turn out to be ludicrous. "I am going to Dayton," he persisted. "But don't tell the newspaper men."

"That will ruin me with the correspondents," objected his secretary. "I have promised to be frank with them and tell them what you are going to do. They will all be mad. They will have to follow you to Dayton anyway. They have to make reservations. They have to get money to go. What kind of publicity may you expect?" In the end Secretary Garrison was sent to Dayton.

The Penalty of Secrecy

I tell this story as a parable appropriate to the occasion when Mr. Hoover made his hasty and entirely praiseworthy trip from the Rapidan to Washington to telephone Secretary Mellon in Paris at a critical moment in the American-French negotiations. Mr. Hoover didn't tell the newspaper men, with the result that he got the worst burst of publicity of his whole administration so far. He didn't like it and ordered an investigation of recent "leaks" from the White House and his Rapidan camp, which is not likely to further cordial relations between Mr. Hoover and the correspondents.

And I tell it to illustrate just what a secretary may do to save a President from making himself ludicrous or at least to save him from unfriendly publicity. Mr. Hoover has about him more secretaries than any President has ever had. There isn't safety in numbers. Mr. Hoover has about him the most perfect collection of yes-men in the world. None of them would venture to paint to him a picture of himself floating about in a rowboat in a high hat and a frock coat, an example of authority reduced to impotence.

Mr. Hoover is a victim of the fact that the law of supply and demand does not apply to human talents. The supply of adequate secretaries is never equal to the demand.

One in 120,000,000

The stars are kind to a President who happens along when somewhere among the 120,000,000 people of this country there is a good secretary. It has been remarked that in more ways than one the stars have not been kind to Mr. Hoover.

That is one side of the publicity question. The other side is this: The great ambition of a true-born American is to live in a goldfish bowl. And every human being, once he has got into his goldfish bowl, finds it irksome. Thus placed, he longs for privacy. He insists upon privacy as his natural right.

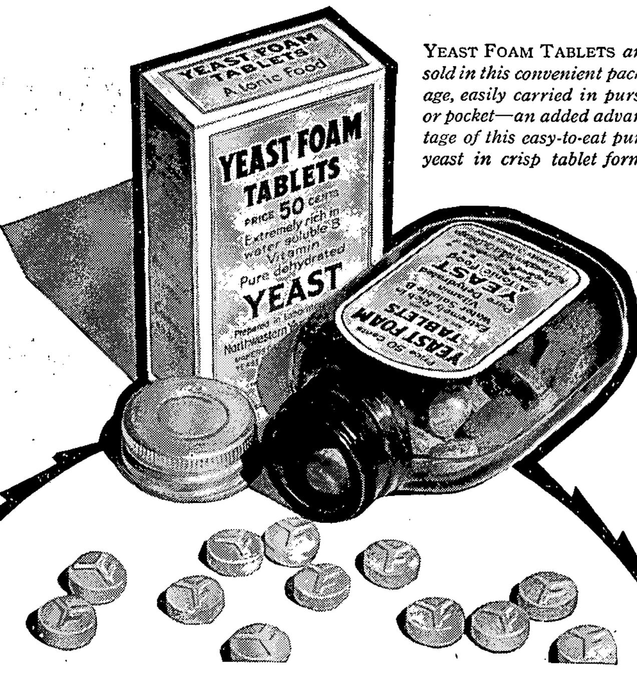
The Presidency is the greatest goldfish bowl in the world. And every President has got furiously angry at times at the millions of eyes looking at him. One President said, sadly, "I'd like to be able to put on my pants without the whole country looking at me."

Mr. Wilson once privately threatened to thrash the next newspaper correspondent who printed a story about one of his daughters. The stories were harmless and friendly enough. But Mr. Wilson thought his daughters were entitled to the same privacy as your daughter or mine.

Mr. Hoover thinks that his dog may bite a marine without having stories written about him in the press. Mr. Coolidge took personal publicity philosophically. He knew that he must pay the price of being President. The world might know of his electric "horse." He would have his picture taken in a cowboy hat. Mr. Harding once indignantly refused to have his picture taken digging an irrigation ditch.

Mr. Hoover refuses to have his picture taken smoking a pipe, thus risking the pipe-smoker vote. He won't have his picture taken in an old sweater he wears playing medicine ball. The sweater vote is lost.

The White House leaks. What else is a White House for, anyway?



YEAST FOAM TABLETS *are sold in this convenient package, easily carried in purse or pocket—an added advantage of this easy-to-eat pure yeast in crisp tablet form.*

You'll like this modern form of easy-to-eat pure pasteurized yeast—

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No wonder thousands of men and women are turning, day by day, to Yeast Foam Tablets—the modern, easy-to-eat, concentrated form of health yeast. For this yeast, being *all* yeast, with *no diluting ingredients* such as starch, water or drugs, is of the highest vitamin value. And, of course, it is the presence of the vitamins (B and G) which makes yeast such an important health food.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure. They are pleasant in taste. Their vitamin content is high and uniform. They are pasteurized, hence they cannot cause gas or fermentation and, consequently, are *safe* for all ages—from the elderly down to tiny infants.

As final and conclusive evidence of the high quality of Yeast Foam Tablets, remember that this yeast is used as the *standard* for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous and rundown conditions. Eat them regularly and over a sufficient period of time, bearing in mind that yeast is a *corrective food* and confers its benefits gradually.

From your druggist today get Yeast Foam Tablets, the pure, modern type of yeast that is so easy to eat and so beneficial to the system. The 10-day bottle costs but 50 cents. Made and guaranteed by the World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

ON THE AIR every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Managing Editor

Bayonet Business

"ALFALFA BILL" MURRAY, governor of Oklahoma, has started something new and far-reaching in this country.

When Murray decided to use military force to compel a shut-down in Oklahoma oil production he wrote the first page of a new chapter in the economic history of the United States.

Mussolini has been using military force to influence business conduct in Italy and Stalin's Bolshevist soldiers have been dominating Russia's economic life these past few years but never before has anything comparable to Murray's military occupation of the oil fields occurred in this country.

Hitherto, when state or Federal troops have been called out in the United States, the purpose has been to repress violence, to maintain peace between employers and their workers and to permit economic decisions to be made privately.

Not so with Governor Murray. He mobilized the Oklahoma troops for the express purpose of shutting down production; of interfering with the unregulated operation of the law of supply and demand and thus raising the price paid for oil. This is a revolutionary break with American tradition and with American ideas of liberty and individual initiative.

The amazing thing is that military dictatorship in the oil fields aroused so little opposition and so little resentment. Governor Ross Sterling of Texas adapted the Murray technique to Texas. There, too, troops closed the flowing oil wells and public opinion seemed to sustain the drastic action.

Even Kansas, through a civil commission, took the cue from Murray and used government authority to dam up the streams of petroleum.

Murray wanted to increase the price of oil from ten cents to one dollar a barrel. At ten cents there was no profit in producing oil. Wild competition and excessive production forced oil prices down to ruinous levels and there seemed to be no possibility of securing a voluntary coöperative restriction of production.

Nothing is gained, however, by underestimating "Alfalfa Bill." He indulges his fancy for tall talk but actually he knows his law. As much as any other man he wrote Oklahoma's constitution, and conservative lawyers respect both his ability and his knowledge of the law.

In the oil affair he acted with reckless courage, cutting legal knots much as Theodore Roosevelt did in recognizing Panama or as Andrew Jackson did in his dealing with Chief Justice Marshall when the Supreme Court came into conflict with the administration.

Murray has been supported because the end he sought was popular. The little producers were harder to control than the large corporations but both were interested in obtaining profitable prices. If good prices could be had, few would quarrel with the means employed.

We don't have to think very long about this affair, however, before we perceive how dangerous it is to everything we prize as characteristically American. Military force is useful sometimes in a harsh emergency but its frequent application would be calamitous.

The oil situation due to overproduction was admittedly bad enough but other industries also suffer from surpluses. Wheat, cotton, coffee, copper, soft coal, to cite only a few commodities, also sell for too little because production for the time being has outstripped consumption.

Obviously, military force is impotent to regulate the growth of wheat, coffee, rubber or cotton, which are produced in so many different parts of the world far separated each from the other. Some instrument more persuasive than regiments of armed troops must be utilized.

Our difficulties in these matters arise in part from poor laws and in part from inadequate economic organization. We have been so fearful of corporations and trusts that we enacted laws which make intelligent coöperation a crime.

Oil producers have only the weakest organizations because of the anti-trust laws. Coal is mined under ruinous conditions because, for one thing, laws forbid coal operators to combine.

Combination admittedly may be bad but a lack of combination is worse. The first urgent step lies in the revision of anti-trust laws.

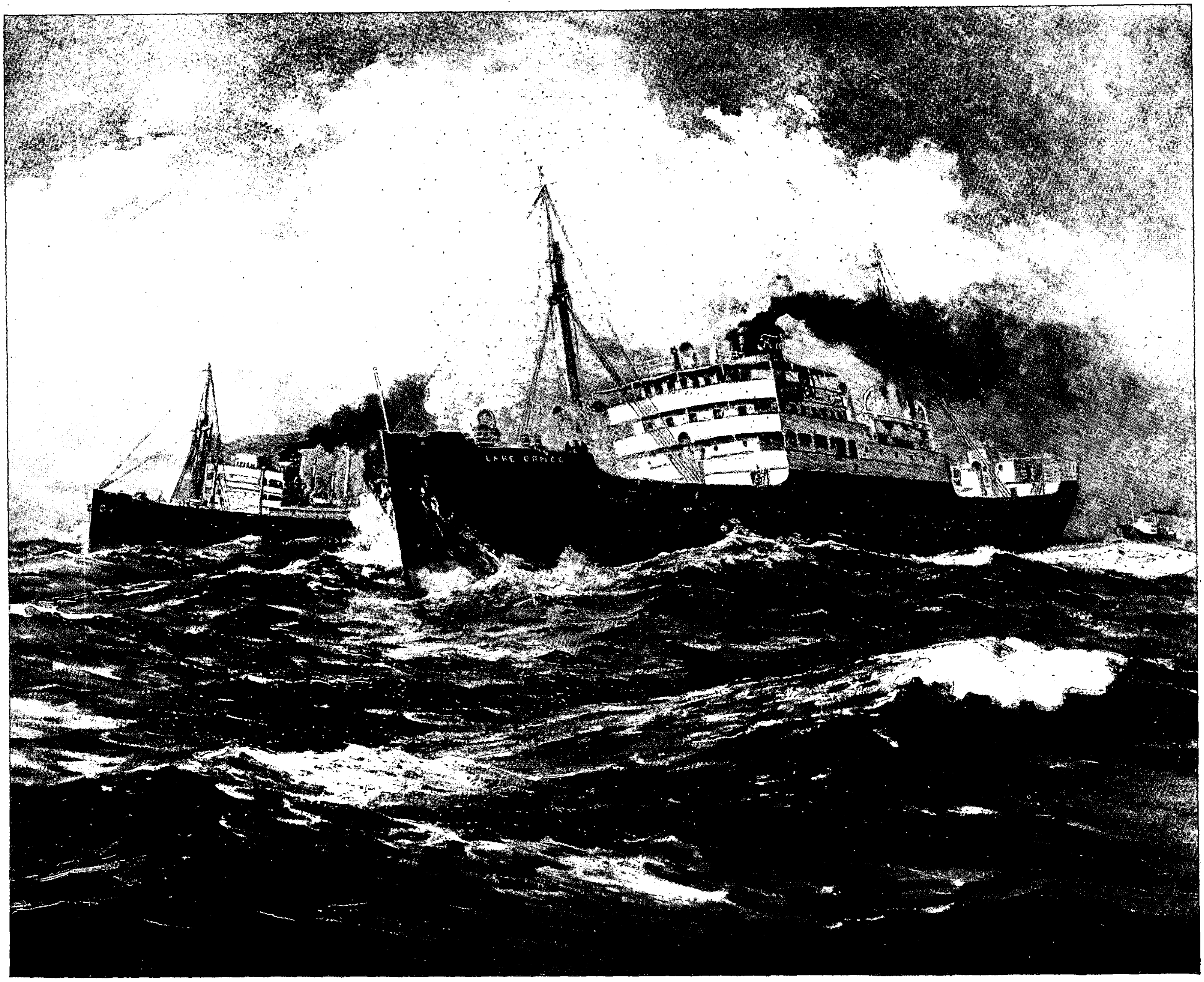
When, however, the right to combine, restrict production and fix prices is granted, the public must be protected. We must through governmental authority inspect and control this restriction of production and regulation of prices so that the interest of the public is safeguarded.

Keystone

Democratic "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Oklahoma governor, takes his chow with his national guardsmen

Any such governmental supervision of what has hitherto been considered purely private business would be resented by many as impertinent interference. So it may be, but at that it is better and more intelligent than military force.

The use of troops in the oil fields is a dramatic demonstration of how far we have permitted our business affairs to drift. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray has applied the method of Mussolini and of Stalin to Oklahoma. The end he seeks is desirable. The means he used is revolution. American business is too complex to prosper under military control.



S.S. East Indian and Lake Ormoc, of the Ford Fleet

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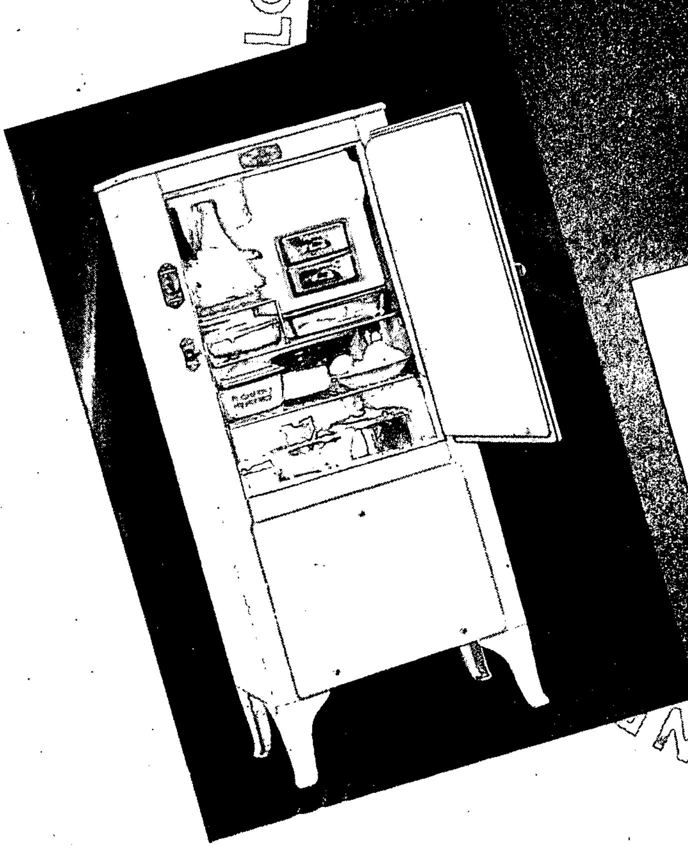

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